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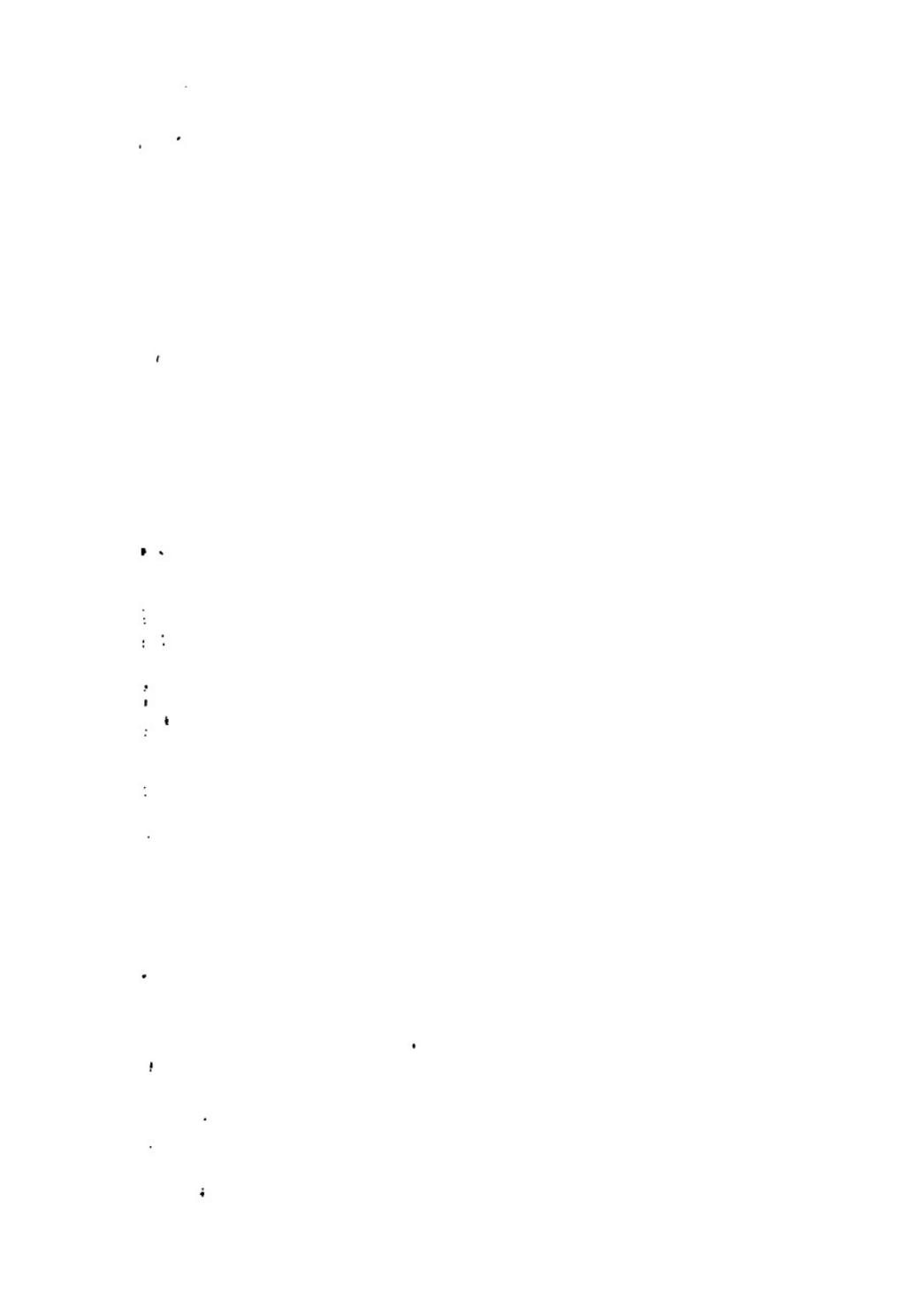
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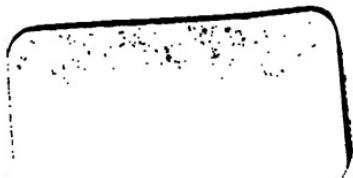


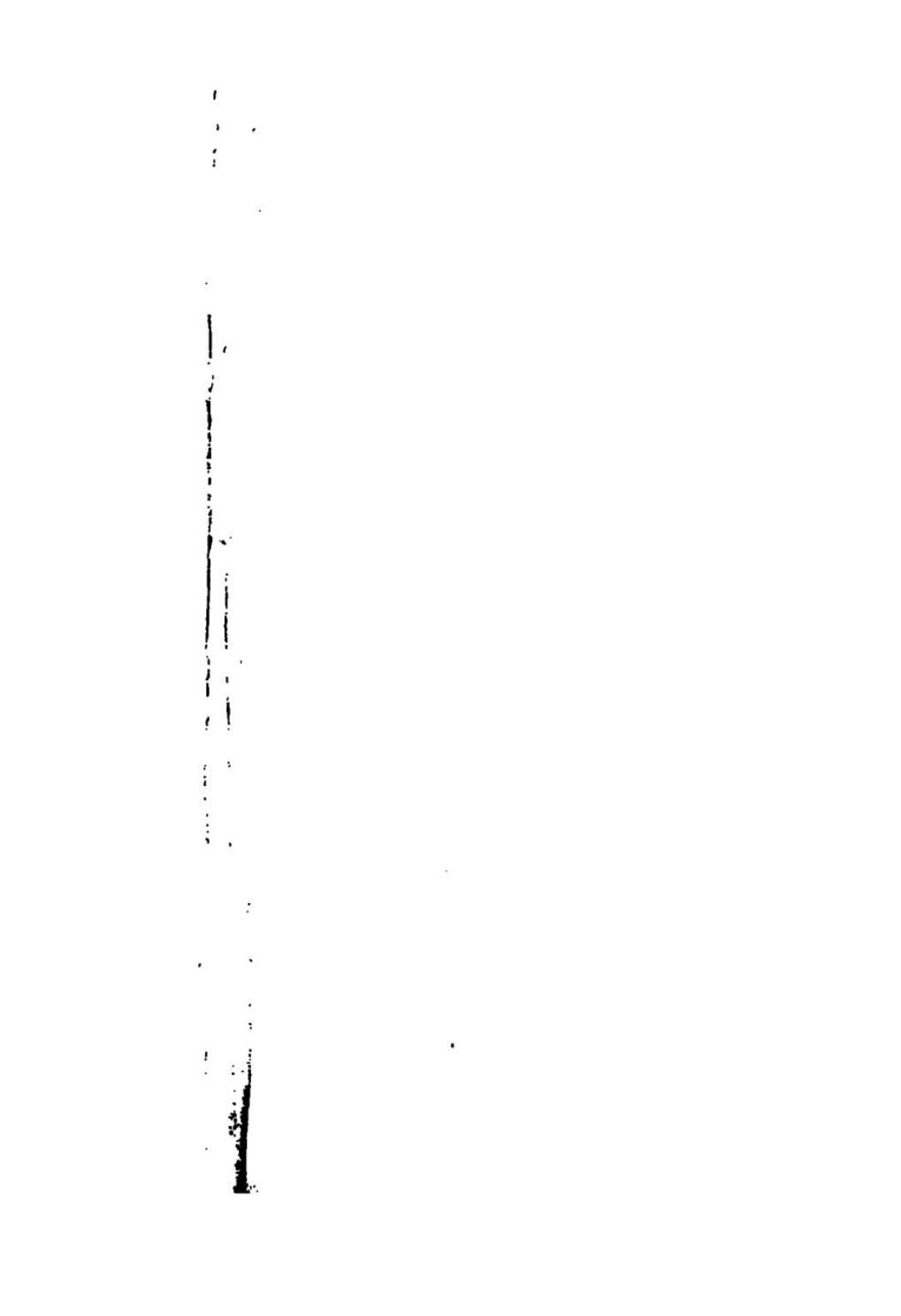
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M^{rs} CHARLES LAMB.



CHARLES LAMB'S
SPECIMENS OF
ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETS

WHO LIVED ABOUT THE TIME OF SHAKESPEARE,
INCLUDING THE EXTRACTS FROM THE
GARRICK PLAYS, NOW FIRST
EDITED ANEW BY

ISRAEL GOLLANZ, M.A.,
CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.



VOL. I.

LONDON
J. M. DENT AND CO.
69 GREAT EASTERN STREET, E.C.

1893





A. 18418.

To

THE REV. E. A. ABBOTT, D.D.

THE BELOVED MASTER OF MANY WORKERS IN
THE FIELD OF LITERATURE FIRST CULTIVATED BY

THE GENIUS OF CHARLES LAMB,

THIS NEW EDITION OF THE 'SPECIMENS'

Is gratefully Dedicated

"Gentlest name

*That ever clothed itself with flower-sweet fame,
Or linked itself with loftiest names of old*

*By right and might of loving ; I, that am
Less than the least of those within thy fold,*

Give only thanks for them to thee, Charles Lamb."



PREFACE TO THE PRESENT EDITION

LAMB'S *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, who lived about the time of Shakspeare, with Notes*, was published by Longman in the year 1808, and again, with merely a new title-page, by Bumpus, some five years later. In the 1818 edition of his works, Lamb included a few passages from the Notes, 'a few desultory criticisms . . . which would best stand by themselves, as requiring least immediate reference to the play or passage by which they were suggested.' In 1827, Lamb generously contributed to Hone's 'Table Book' a long series of *Extracts* from the Collection of plays bequeathed to the British Museum by Garrick; these Extracts he described in his letter to Hone as mere 'after-gleanings,' supplementary to the 'Specimens,' only comprising a larger period; they range in fact from Lyly to Crowne and D'Urfey. 'You must be content,' he wrote, 'with sometimes a scene, sometimes a song; a speech, or passage, or a poetical image, as they happen to strike me. I read without order of time; I am a poor hand at dates; and for any biography of the Dramatists, I must refer to writers who are more skilful in such matters. My business is with their poetry only.' In addition to the *Extracts* there appeared also in the last numbers of the Table Book a series of 'Garrick Fragments,' comprising twenty-four 'Facetiae' and forty-four 'Serious Fragments.' The 'Garrick Extracts' are to be found in most reprints of the 'Specimens'; by some strange chance the 'Fragments' have not been included in recent editions.

The present edition differs from its predecessors in the following respects:—(1) the ‘Garrick Extracts’ have been incorporated with the ‘Specimens,’ and the whole has been re-arranged chronologically, or approximately so; * (2) erroneous statements as to the authorship of Plays have been corrected; (3) the text has been revised throughout, and countless errors, due to faulty quartos, and often to scribal carelessness, have been amended according to the best editions; (4) dates of the earliest quartos of the Plays are given at the end of the volumes; in the old editions only the ‘Garrick Plays’ are dated, and often wrongly; (5) the identification of the ‘Garrick Fragments.

It need hardly be said that these principles of editing have in no wise affected the sacred text of Lamb’s most precious comments; a misreading or doubtful interpretation has here and there been allowed to remain untouched solely for the sake of some interesting, if erroneous, piece of criticism. Such instances will be found recorded and commented on in the ‘Notes’ at the end of the volumes. The most ardent of Lamb’s devotees will not, it is hoped, resent the revision of the text of the Extracts; it is, indeed, a matter of surprise that all these years have passed and no one has before imposed upon himself this act of piety. Lamb himself would most certainly have wished it. ‘*Damnable Erratum* (can’t you notice it?),’ he wrote to Hone in March 1827, ‘in the last line but two of the last Extract in No. 9, Garrick Plays. . . . A sun-bright line spoilt. . . . Also a few lines higher

“*Restrained Liberty attained is sweet*”

should have a full stop. ‘Tis the end of the old man’s speech. *These little blemishes kill such delicate things; prose feeds on grosser punctualities.**

* The ‘Extracts’ are throughout distinguished from the ‘Specimens’ by the letter G placed at the head of the title of each passage.

† Cp. Note on “Two Angry Women of Abingdon,” Henry Porter.

In his ‘Essays’ and ‘Letters’ Elia himself tells us the story of these volumes, and their intimate connection with the whole course of his personal history and literary career. There can be little doubt that he, like his beloved Bridget, “was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and whole-some pasturage.” To the good Bencher, Samuel Salt, Lamb probably owed his early introduction to the forgotten worthies of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, whom he was destined to rediscover, with whom his own nature was so near akin, and from whom his language was to win its transcendent charm.

The earliest of Lamb’s letters, belonging to the year 1796, contain enthusiastic references to Elizabethan dramatists, more especially to Beaumont and Fletcher and Massinger. Writing to Coleridge in June of that year, after quoting from the *Wife for a Month* and from *Bonduca*, he adds the following interesting observation, showing clearly that the idea of a volume of ‘Specimens’ had already to some extent taken shape by this time:—

“It (i.e., the passage from *Bonduca*) just caught my eye in a little extract book I keep, which is full of quotations from Beaumont and Fletcher in particular, in which authors, I can’t help thinking, there is greater richness of poetical fancy than in anyone, Shakespeare excepted.” He then proceeds:—

“Are you acquainted with Massinger? At a hazard I will trouble you with a passage from a play of his, called *A Very Woman*.” The lines referred to are quoted again in November of the same year, having been chosen by Lamb as the ‘Motto’ under the title of his ‘Poems’ included in Coleridge’s volume of 1797:—*

* Ainger, *Letters*, Vol. I., pp. 4-23, 47.

X PREFACE TO THE PRESENT EDITION.

"The title-page to stand thus :—

POEMS

BY

CHARLES LAMB, OF THE INDIA HOUSE.

Under this title the following motto, which, for want of room, I put over leaf, and desire you to insert, whether you like it or no. May not a gentleman choose what arms, mottoes, or armorial bearings the Herald will give him leave, without consulting his republican friend, who might advise none? May not a publican put up the sign of the *Saracen's Head*, or even though his undiscerning neighbour should prefer, as more genteel, the *Cat and Gridiron*?

MOTTO.

'This beauty in the blossom of my youth,
When my first fire knew no adulterate incense,
Nor I no way to flatter but my fondness,
In the best language my true tongue could tell me,
And all the broken sighs my sick heart lend me,
I sued and served. Long did I love this lady.'*

—MASSINGER.'

In another letter (dated July 1, 1796) he urges Coleridge to do something to bring our elder bards into more general fame. "I write with indignation," he writes, "when, in books of criticism, I find no mention of such men as Massinger, or Beaumont and Fletcher,—men with whom succeeding dramatic writers (Otway alone excepted) can bear no manner of comparison!"

In many of these early letters we can watch Lamb gradually learning 'the great language' of his favourite authors; he does not merely quote them; he is constantly, in his characteristic manner, adapting their utterances to express his own thoughts: "for myself,

* Cp. vol. ii. p. 164, ll. 1.-15; *vide* Ainger's Letters, vol. i. pp. 23, 47.

I must spoil a little passage of Beaumont and Fletcher's to adapt it to my feelings :—

“ I am prouder,
That I was once your friend, tho' now forgot,
Than to have had another true to me.” *

To Southey he sends, in 1798, in lieu of anything of his own, a few lines of ‘old Christopher Marlow’s’, taken from his tragedy, *Jew of Malta*; in the comments which follow we have the rough draft of the well-known criticism, to be found on page 46, vol. i. of the present edition. “The *Jew* is a famous character, quite out of nature; but, when we consider the terrible idea our simple ancestors had of a Jew, not more to be discommended for a certain discolouring (I think Addison calls it) than the witches and fairies of Marlow’s mighty successor.” The scene quoted is betwixt *Barabbas* and *Ithamore*. In the “Specimens” Lamb wisely substituted Barabbas’ famous soliloquy for the lines in question, in which he finds “a mixture of the ludicrous and the terrible, brimful of genius and antique invention, that at first reminded me of your own description of cruelty in hell, which was in the true Hogarthian style.” “I need not tell *you*,” he adds, “that Marlow was author of that pretty madrigal, ‘Come live with me and be my Love,’ and of the tragedy of Edward II., in which are certain *lines* unequalled in our English tongue.” Honest Walton mentions the said madrigal under the denomination of “certain smooth verses made long since by Kit Marlow.” †

The following from a letter to Wordsworth (Oct. 18, 1800) throws important light on the prices of books and their scarcity at the beginning of the century :—“The books which you want, I calculate at about £8. Ben Jonson is a guinea book. Beaumont and Fletcher, in folio, the right folio, not now to be met with; the octavos are about £3. As to any other dramatists, I do not know where

* Cp. vol. ii. p. 81, ll. 10-12; Ainger’s Letters, vol. i. p. 83.

† Cp. vol. i. p. 93; and Ainger’s Letters, i. 91-93.

to find them, except what are in Dodsley's old plays, which are about £3 also. Massinger I never saw but at one shop, and it is now gone; but one of the editions of Dodsley contains about a fourth (the best) of his plays. Congreve, and the rest of King Charles' moralists, are cheap and accessible. . . . Marlowe's plays and poems are totally vanished; only one edition of Dodsley retains one, and the other two of his plays; but John Ford is the man after Shakespeare."

"*Beaumont and Fletcher in folio, the right one, not to be met with;*" it is impossible to pass over the words without recalling Bridget's tender recollections of a certain midnight adventure:—"Do you remember the brown suit which you made to hang upon you, till all your friends cried shame upon you, it grew so threadbare, and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night from Barker's in Covent Garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o'clock of the Saturday night, when you set off from Islington, fearing you should be too late—and when the old bookseller, with some grumbling, opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bedwards) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures, and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome, and when you presented it to me, and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (*collating*, you called it), and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till daybreak—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? or can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and are so careful to keep brushed, since we have become rich and finical, give you half the honest vanity with which you flaunted it about in the over-worn suit—your old corbeau—for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum

of fifteen or sixteen shillings, was it?—a great affair we thought it then—which you had lavished on the old folio? Now you can afford to buy any book that pleases you, but I do not see that you ever bring me home any nice old purchases now."

Among its most cherished possessions the British Museum numbers this famous old folio,* doubly sanctified by its associations with Lamb and with another, as great, and only less beloved; for the volume is throughout enriched with *Marginalia* from the pen of "S. T. C." One annotation in particular arrests attention:—"N.B. I shall not be long here, Charles!—I gone, you will not mind my having spoiled a book in order to leave a Relic. S. T. C.—Oct. 1811." Among Lamb's miscellaneous fragments† there is found 'an extract from a MS. note of S. T. C. in my Beaumont and Fletcher, dated April 17th, 1807.'

"*Midnight.*

"God bless you, dear Charles Lamb, I am dying: I feel I have not many weeks left.

"*Mr Gilman's,*
"Highgate."

In sketching, however slightly, the story of Lamb's rediscovery of the Elizabethan dramatists, it is impossible to omit reference to 'the first heirs of his invention,' the 'miniature romance' of *Rosamund Gray* and the 'miniature drama' of *Pride's Purge*, or *John Woodvil*. The failure of the play was as inevitable as its composition. "When I first wrote *John Woodvil*," Lamb himself explains in his dedication to Coleridge of the 1818 edition of his works, "*Beaumont and Fletcher* and *Massinger* were then *a first love*, and from what I was so freshly conversant in, what wonder if my language imperceptibly took a tinge?" Its failure had not cured the author's pride in this first experiment in dramatic composi-

* C. 45. l. 7.

† Cp. Fitzgerald's *Lamb's Letters, &c.* Vol. II. p. 25.

tion, this skilful mosaic of Elizabethan reminiscences. "One piece, Coleridge, I have ventured to publish in its original form, though I have heard you complain of a certain over-imitation of the antique in the style. If I could see my way of getting rid of the objection, without re-writing it entirely, I would make some sacrifices." The success of the romance, 'the secret of its charm,' as Mr Ainger has justly observed, 'in the face of improbabilities and unrealities of many kinds, is one of the curiosities of literature.' To the list of its heterogeneous materials, enumerated by Lamb's biographer, I would suggest the addition of Daniel's 'Story of Isulia,' from the pastoral tragedy of 'Hymen's Triumph.'* It is from this story that the quotations in Chapter IV. are derived, and I cannot help thinking that, to some extent, 'Isulia' and 'Sirthis' are the prototypes of 'Rosalind' and 'Allan.' Certainly one feels in Lamb's story something of that same charm which called forth Coleridge's enthusiasm for Daniel's gently-flowing verse.

It is an interesting fact that Lamb's copy of Daniel, even as his Beaumont and Fletcher, is still extant, enriched with manuscript notes by the same hand.† "I wish every book I have," he writes in June 1807, "were so noted. They have thoroughly converted me to relish *Daniel*, or to say I relish him, for after all, I believe I did relish him."

"I have done two books," Lamb writes to his friend Thomas Manning, in February 1808, "since the failure of my farce (*i.e.*, 'Mr H.'): they will both be out this summer. The one is a juvenile book, the *Adventures of Ulysses*, intended to be an introduction to the reading of *Telemachus!* It is done out of the *Odyssey*, not from the Greek (I would not mislead you), nor yet from Pope's *Odyssey*, but

* Cp. vol. i. p. 108.

† The volume was till recently in the possession of W. C. Hazlitt; at the 'Hazlitt' Sale last month it fetched £18. 10s. It is sincerely to be wished that the book will ultimately find a place by the side of 'The Beaumont and Fletcher.'

from an older translation of one Chapman. The *Shakespeare Tales* suggested the doing of it. Godwin is in both cases my bookseller. The other is done for Longman, and is *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets contemporary with Shakespeare*. Specimens are becoming fashionable. We have 'Specimens of Ancient English Poets,' 'Specimens of Modern English Poets,' 'Specimens of Ancient English Prose Writers, without end. They used to be called 'Beauties.' You have seen 'Beauties of Shakespeare:' so have many people that never saw any beauties in Shakespeare. Longman is to print it, and be at all the expense and risk, and I am to share the profits after all deductions; i.e., a year or two hence I must pocket what they please to tell me is due to me. But the book is such as I am glad there should be. It is done out of old plays at the Museum, and out of Dodsley's Collection, &c. It is to have notes. So I go creeping on since I was lamed with that cursed fall from off the top of Drury Lane Theatre into the pit, something more than a year ago." Some months later the 'Specimens' was ready for publication, and the year 1808 marked two great events in English literary history—the re-discovery of the forgotten dramatists of Shakespeare's age, and the advent of a rare genius in the art of criticism. In spite of the prevailing ignorance on all matters connected with the earlier English writers, the reception of the volume was, upon the whole, distinctly favourable, though the *Monthly Review* found "nothing very remarkable" in the notes, except their style, which it pronounced "formally abrupt and elaborately quaint;" "some of the most studied attempts to display excessive feeling we had noted for animadversion, but the task is unnecessary."

"The *Monthly Review* sneers at me," Lamb complains to Coleridge in June 1809, "and asks 'if *Comus* is not good enough for Mr Lamb?' because I have said no serious dramas have been written since the death of Charles the First, except *Samson Agonistes*. So, because they do not know, or won't remember,

that *Comus* was written long before, I am to be set down as an under-valuer of Milton ! O Coleridge, do kill these reviews, or they will kill us ; kill all we like. Be a friend to all else, but their foe."

A more serious matter was the infamous attack of the *Quarterly Review* for December 1811, called forth by Weber's edition of Ford, in which Lamb's note on the catastrophe of "The Broken Heart" was quoted with approval. "It would be difficult," wrote Lamb's friend, Talfourd, "as well as painful, to characterise the attack as it deserves." It is to be regretted that modern critics, in their "excursions in criticism," too often avail themselves of Lamb's "measureless eulogy" in a spirit of literary iconoclasticism. It is too late in the day, it is altogether too easy and unjust a task, to search among Lamb's criticisms for exaggerated panegyrics. In his book there will always remain so much more to be praised than to be pardoned.

Lamb himself was justly proud of his achievement; fifteen years after the publication of the "Specimens," in the facetious scrap of "Autobiography," dated 18th April 1827, the following brief record occurs :—"He was the first to draw attention to the Old English Dramatists."

When these words were written Lamb was supplementing his "Specimens" by the series of "Extracts from the Garrick Plays" contributed to the pages of Hone's Table Book.

In the second year of his "Hegira, or Flight from Leadenhall," in September 1826, he writes as follows to Bernard Barton :—"I am going through a course of reading at the Museum : the Garrick Plays, out of part of which I formed my specimens. I have two thousand to go through : and in a few weeks have despatched the tythe of 'em. It is a sort of office to me : hours ten to four, the same. It does me good. Man must have regular occupations, that has been used to it." "I think you told me your acquaintance with the Drama was confined to Shakespeare and Miss Baillie : some read only Milton and Croly. The

gap is as from an ananas to a turnip. I have fighting in my head the plots, characters, situations, and sentiments of 400 old plays (bran-new to me) which I have been digesting at the Museum, and my appetite sharpens to twice as many more, which I mean to course over this winter. I can scarce avoid dialogue fashion in this letter. I soliloquise my meditations, and habitually speak blank verse without meaning it."

Lamb's Note-Books, containing the "Extracts" referred to, was in 1851 presented to the British Museum by his "son-in-law," Moxon, and those who cherish "one grain or one drop more from the siftings of his granary or the runnings of his well" may still find something to reward their labour by a perusal of these priceless relics,—these two insignificant booklets, small account - books containing some twenty and fifty pages respectively.* Here the student of Lamb will find, in addition to the contributions to "The Table-Book," the materials of the letter published in the *Spectator* on "Shakepear Improvers," many quaint fragments from Aphra Behn, Ravenscroft, Dekker, Campion, and others, together with the "Pastoral Elegy," entitled "Thyrsia," on the death of the Noble Lady Venetia Digby, written by J. Rutter, 1635.†

It is impossible to bring this Preface to an end without paying some tribute to the chief critics and scholars who have carried on the work so gloriously initiated by Lamb. To Lamb's ideal biographer and editor, Mr Ainger ; to Dr Ward, the historian of the English Drama ; to Mr Bullen and others who have given us "perfect copies" of inaccessible texts, the Editor feels it his duty to express the debt of obligation which all lovers of Lamb must henceforth owe them ; nor dare one pass unnoticed the match-

* Addit. MSS. 9955, 9956.

† The Editor had hoped to print these additional extracts as an Appendix to the Volumes, but exigencies of space necessitate their omission.

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less verse of Mr Swinburne, whose "Sonnets on the Dramatists" will long remain the joy of enthusiasts for the great Elizabethans.

Finally, the Editor must thank his sister, Miss Emma Gollancz, late of Newnham College, for much kind help in the laborious task of identifying the sixty-eight fragments at the end of the second volume.

I. G.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 1893.





PREFACE TO THE ORIGINAL EDITION.

MORE than a third part of the following specimens are from plays which are to be found only in the British Museum and in some scarce private libraries. The rest are from Dodsley's and Hawkins's collections, and the works of Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger.

I have chosen wherever I could to give entire scenes, and in some instances successive scenes, rather than to string together single passages and detached beauties, which I have always found wearisome in the reading in selections of this nature.

To every extract is prefixed an explanatory head, sufficient to make it intelligible with the help of some trifling omissions. Where a line or more was obscure, as having reference to something that had gone before, which would have asked more time to explain than its consequence in the scene seemed to deserve, I have had no hesitation in leaving the line or passage out. Sometimes where I have met with a superfluous character, which seemed to burthen without throwing any light upon the scene, I have ventured to dismiss it altogether. I have expunged, without ceremony, all that which the writers had better never have written, that forms the objection so often repeated to the promiscuous reading of Fletcher, Massinger, and some others.

The kind of extracts which I have sought after

have been, not so much passages of wit and humour, though the old plays are rich in such, as scenes of passion, sometimes of the deepest quality, interesting situations, serious descriptions, that which is more nearly allied to poetry than to wit, and to tragic rather than to comic poetry. The plays which I have made choice of have been, with few exceptions, those which treat of human life and manners, rather than masques, and Arcadian pastorals, with their train of abstractions, unimpassioned deities, passionate mortals, Claius, and Medorus, and Amintas, and Amarillis. My leading design has been, to illustrate what may be called the moral sense of our ancestors. To show in what manner they felt, when they placed themselves by the power of imagination in trying situations, in the conflicts of duty and passion, or the strife of contending duties; what sort of loves and enmities theirs were; how their griefs were tempered, and their full-swoln joys abated: how much of Shakspeare shines in the great men his contemporaries, and how far in his divine mind and manners he surpassed them and all mankind.

Another object which I had in making these selections was, to bring together the most admired scenes in Fletcher and Massinger, in the estimation of the world the only dramatic poets of that age who are entitled to be considered after Shakspeare, and to exhibit them in the same volume with the more impressive scenes of old Marlowe, Heywood, Tourneur, Webster, Ford, and others. To show what we have slighted, while beyond all proportion we have cried up one or two favourite names.

The specimens are not accompanied with anything

in the shape of biographical notices.* I had nothing of consequence to add to the slight sketches in Dodsley and the *Biographia Dramatica*, and I was unwilling to swell the volume with mere transcription. The reader will not fail to observe, from the frequent instances of two or more persons joining in the composition of the same play (the noble practice of those times), that of most of the writers containe in these selections it may be strictly said, that they were contemporaries. The whole period, from the middle of Elizabeth's reign to the close of the reign of Charles I., comprises a space of little more than half a century, within which time nearly all that we have of excellence in serious dramatic composition was produced, if we except the *Samson Agonistes* of Milton.

CHARLES LAMB.

1808.

* The few notes which are interspersed will be found to be chiefly critical.





LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF HONE'S,
"TABLE BOOK."

DEAR SIR,

It is not unknown to you, that about nineteen years since I published "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, who lived about the time of Shakespeare." For the scarcer Plays I had recourse to the collection bequeathed to the British Museum by Mr Garrick. But my time was but short, and my subsequent leisure has discovered in it a treasure rich and exhaustless beyond what I then imagined. In it is to be found almost every production in the shape of a Play that has appeared in print, from the time of the old Mysteries and Moralities to the days of Crown and D'Urfey. Imagine the luxury to one like me, who, above every other form of poetry, have ever preferred the Dramatic, of sitting in the princely apartments, for such they are, of poor condemned Montagu House, which I predict will not speedily be followed by a handsomer, and culling at will the flower of some thousand Dramas. It is like having the range of a Nobleman's Library, with the Librarian to your friend. Nothing can exceed the courteousness and attentions of the Gentleman who has the chief direction of the Reading Rooms here; and you have scarce to ask for a volume, before it is

LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF HONE'S TABLE BOOK. xxiii

laid before you. If the occasional Extracts which I have been tempted to bring away, may find an appropriate place in your *Table Book*, some of them are weekly at your service. By those who remember the "Specimens," these must be considered as mere after-gleanings, supplementary to that work, only comprising a longer period. You must be content with sometimes a scene, sometimes a song ; a speech, or passage, or a poetical image, as they happen to strike me. I read without order of time ; I am a poor hand at dates ; and for any biography of the Dramatists, I must refer to writers who are more skilful in such matters. My business is with their poetry only.

Your well-wisher,

C. LAMB.

January 27, 1827.







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LAMB'S SPECIMENS
OF
ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETS

I.

GORBODUC: A TRAGEDY.

BY THOMAS SACKVILLE, LORD BUCKHURST, AFTERWARDS EARL OF DORSET; AND THOMAS NORTON.

Whilst King GORBODUC in the presence of his councillors laments the death of his eldest son, FERREX, whom PORREX, the younger son, has slain; MARCELLA, a court lady, enters and relates the miserable end of PORREX, stabbed by his mother in his bed.

GORBODUC, AROSTUS, EUBULUS, and others.

Gorb. What cruel destiny,

What froward fate hath sorted us this chance!
That even in those where we should comfort find,
Where our delight now in our aged days
Should rest and be, even there our only grief
And deepest sorrows to abridge our life,
Most pining cares and deadly thoughts do grow.

Arost. Your grace should now, in these grave
years of yours,
Have found ere this the price of mortal joys,
How short they be, how fading here on earth, 10
How full of change, how brittle our estate,
Of nothing sure, save only of the death,
To whom both man and all the world doth owe

2 THOMAS SACKVILLE AND THOMAS NORTON.

Their end at last ; neither should nature's power
In other sort against your heart prevail,
Than as the naked hand whose stroke assays
The armed breast where force doth light in vain.

Gorb. Many can yield right grave and sage advice
Of patient sprite to others wrapt in woe,
And can in speech both rule and conquer kind,*
Who, if by proof they might feel nature's force,
Would shew themselves men as they are indeed,
Which now will needs be gods : but what doth mean
The sorry cheer of her that here doth come ! 11

MARCELLA enters.

Marc. Oh where is ruth ? or where is pity now ?
Whither is gentle heart and mercy fled ?
Are they exil'd out of our stony breasts,
Never to make return ? is all the world
Drowned in blood, and sunk in cruelty ?
If not in women mercy may be found,
If not (alas) within the mother's breast
To her own child, to her own flesh and blood ;
If ruth be banished thence, if pity there 20
May have no place, if there no gentle heart
Do live and dwell, where should we seek it then ?

Gorb. Madam (alas) what means your woful tale ?

Marc. O silly woman I, why to this hour
Have kind and fortune thus deferr'd my breath,
That I should live to see this doleful day ?
Will ever wight believe that such hard heart
Could rest within the cruel mother's breast,
With her own hand to slay her only son ?
But out (alas) these eyes beheld the same, 30
They saw the dreary sight, and are become
Most ruthful records of the bloody fact.
Porrex, alas, is by his mother slain,
And with her hand, a woful thing to tell,
While slumb'ring on his careful bed he rests,
His heart stabb'd in with knife is reft of life.

Gorb. O Eubulus, oh draw this sword of ours,
And pierce this heart with speed. O hateful light,
O loathsome life, O sweet and welcome death.
Dear Eubulus, work this we thee beseech. 40

Eub. Patient your grace, perhaps he liveth yet,

* Nature; natural affection.

With wound receiv'd but not of certain death.

Gorb. O let us then repair unto the place,
And see if Porrex live, or thus be slain. [Exit.

Marc. Alas, he liveth not, it is too true,
That with these eyes, of him a peerless prince,
Son to a king, and in the flower of youth,
Even with a twink* a senseless stock I saw.

Arost. O damned deed! —

Marc. But hear his ruthful end.

The noble prince, pierced with the sudden wound, 10
Out of his wretched slumber hastily start,†
Whose strength now failing, straight he overthrew,
When in the fall his eyes ev'n now unclosed,
Beheld the queen, and cried to her for help ;
We then, alas, the ladies which that time
Did there attend, seeing that heinous deed,
And hearing him oft call the wretched name
Of mother, and to cry to her for aid,
Whose direful hand gave him the mortal wound, 20
Pitying, alas, (for nought else could we do)
His rueful end, ran to the woful bed,
Despoiled straight his breast, and all we might
Wiped in vain with napkins next at hand
The sudden streams of blood, that flushed fast
Out of the gaping wound. O what a look,
O what a Ruthful steadfast eye methought
He fixt upon my face, which to my death
Will never part from me, when with a braid
A deep fetch'd sigh he gave, and therewithal
Clasping his hands, to heaven he cast his sight ; . 30
And straight, pale death pressing within his face,
The flying ghost his mortal corpse forsook.

Arost. Never did age bring forth so vile a fact.

Marc. O hard and cruel hap that thus assign'd
Unto so worthy wight so wretched end :
But most hard cruel heart, that could consent
To lend the hateful destinies that hand,
By which, alas, so heinous crime was wrought.
O queen of adamant, O marble breast,
If not the favour of his comely face, 40
If not his princely cheer and countenance,
His valiant active arms, his manly breast,

If not his fair and seemly personage ;
 His noble limbs, in such proportion cast,
 As would have rapt a silly woman's thought ;
 If this might not have mov'd thy bloody heart,
 And that most cruel hand the wretched weapon
 E'en to let fall, and kissed him in the face,
 With tears for ruth to reave such one by death ;
 Should nature yet consent to slay her son ?
 O mother, thou to murder thus thy child ! 9
 E'en Jove with justice must with light'ning flames
 From heaven send down some strange revenge on thee.
 Ah noble prince, how oft have I beheld
 Thee mounted on thy fierce and trampling steed,
 Shining in armour bright before the tilt,
 And with thy mistress' sleeve tied on thy helm,
 And charge thy staff, to please thy lady's eye,
 That bow'd the head piece of thy friendly foe !
 How oft in arms on horse to bend the mace,
 How oft in arms on foot to break the sword,
 Which never now these eyes may see again. 20

Arost. Madam, alas, in vain these plaints are shed.
 Rather with me depart, and help to assuage
 The thoughtful griefs, that in the aged king
 Must needs by nature grow, by death of this
 His only son, whom he did hold so dear.

Marc. What wight is that which saw that I did
 see,
 And could refrain to wail with plaint and tears ?
 Not I, alas, that heart is not in me ;
 But let us go, for I am griev'd anew, 29
 To call to mind the wretched father's woe. [*Exeunt.*]

Chorus of aged men. When greedy lust in royal
 seat to reign
 Hath left all care of gods and eke of men ;
 And cruel heart, wrath, treason, and disdain,
 Within th' ambitious breast are lodged, then
 Behold how mischief wide herself displays,
 And with the brother's hand the brother slays.

When blood thus shed doth stain the heaven's face,
 Crying to Jove for vengeance of the deed,
 The mighty God e'en moveth from his place
 With wrath to wreak ; then sends he forth with speed
 The dreadful Furies, daughters of the night, 41

With serpents girt, carrying the whip of ire,
 With hair of stinging snakes, and shining bright
 With flames and blood, and with a brand of fire :
 These, for revenge of wretched murder done,
 Doth cause the mother kill her only son.

Blood asketh blood, and death must death requit ;
 Jove by his just and everlasting doom
 Justly hath ever so requited it.
 This times before record, and times to come
 Shall find it true, and so doth present proof 10
 Present before our eyes for our behoof.

O happy wight that suffers not the snare
 Of murderous mind to tangle him in blood :
 And happy he that can in time beware
 By others' harms, and turn it to his good :
 But woe to him that fearing not to offend,
 Doth serve his lust, and will not see the end.

[The style of this old play is stiff and cumbersome, like the dresses of its times. There may be flesh and blood underneath, but we cannot get at it. Sir Philip Sydney has praised it for its morality. One of its authors might easily furnish that. Norton was an associate to Hopkins, Sternhold, and Robert Wisdom, in the Singing Psalms. I am willing to believe that Lord Buckhurst supplied the more vital parts. The chief beauty in the extract is of a secret nature. Marcella obscurely intimates that the murdered prince Porrex and she had been lovers.]

II. (G.)

TANCRED AND GISMUND :

ACTED BEFORE THE COURT BY THE GENTLEMEN OF
 THE INNER TEMPLE ; BY R. WILMOT AND OTHERS.

A Messenger brings to GISMUND a cup from the King her Father, enclosing the heart of her Lord, whom she had espoused without his sanction.

Mess. Thy father, O queen, here in this cup hath sent
 The thing to joy and comfort thee withal, 19
 Which thou lovedst best : ev'n as thou wast content
 To comfort him with his best joy of all.

Gis. I thank my father, and thee, gentle squire,
For this thy travail : take thou for thy pains
This bracelet, and commend me to the king.

* * *

So, now is come the long-expected hour,
The fatal hour I have so looked for.
Now hath my father satisfied his thirst
With guiltless blood, which he so coveted.
What brings this cup ? ah me ! I thought no less ;
It is my Earl's, my County's pierced heart.
Dear heart, too dearly hast thou bought my love, 10
Extremely rated at too high a price.
Ah, my dear heart, sweet wast thou in thy life,
But in thy death thou provest passing sweet.
A fitter hearse than this of beaten gold
Could not be lotted to so good a heart.
My father therefore well provided thus
To close and wrap thee up in massy gold,
And therewithal to send thee unto me,
To whom of duty thou dost best belong.
My father hath in all his life bewrayed 20
A princely care and tender love to me,
But this surpasseth, in his latter days
To send me this, mine own dear heart, to me.
Wert not thou mine, dear heart, whilst that my love
Danced and play'd upon thy golden strings ?
Art thou not mine, dear heart, now that my love
Is fled to heaven, and got him golden wings ?
Thou art mine own, and still mine own shalt be,
Therefore my father sendeth thee to me.
Ah pleasant harbrough of my heart's thought ! 30
Ah sweet delight, the quickener of my soul !
Seven times accursed be the hand that wrought
Thee this despite, to mangle thee so foul ;
Yet in this wound I see my own true love,
And in this wound thy magnanimity,
And in this wound I see thy constancy.
Go, gentle heart, go rest thee in thy tomb ;
Receive this token as thy last farewell. [*She kisseth it.*]
Thy own true heart anon will follow thee,
Which panting lusteth for thy company. 40
Thus hast thou run, poor heart, thy mortal race,
And rid thy life from fickle fortune's snares,

Thus hast thou lost this world and worldly cares,
 And of thy foe, to honour thee withal,
 Receiv'd a golden grave to thy desert.
 Nothing doth want to thy just funeral,
 But my salt tears to wash thy bloody wound ;
 Which to the end thou mightst receive, behold,
 My father sends thee in this cup of gold ;
 And thou shalt have them ; though I was resolved
 To shed no tears ; but with a cheerful face
 Once did I think to wet thy funeral 10
 Only with blood, and with no weeping eye.
 This done, my soul forthwith shall fly to thee ;
 For therefore did my father send thee me.

[Nearly a century after the date of this Drama, Dryden produced his admirable version of the same story from Boccacio. The speech here extracted may be compared with the corresponding passage in the Sigismonda and Guiscardo, with no disadvantage to the elder performance. It is quite as weighty, as pointed, and as passionate.]

III.

ALAHAM : A TRAGEDY.

BY FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE.

ALAHAM, second Son to the KING of ORMUS, deposes his Father : whose Eyes, and the Eyes of his elder Brother ZOPHI, (acting upon a maxim of Oriental Policy), he causes to be put out. They, blind, and fearing for their Lives, wander about. In this Extremity they are separately met by the King's Daughter CELICA, who conducts them to places of Refuge ; hiding her Father amid the Vaults of a Temple, and guiding her Brother to take Sanctuary at the Altar.

KING. CELICA.

*King. Celica ; thou only child, whom I repent
 Not yet to have begot, thy work is vain :
 Thou run'st against my destiny's intent.
 Fear not my fall ; the steep is fairest plain ;
 And error safest guide unto his end,
 Who nothing but mischance can have to friend.
 We parents are but nature's nursery ;* 20

When our succession springs, then ripe to fall.
 Privation unto age is natural.
 Age there is also in a prince's state,
 Which is contempt, grown of misgovernment,
 Where love of change begetteth prince's hate :
 For hopes must wither, or grow violent,
 If fortune bind desires to one estate.
 Then mark ! Blind, as a man : scorn'd, as a king ;
 A father's kindness loath'd, and desolate :
 Life without joy, or light : what can it bring, 10
 But inward horror unto outward hate ?
 O safety ! thou art then a hateful thing,
 When children's death assures the father's state.
 No, safe I am not, though my son were slain,
 My frailty would beget such sons again.
 Besides, if fatal be the heavens' will,
 Repining adds more force to destiny ;
 Whose iron wheels stay not on fleshly wit,
 But headlong run down steep necessity.
 And as in danger, we do catch at it 20
 That comes to help, and unadvisedly
 Oft do our friends to our misfortune knit,
 So with the harm of those who would us good
 Is destiny impossibly withheld.
Cælica, then cease ; importune me no more :
 My son, my age, the state where things are now,
 Require my death. Who would consent to live
 Where love cannot revenge, nor truth forgive ?
Cælica. Though fear see nothing but extremity,
 Yet danger is no deep sea, but a ford, 30
 Where they that yield can only drowned be
 In wrongs, and wounds. Sir, you are too remiss ;
 To thrones a passive nature fatal is.
King. Occasion to my son hath turn'd her face ;
 My inward wants all outward strengths betray ;
 And so make that impossible I may.
Cælica. Yet live :
 Live for the state.
King. Whose ruins glasses are,
 Wherein see errors of myself I must, 40
 And hold my life of danger, shame, and care.
Cælica. When fear propounds, with loss men ever
 choose.

King. Nothing is left me but myself to lose.

Cælica. And is it nothing then to lose the state?

King. Where chance is ripe, there counsel comes too late.

Cælica, by all thou ow'st the gods and me,
I do conjure thee, leave me to my chance.
What's past was error's way ; the truth it is,
Wherein I wretch can only go amiss.
If nature saw no cause of sudden ends,
She, that but one way made to draw our breath,
Would not have left so many doors to death. 10

Cælica. Yet, Sir, if weakness be not such a sand
As neither wrong nor counsel can manure ;
Choose and resolve what death you will endure.

King. This sword, thy hands, may offer up my
breath

And plague my life's remissness in my death.

Cælica. Unto that duty if these hands be born,
I must think God and truth were names of scorn.
Again, this justice were if life were loved,
Now merely grace ; since death doth but forgive
A life to you, which is a death to live ; 20
Pain must displease that satisfies offence.

King. Chance hath left death no more to spoil
but sense.

Cælica. Then sword, do justice' office thorough me :
I offer more than that he hates to thee.

[*Offers to kill herself.*

King. Ah ! stay thy hand. My state no equal hath,
And much more matchless my strange vices be :
One kind of death becomes not thee and me.
Kings' plagues by chance or destiny should fall ;
Headlong he perish must that ruins all.

Cælica. No cliff or rock is so precipitate,
But down it eyes can lead the blind away ;
Without me live, or with me die you may,

King. Cælica, and wilt thou Alaham exceed ?
His cruelty is death, you torments use ;
He takes my crown, you take myself from me.
A prince of this fall'n empire let me be.

Cælica. Then be a king, no tyrant of thyself :
Be ; and be what you will ; what nature lent
Is still in hers, and not our government.

King. If disobedience, and obedience both,
Still do me hurt ; in what strange state am I ?
But hold thy course ; it well becomes my blood, -
To do their parents mischief with their good.

Cælica. Yet, Sir, hark to the poor oppressed tears,
The just men's moan, that suffer by your fall ;
A prince's charge is to protect them all.
And shall it nothing be that I am yours ?
The world without, my heart within, doth know,
I never had unkind, unreverent powers. 10
If thus you yield to Alaham's treachery,
He ruins you : 'tis you, Sir, ruin me.

King. Cælica, call up the dead ; awake the blind ;
Turn back the time ; bid winds tell whence they come ;
As vainly strength speaks to a broken mind.
Fly from me, Cælica, hate all I do :
Misfortunes have in blood successions too.

Cælica. Will you do that which Alaham cannot ?
He hath no good ; you have no ill, but he :
This mar-right yielding's honour's tyranny. 20

King. Have I not done amiss ? am I not ill,
That ruin'd have a king's authority ?
And not one king alone : since princes all
Feel part of those scorns, whereby one doth fall.
Treason against me cannot treason be :
All laws have lost authority in me.

Cælica. The laws of power chain'd to men's
humours be.
The good have conscience ; the ill (like instruments)
Are, in the hands of wise authority,
Moved, divided, used, or laid down ; 30
Still, with desire, kept subject to a crown.
Stir up all states, all spirits : hope and fear,
Wrong and revenge, are current everywhere.

King. Put down my son : for that must be the
way :
A father's shame : a prince's tyranny ;
The sceptre ever shall misjudged be.

Cælica. Let them fear rumour that do work amiss ;
Blood, torments, death, horrors of cruelty,
Have time, and place. Look through these skins of
fear,
Which still persuade the better side to bear. 40

And since thy son thus trait'rously conspires,
Let him not prey on all thy race, and thee :
Keep ill example from posterity.

King. Danger is come ; and must I now unarm,
And let in hope to weaken resolution ?
Passion ! be thou my legacy and will ;
To thee I give my life, crown, reputation ;
My pomps to clouds ; and (as forlorn with men)
My strength to women ; hoping this alone, 9
Though fear'd, sought, and a king, to live unknown.
Cælica, all these to thee : do thou bestow
This living darkness, wherein I do go.

Cælica. My soul now joys. Doing breathes horror
out.

Absence must be our first step. Let us fly.
A pause in rage makes Alaham to doubt ;
Which doubt may stir In people hope, and fear,
With love, or hate, to seek you everywhere.
For princes' lives are fortune's misery :
As dainty sparks, which till men dead do know,
To kindle for himself each man doth blow. 20
But hark ! what's this ? Malice doth never sleep :
I hear the spies of power drawing near.
Sir, follow me : Misfortune's worst is come ;
Her strength is change : and change yields better doom.
Choice now is past. Hard by there is a pile,
Built under colour of a sacrifice ;
If God do grant, it is a place to save ;
If God denies, it is a ready grave.

ZOPHI appears.

Cælica. What see I here ? more spectacles of woe !
And are my kindred only made to be 30
Agents and patients in iniquity ?
Ah forlorn wretch ! ruin's example right !
Lost to thyself, not to thy enemy,
Whose hand e'en while thou fliest thou fall'st into ;
And with thy fall thy father dost undo.
Save one I may : Nature would save them both ;
But Chance hath many wheels, Rage many eyes.
What, shall I then abandon Innocents ? *
Not help a helpless brother thrown on me ?

* Zophi is represented as a prince of weak understanding.

Is nature narrow to adversity ?
 No, no. Our God left duty for a law ;
 Pity, at large ; love, in authority ;
 Despair, in bonds ; fear, of itself in awe :
 That rage of time, and power's strange liberty,
 Oppressing good men, might resistance find :
 Nor can I to a brother be less kind.
 Dost thou, that canst not see, hope to escape ?
 Disgrace can have no friend ; contempt no guide ;
 Right is thy guilt ; thy judge iniquity ; 10
 Which desolation casts on them that see.

Zophi. Make calm thy rage : pity a ghost distrest :
 My right, my liberty, I freely give :
 Give him, that never harm'd thee, leave to live.

Cælica. Nay, God, the world, thy parents it deny ;
 A brother's jealous heart ; usurped might
 Grows friends with all the world, except thy right.

Zophi. Secure thyself. Exile me from this coast :
 My fault, suspicion is ; my judge, is fear ;
 Occasion, with myself, away I bear. 20

Cælica. Fly unto God : for in humanity
 Hope there is none. Reach me thy fearful hand :
 I am thy sister ; neither fiend, nor spy
 Of tyrant's rage ; but one that feels despair
 Of thy estate, which thou dost only fear.
 Kneel down ; embrace this holy mystery,
 A refuge to the worst for rape and blood,
 And yet, I fear, not hallow'd for the good.

Zophi. Help, God ! defend thine altar ! since thy
 In earth, leaves innocents no other right. [might,

Cælica. Eternal God ! that see'st thyself in us, 31
 If vows be more than sacrifice of lust,
 Rais'd from the smokee of hope and fear in us,
 Protect this Innocent, calm Alaham's rage ;
 By miracles faith goes from age to age.
 Affection trembles ; reason is oppressed ;
 Nature, methinks, doth her own entrails tear ;
 In resolution ominous is fear.

ALAHAM causes search to be made after his Father and Brother. ZOPHI is discovered, and CÆLICA ; who, being questioned by ALAHAM where she has hid her Father, dissembles as though she thought that the King was dead ; but being threatened with the rack, her

Exclamations call her Father from his hiding-place ; who, together with her, and her Brother ZOPHI, are sentenced by ALAHAM to the flames.

ALAHAM. Attendants.

Alaham. Sirs, seek the city, examine, torture, rack ;
Sanctuaries none let there be ; make darkness known ;
Pull down the roofs, dig, burn, put all to wrack ;
And let the guiltless for the guilty groan.
Change, shame, misfortune, in their 'scaping lie,
And in their finding our prosperity.

He sees CÆLICA.

Good fortune welcome ! We have lost our care,
And found our loss : Cælica distract I see.
The king is near : She is her father's eyes.

He sees ZOPHI.

Behold ! the forlorn wretch, half of my fear, 10
Takes sanctuary at holy altar's feet :
Lead him apart, examine, force, and try ;
These bind the subject not the monarchy.
Cælica ! awake : that God of whom you crave
Is deaf, and only gives men what they have.

Cælica. Ah cruel wretch ! guilty of parent's blood !
Might I, poor innocent, my father free,
My murther yet were less impiety.
But on ; devour : fear only to be good :
Let us not 'scape : thy glory then doth rise, 20
When thou at once thy house dost sacrifice.

Alaham. Tell me where thy father is.

Cælica. O bloody scorn,
Must he be kill'd again that gave thee breath ?
Is duty nothing else in thee but death ?

Alaham. Leave off this mask ; deceit is never
wise ;
Though he be blind, a king hath many eyes.

Cælica. O twofold scorn ! God be reveng'd for
me.

Yet since my father is destroy'd by thee,
Add still more scorn, it sorrow multiplies. 30

Alaham. Passions are learn'd, not born within the
That method keep : Order is quiet's art. [heart,
Tell where he is : for, look, what love conceals,
Pain out of nature's labyrinths reveals.

Cælica. This is reward which thou dost threaten me;
If terror thou wilt threaten, promise joys.

Alaham. Smart cools these boiling styles of vanity.

Cælica. And if my father I no more shall see,
Help me unto the place where he remains :
To hell below, or to the sky above,
The way is easy where the guide is love.

Alaham. Confess ; where is he hid ?

Cælica. Rack not my woe.
Thy glorious pride of this unglorious deed 10
Doth mischief ripe, and therefore falling, shew.

Alaham. Bodies have place, and blindness must be led.

Graves be the thrones of kings when they be dead.

Cælica. He was (unhappy) cause that thou art now ;

Thou art, ah wicked ! cause that he is not ;
And fear'st thou parricide can be forgot ?
Bear witness, thou Almighty God on high,
And you black powers inhabiting below,
That for his life myself would yield to die.

Alaham. Well, Sirs, go seek the dark and secret caves, 20

The holy temples, sanctified cells,
All parts wherein a living corpse may dwell.

Cælica. Seek him amongst the dead, you placed him there :

Yet lose no pains, good souls, go not to hell ;
And, but to heaven, you may go every where.
Guilty, with you, of his blood let me be,
If any more I of my father know,
Than that he is where you would have him go.

Alaham. Tear up the vaults. Behold her agonies !
Sorrow subtracts, and multiplies, the spirits ; 30
Care, and desire, do under anguish cease ;
Doubt curious is, affecting piety ;
Woe loves itself ; fear from itself would fly.
Do not these trembling motions witness bear,
That all these protestations be of fear ?

Cælica. If aught be quick in me, move it with scorn :
Nothing can come amiss to thoughts forlorn.

Alaham. Confess in time. Revenge is merciless.

Cælica. Reward and pain, fear and desire too,
Are vain in things impossible to do.

Alaham. Tell yet where thou thy father last did
see.

Cælica. Even where he by his loss of eyes hath won
That he no more shall see his monstrous son.
First in perpetual night thou mad'st him go ;
His flesh the grave ; his life the stage, where sense
Plays all the tragedies of pain and woe.
And wouldest thou trait'rously thyself exceed, 10
By seeking thus to make his ghost to bleed ?

Alaham. Bear her away ; devise ; add to the rack
Torments, that both call death and turn it back.

Cælica. The flattering glass of power is others'
pain.
Perfect thy work ; that heaven and hell may know,
To worse I cannot, going from thee, go.
Eternal life, that ever liv'st above !
If sense there be with thee of hate, or love,
Revenge my king and father's overthrow.
O father ! if that name reach up so high, 20
And be more than a proper word of art,
To teach respects in our humanity,
Accept these pains, whereof you feel no smart.

The KING comes forth.

King. What sound is this of Cælica's distress ?
Alaham, wrong not a silly sister's faith.
"Tis plague enough that she is innocent ;
My child, thy sister ; born (by thee and me)
With shame and sin to have affinity.
Break me ; I am the prison of thy thought : 29
Crowns dear enough with father's blood are bought.

Alaham. Now feel thou shalt, thou ghost un-
natural,
Those wounds which thou to my heart then did'st give,
When, in despite of God, this state, and me,
Thou did'st from death mine elder brother free.
The smart of king's oppression doth not die :
Time rusteth malice ; rust wounds cruelly.

King. Flatter thy wickedness ; adorn thy rage ;
To wear a crown, tear up thy father's age.

Kill not thy sister ; it is lack of wit
To do an ill that brings no good with it.

Alaham. Go, lead them hence. Prepare the
funeral.

Hasten the sacrifice and pomp of woe.
Where she did hide him, thither let them go.

A NUNTIUS (or Meesenger) relates to ALAHAM the manner
of his Father's, Brother's, and Sister's deaths ; and
the popular discontents which followed. ALAHAM by
the sudden working of Remorse is distracted, and
imagines that he sees their Ghosts.

ALAHAM. NUNTIUS.

Nuntius. The first which burnt, as Cain * his next
of kin,
In blood your brother, and your prince in state,
Drew wonder from men's hearts, brought horror in.
This innocent, this soul too meek for sin,
Yet made for others to do harm withal, 10
With his self-pity tears drew tears from us ;
His blood compassion had ; his wrong stirr'd hate :
Deceit is odious in a king's estate.
Repiningly he goes unto his end :
Strange visions rise ; strange furies haunt the flame ;
People cry out, Echo repeats, his name.
These words he spake, even breathing out his breath :
"Unhappy weakness ! never innocent !
"If in a crown, yet but an instrument.
"People ! observe ; this fact may make you see, 20
"Excess hath ruin'd what itself did build :
"But ah ! the more oppressed the more you yield."
The next was he whose age had reverence,
His gesture something more than privateness ;
Guided by one, whose stately grace did move
Compassion, even in hearts that could not love.
As soon as these approached near the flame,
The wind, the steam, or furies, rais'd their veils ;
And in their looks this image did appear :
Each unto other, life to neither, dear. 30

* The execution, to make it plausible to the people, is coloured with the pretext, that the being burnt is a voluntary sacrifice of themselves by the victims at the funeral of Cain a bashaw and relative.

These words he spake. "Behold one that hath lost
 "Himself within ; and so the world without ;
 "A king, that brings authority in doubt :
 "This is the fruit of power's misgovernment.
 "People ! my fall is just ; yet strange your fate,
 "That, under worst, will hope for better state."
 Grief roars aloud. Your sister yet remain'd ;
 Helping in death to him in whom she died ;
 Then going to her own, as if she gain'd,
 These mild words spake with looks to heaven bent.
 "O God ! 'Tis thou that suff' rest here, not we : 11
 "Wrong doth but like itself in working thus :
 "At thy will, Lord ! revenge thyself, not us."
 The fire straight upward bears the souls in breath :
 Visions of horror circle in the flame
 With shapes and figures like to that of Death,
 But lighter-tongued and nimbler-wing'd than Fame.
 Some to the church ; some to the people fly ;
 A voice cries out ; "Revenge and liberty.
 "Princes, take heed ; your glory is your care ; 20
 "And power's foundations, strengths, not vices, are."
Alaham. What change is this, that now I feel within ?
 Is it disease that works this fall of spirits ?
 Or works this fall of spirits my disease ?
 Things seem not as they did ; horror appears.
 What Sin embodied, what strange sight is this ?
 Doth sense bring back but what within me is ?
 Or do I see those shapes which haunt the flame ?
 What summons up remorse ? Shall conscience rate
 Kings' deeds, to make them less than their estate ?
 Ah silly ghost ! is't you that swarm about ? 31
 Wouldst thou, that art not now, a father be ?
 These body laws do with the life go out.
 What thoughts be these that do my entrails tear ?
 You wand'ring spirits frame in me your hell ;
 I feel my brother and my sister there.

* * * *

IV.

MUSTAPHA : A TRAGEDY.

BY THE SAME.

Rossa, Wife to SOLYMAN the Turkish Emperor, persuades her Husband, that MUSTAPHA, his Son by a former Marriage, and Heir to his Crown, seeks his life: [11] that she may make way, by the death of MUSTAPHA, for the advancement of her own children, ZANGER and CAMENA. CAMENA, the virtuous daughter of ROSSA, defends the Innocence of MUSTAPHA, in a Conference which she holds with the Emperor.

CAMENA. SOLYMAN.

Cam. They that from youth do suck at fortune's breast,

And nurse their empty hearts with seeking higher,
Like dropsy-fed, their thirst doth never rest ;
For still, by getting, they beget desire :
Till thoughts, like wood, while they maintain the flame
Of high desires, grow ashes in the same.
But virtue ! those that can behold thy beauties,
Those that suck, from their youth, thy milk of goodness,
Their minds grow strong against the storms of fortune,
And stand, like rocks in winter-gusta, unshaken ; 10
Not with the blindness of desire mistaken.

O virtue therefore ! whose thrall I think fortune,
Thou who despisest not the sex of women,
Help me out of these riddles of my fortune,
Wherein (methinks) you with yourself do pose me :
Let fates go on : sweet virtue ! do not lose me.

My mother and my husband have conspired,
For brother's good, the ruin of my brother :
My father by my mother is inspired,
For one child to seek ruin of another. 20

I that to help by nature am required,
While I do help, must needs still hurt a brother.
While I see who conspire, I seem conspired
Against a husband, father, and a mother.
Truth bids me run, by truth I am retired ;
Shame leads me both the one way, and the other.
In what a labyrinth is honour cast,

Drawn divers ways with sex, with time, with state,
 In all which, error's course is infinite,
 By hope, by fear, by spite, by love, and hate ;
 And but one only way unto the right,
 A thorny way, where pain must be the guide,
 Danger the light, offence of power the praise :
 Such are the golden hopes of iron days.
 Yet virtue, I am thine, for thy sake grieved
 (Since basest thoughts, for their ill-plac'd desires,
 In shame, in danger, death, and torment, glory) 10
 That I cannot with more pains write thy story.
 Chance, therefore, if thou scornest those that scorn thee;
 Fame, if thou hatest those that force thy trumpet
 To sound aloud, and yet despise thy sounding ;
 Laws, if you love not those that be examples
 Of nature's laws, whence you are fall'n corrupted ;
 Conspire that I, against you all conspired,
 Joined with tyrant virtue, as you call her,
 That I, by your revenges may be named,
 For virtue, to be ruin'd, and defamed. 20
My mother oft and diversely I warned,
 What fortunes were upon such courses builded :
 That fortune still must be with ill maintained,
 Which at the first with any ill is gained.
I Rosten * warn'd, that man's self-loving thought
 Still creepeth to the rude-embracing might
 Of princes' grace : a lease of glories let,
 Which shining burns ; breeds sereness when 'tis set.
 And, by this creature of my mother's making,
 This messenger, I Mustapha have warn'd, 30
 That innocence is not enough to save,
 Where good and greatness, fear and envy have.
 Till now, in reverence I have forborne
 To ask, or to presume to guess, or know
 My father's thoughts ; whereof he might think scorn :
 For dreadful is that power that all may do ;
 Yet they, that all men fear, are fearful too.
 Lo where he sits ! Virtue, work thou in me,
 That what thou seekest may accomplish'd be. 39
Solym. Ah death ! is not thyself sufficient anguish,
 But thou must borrow fear, that threatening glass,
 Which, while it goodness hides, and mischief shows,

* Her Husband.

Doth lighten wit to honour's overthrows ?
 But hush ! methinks away Camena steals ;
 Murther, belike, in me itself reveals.
 Camena ! whither now ? why haste you from me ?
 Is it so strange a thing to be a father ?
 Or is it I that am so strange a father ?

Cam. My lord, methought, nay, sure I saw you
 busy :

Your child presumes, uncall'd, that comes unto you.
Solymp. Who may presume with fathers, but their
 own,

Whom nature's law hath ever in protection, 10
 And gilds in good belief of dear affection,
 To make it greater, and the better known ?

Cam. Nay, reverence, Sir, so children's worth
 doth hide,

As of the fathers it is least espied.

Solymp. I think 'tis true, who know their children
 least,

Have greatest reason to esteem them best.

Cam. How so, my lord ? since love in knowledge
 lives,

Which unto strangers therefore no man gives.

Solymp. The life we gave them soon they do forget,
 While they think our lives do their fortunes let. 20

Cam. The tenderness of life it is so great,

As any sign of death we hate too much ;

And unto parents sons, perchance, are such.

Yet nature meant her strongest unity

'Twixt sons and fathers ; making parents cause

Unto the sons of their humanity ;

And children pledge of their eternity.

Fathers should love this image in their sons.

Solymp. But streams back to their springs do never
 run.

Cam. Pardon, my lord, doubt is succession's foe :
 Let not her mists poor children overthrow. 31

Though streams from springs do seem to run away,

'Tis nature leads them to their mother sea.

Solymp. Doth nature teach them, in ambition's strife,
 To seek his death, by whom they have their life ?

Cam. Things easy to Desire impossible do seem :
 Why should Fear make impossible seem easy ?

Solymp. Monsters yet be, and being are believed.

Cam. Incredible hath some inordinate progression :
 Blood, doctrine, age, corrupting liberty,
 Do all concur, where men such monsters be.
 Pardon me, Sir, if duty do seem angry :
 Affection must breathe out afflicted breath,
 Where imputation hath such easy faith.

Solym. Mustapha is he that hath defil'd his nest ;
 The wrong the greater for I loved him best.
 He hath devised that all at once should die.
 Rosten, and Rossa, Zanger, thou, and I. 10

Cam. Fall none but angels suddenly to hell !
 Are kind and order grown precipitate ?
 Did ever any other man but he
 In instant lose the use of doing well ?
 Sir, these be mists of greatness. Look again :
 For kings that, in their fearful icy state,
 Behold their children as their winding-sheet,
 Do easily doubt ; and what they doubt, they hate.

Solym. Camena ! thy sweet youth, that knows no
 ill,
 Cannot believe thine elders, when they say, 20
 That good belief is great estates' decay.
 Let it suffice, that I, and Rossa too,
 Are privy what your brother means to do.

Cam. Sir, pardon me, and nobly, as a father,
 What I shall say, and say of holy mother ;
 Know I shall say it, but to right a brother.
 My mother is your wife : duty in her
 Is love : she loves : which not well govern'd, bears
 The evil angel of misgiving fears ;
 Whose many eyes, whilst but itself they see, 30
 Still make the worst of possibility :
 Out of this fear she Mustapha accuseth :
 Unto this fear, perchance, she joins the love
 Which doth in mothers for their children move.
 Perchance, when fear hath shew'd her yours must fall,
 In love she sees that hers must rise withal.
 Sir, fear a frailty is, and may have grace,
 And over-care of you cannot be blamed ;
 Care of our own in nature hath a place ;
 Passions are oft mistaken and misnamed ; 40
 Things simply good grow evil with misplacing.
 Though laws cut off, and do not care to fashion,

Humanity of error hath compassion.

Yet God forbid, that either fear, or care,
Should ruin those that true and faultless are.

Solym. Is it no fault, or fault I may forgive,
For son to seek the father should not live ?

Cam. Is it a fault, or fault for you to know,
My mother doubts a thing that is not so ?
These ugly works of monstrous parricide,
Mark from what hearts they rise, and where they bide :
Violent, despair'd, where honour broken is ; 10
Fear lord, time death ; where hope is misery ;
Doubt having stopped all honest ways to bliss,
And custom shut the windows up of shame,
That craft may take upon her wisdom's name.
Compare now Mustapha with this despair :
Sweet youth, sure hopes, honour, a father's love,
No infamy to move, or banish fear,
Honour to stay, hazard to hasten fate :
Can horrors work in such a child's estate ?
Besides, the gods, whom kings should imitate, 20
Have placed you high to rule, not overthrow ;
For us, not for yourselves, is your estate :
Mercy must hand in hand with power go.
Your sceptre should not strike with arms of fear,
Which fathoms all men's imbecility,
And mischief doth, lest it should mischief bear.
As reason deals within with frailty,
Which kills not passions that rebellious are,
But adds, subtracts, keeps down ambitious spirits.
So must power form, not ruin instruments : 30
For flesh and blood, the means 'twixt heav'n and hell,
Unto extremes extremely racked be ;
Which kings in art of government should see :
Else they, which circle in themselves with death,
Poison the air wherein they draw their breath.
Pardon, my lord, pity becomes my sex :
Grace with delay grows weak, and fury wise.
Remember Theseus' wish, and Neptune's haste,
Kill'd innocence, and left succession waste. 39
Solym. If what were best for them that do offend,
Laws did enquire, the answer must be grace.
If mercy be so large, where's justice' place ?

Cam. Where love despairs, and where God's
promise ends.

MUSTAPHA.

For mercy is the highest reach of wit,
A safety unto them that save with it :
Born out of God, and unto human eyes,
Like God, not seen, till fleshly passion dies.

Solym. God may forgive, whose being, and whose
harmes

Are far removed from reach of fleshly arms :
But if God equals or successors had,
Even God of safe revenges would be glad.

Cam. While he is yet alive, he may be slain ;
But from the dead no flesh comes back again. 10

Salym. While he remains alive, I live in fear.

Cam. Though he were dead, that doubt still
living were.

Solym. None hath the power to end what he begun.

Cam. The same occasion follows every son.

Solym. Their greatness, or their worth, is not so
much.

Cam. And shall the best be slain for being such ?

Solym. Thy mother, or thy brother, are amiss ;
I am betray'd, and one of them it is.

Cam. My mother if she errs, errs virtuously ;
And let her err, ere Mustapha should die. 20

Solym. Kings for their safety must not blame
mistrust.

Cam. Nor for surmises sacrifice the just.

Solym. Well, dear Camena, keep this secretly :
I will be well advised before he die.

HELI a Priest acquaints MUSTAPHA with the intentions of
his Father towards him, and counsels him to seek his
safety in the Destruction of ROSSA and her Faction.
MUSTAPHA refuses to save his Life at the Expence of
the Public Peace ; and being sent for by his Father,
obeys the Mandate to his Destruction.

Priest. Thy father purposeth thy death.

Must. What have I to my father done amiss ?

Priest. That wicked Rossa thy step-mother is.

Must. Wherein have I of Rossa ill-deserved ? 30

Priest. In that the empire is for thee reserved.

Must. Is it a fault to be my father's son ?

Ah foul ambition ! which like water floods
Not channel-bound dost neighbours over-run,
And growest nothing when thy rage is done.

Must Rossa's heirs out of my ashes rise ?
 Yet, Zanger, I acquit thee of my blood ;
 For I believe, thy heart hath no impression
 To ruin Mustapha for his succession.
 But tell what colours they against me use,
 And how my father's love they first did wound ?

Priest. Of treason towards him they thee accuse :
 Thy fame and greatness gives their malice ground.

Must. Good world, where it is danger to be good !
 Yet grudge I not power of myself to power : 10
 This baseness only in mankind I blame,
 That indignation should give laws to fame.
 Shew me the truth. —— To what rules am I bound ?

Priest. No man commanded is by God to die,
 As long as he may persecution fly.

Must. To fly, hath scorn, —— it argues guiltiness,
 Inherits fear, weakly abandons friends,
 Gives tyrants fame, takes honour from distress ——
 Death do thy worst ! thy greatest pains have end.

Priest. Mischief is like the cockatrice's eyes, 20
 Sees first, and kills ; or is seen first, and dies.
 Fly to thy strength, which makes misfortune vain.
 Rossa intends thy ruin. What is she ?
 Seek in her bowels for thy father lost :
 Who can redeem a king with viler cost ?

Must. O false and wicked colours of desire !
 Eternal bondage unto him that seeks
 To be possessed of all things that he likes !
 Shall I, a son and subject, seem to dare,
 For any selfness, to set realms on fire, 30
 Which golden titles to rebellions are ?
 Heli, even you have told me, wealth was given
 The wicked, to corrupt themselves and others ;
 Greatness and health to make flesh proud and cruel ;
 Where in the good, sickness mows down desire,
 Death glorifies, misfortune humbles.
 Since therefore life is but the throne of woe,
 Which sickness, pain, desire, and fear inherit,
 Ever most worth to men of weakest spirit ;
 Shall we, to languish in this brittle jail, 40
 Seek, by ill deeds, to shun ill destiny ;
 And so, for toys, lose immortality ?

Priest. Fatal necessity is never known.

Until it strike ; and till that blow be come,
Who falls is by false visions overthrown.

Must. Blasphemous love ! safe conduct of the ill !
What power hath given man's wickedness such
skill ?

Priest. Ah servile men ! how are your thoughts
bewitch'd

With hopes and fears, the price of your subjection,
That neither sense nor time can make you see,
The art of power will leave you nothing free !

Must. Is it in us to rule a Sultan's will ?

Priest. We made them first for good, and not for
ill. 10

Must. Our Gods they are, their God remains
above.

To think against anointed power is death.

Priest. To worship tyrants is no work of faith.

Must. 'Tis rage of folly that contends with fate.

Priest. Yet hazard something to preserve the state.

Must. Sedition wounds what should preserved be.

Priest. To wound power's humours, keeps their
honours free.

Must. Admit this true : what sacrifice prevails ?

Priest. Force the petition is that never fails. 19

Must. Where then is nature's place for innocence ?

Priest. Prosperity, that never makes offence.

Must. Hath destiny no wheels but mere occasion ?

Priest. Could east upon the west else make invasion ?

Must. Confusion follows where obedience leaves.

Priest. The tyrant only that event deceives.

Must. And are the ways of truth and honour such ?

Priest. Weakness doth ever think it owes too much.

Must. Hath fame her glorious colours out of fear ?

Priest. What is the world to him that is not there ?

Must. Tempt me no more. Good-will is then a pain,
When her words beat the heart and cannot enter. 31
I constant in my counsel do remain,

And more lives for my own life will not venture.

My fellows, rest : our Alcoran doth bind,

That I alone should first my father find.

A Messenger enters.

Messenger. Sir, by our lord's commandment, here I
To guide you to his presence, [wait,

Where, like a king and father, he intends
To honour and acquaint you with his ends.

Mus. Heli, farewell, all fates are from above
Chain'd unto humours that must rise or fall.
Think what we will, men do but what they shall.

*ACHMAT describes the manner of MUSTAPHA's Execution
to ZANGER.*

ACHMAT. ZANGER.

Achm. When Solyman, by cunning spite
Of Rossa's witchcrafts, from his heart had banish'd
Justice of kings, and lovingness of fathers,
To wage and lodge such camps of heady passions,
As that sect's cunning practices could gather ; 10
Envy took hold of worth : doubt did misconstrue ;
Renown was made a lie, and yet a terror :
Nothing could calm his rage, or move compassion :
Mustapha must die. To which end fetch'd he was
Laden with hopes and promises of favour.
So vile a thing is craft in every heart,
As it makes power itself descend to art.
While Mustapha, that neither hoped nor feared,
Seeing the storms of rage and danger coming,
Yet came ; and came accompanied with power. 20
But neither power, which warranted his safety,
Nor safety, that makes violence a justice,
Could hold him from obedience to this throne :
A gulf, which hath devoured many a one.

Zang. Alas ! could neither truth appease his fury,
Nor his unlook'd humility of coming,
Nor any secret-witnessing remorses ?
Can nature from herself make such divorces ?
Tell on, that all the world may rue and wonder.

Achm. There is a place environed with trees, 30
Upon whose shadow'd centre there is pitch'd
A large embroider'd sumptuous pavilion ;
The stately throne of tyranny and murder :
Where mighty men are slain, before they know
That they to other than to honour go.
Mustapha no sooner to the port did come,
But thither he is sent for and conducted
By six slave eunuchs, either taught to colour
Mischief with reverence, or forced, by nature,

To reverence true virtue in misfortune.
 While Mustapha, whose heart was now resolved,
 Not fearing death, which he might have prevented
 If he to disobedience had consented ;
 Nor craving life, which he might well have gotten,
 If he would other duties have forgotten ;
 Yet glad to speak his last thoughts to his father,
 Desired the eunuchs to entreat it for him.
 They did ; wept they, and kneeled to his father.
 But bloody rage that glories to be cruel, 10
 And jealousy that fears she is not fearful,
 Made Solyman refuse to hear, or pity.
 He bids them haste their charge : and bloody-eyed
 Beholds his son, while he obeying died.

Zang. How did that doing heart endure to suffer ?
 Tell on.

Quicken my powers, harden'd and dull to good,
 Which, yet unmoved, hear tell of brother's blood.

Achm. While these six eunuchs to this charge appointed,
 (Whose hearts had never used their hands to pity, 20
 Whose hands, now only, trembled to do murder,)
 With reverence and fear stood still amazed ;
 Loth to cut off such worth, afraid to save it :
 Mustapha, with thoughts resolved and united,
 Bids them fulfil their charge and look no further.
 Their hearts afraid to let their hands be doing,
 The cord, that hateful instrument of murder,
 They lifting up let fall, and falling lift it :
 Each sought to help, and helping hinder'd other.
 Till Mustapha, in haste to be an angel, 30
 With heavenly smiles, and quiet words, foreshows
 The joy and peace of those souls where he goes.
 His last words were ; " O father now forgive me ;
 " Forgive them too that wrought my overthrow :
 " Let my grave never minister offences.
 " For since my father coveteth my death,
 " Behold with joy I offer him my breath."
 The eunuchs roar : Solyman his rage is glutted :
 His thoughts divine of vengeance for this murder : 40
 Rumour flies up and down : the people murmur :
 Sorrow gives laws before men know the truth :
 Fear prophesies aloud, and threatens ruth.

ROSTEN describes to ACHMAT the popular Fury which followed upon the execution of MUSTAPHA.

ROSTEN. ACHMAT.

Ros. When Mustapha was by the eunuchs strangled,
Forthwith his camp grew doubtful of his absence :
The guard of Solyman himself did murmur :
People began to search their prince's counsels :
Fury gave laws : the laws of duty vanished :
Kind fear of him they lov'd self-fear had banished.
The headlong spirits were the heads that guided :
He that most disobeyed, was most obeyed.
Fury so suddenly became united,
As while her forces nourished confusion, 10
Confusion seem'd with discipline delighted.
Towards Solyman they run : and as the waters,
That meet with banks of snow, make snow grow
water :
So, even those guards, that stood to interrupt them,
Give easy passage, and pass on amongst them.
Solyman, who saw this storm of mischief coming,
Thinks absence his best argument unto them :
Retires himself, and sends me to demand,
What they demanded, or what meant their coming ?
I speak : they cry'd for Mustapha and Achmat. 20
Some bid away ; some kill ; some save ; some hearken.
Those that cried save, were those that sought to kill
me.
Who cried hark, were those that first brake silence :
They held that bade me go. Humility was guilty ;
Words were reproach ; silence in me was scornful ;
They answer'd ere they ask'd ; assured, and doubted.
I fled ; their fury follow'd to destroy me ;
Fury made haste ; haste multiplied their fury ;
Each would do all ; none would give place to other.
The hindmost stroke ; and while the foremost lifted
Their arms to strike, each weapon hinder'd other : 31
Their running let their strokes, strokes let their
running.
Desire, mortal enemy to desire,
Made them that sought my life, give life to me.

[These two Tragedies of Lord Brooke might with more propriety have been termed political treatises, than

plays. Their author has strangely contrived to make passion, character and interest, of the highest order, subservient to the expression of state dogmas and mysteries. He is nine parts Machiavel and Tacitus, for one part Sophocles or Seneca. In this writer's estimate of the faculties of his own mind, the understanding must have held a most tyrannical pre-eminence. Whether we look into his plays, or his most passionate love-poems, we shall find all frozen and made rigid with intellect. The finest movements of the human heart, the utmost grandeur of which the soul is capable, are essentially comprised in the actions and speeches of Cælica and Camena. Shakespeare, who seems to have had a peculiar delight in contemplating womanly perfection, whom for his many sweet images of female excellence all women are in an especial manner bound to love, has not raised the *ideal* of the female character higher than Lord Brooke in these two women has done. But it requires a study equivalent to the learning of a new language to understand their meaning when they speak. It is indeed hard to hit ;

Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day
Or seven though one should musing sit.

It is as if a being of pure intellect should take upon him to express the emotions of our sensitive natures. There would be all knowledge, but sympathetic expression would be wanting.]

V. (G.)

SAPHO AND PHAO : A COMEDY.

BY JOHN LILY.

Phao, a poor Ferryman, praises his condition.—He ferries over Venus; who inflames Sapho and him with a mutual passion.

Phao. Thou art a ferryman, Phao, yet a freeman ; possessing for riches content, and for honours quiet. Thy thoughts are no higher than thy fortunes, nor thy desires greater than thy calling. Who climbeth, standeth on glass, and falleth on thorn. Thy heart's thirst is satisfied with thy hand's thrift, and thy gentle labours in the day turn to sweet slumbers in the night. As much doth it delight thee to rule thy oar in a calm stream, as it doth Sapho to sway the sceptre in her

brave court. Envy never casteth her eye low, ambition pointeth always upward, and revenge barketh only at stars. Thou farest delicately, if thou have a fare to buy any thing. Thine angle is ready, when thy oar is idle ; and as sweet is the fish which thou gettest in the river, as the fowl which others buy in the market. Thou needest not fear poison in thy glass, nor treason in thy guard. The wind is thy greatest enemy, whose might is withstood by policy. O sweet life ! seldom found under a golden covert, often under a thatched cottage. But here cometh one ; I will withdraw myself aside ; it may be a passenger. 12

VENUS, PHAO : She, as a mortal.

Ven. Pretty youth, do you keep the ferry, that conducteth to Syracusa ?

Phao. The ferry, fair lady, that conducteth to Syracusa.

Ven. I fear, if the water should begin to swell, thou wilt want cunning to guide.

Phao. These waters are commonly as the passengers are ; and therefore, carrying one so fair in show, there is no cause to fear a rough sea. 21

Ven. To pass the time in thy boat, canst thou devise any pastime ?

Phao. If the wind be with me, I can angle, or tell tales : if against me, it will be pleasure for you to see me take pains.

Ven. I like not fishing ; yet was I born of the sea.

Phao. But he may bless fishing, that caught such an one in the sea.

Ven. It was not with an angle, my boy, but with a net. 31

Phao. So, was it said, that Vulcan caught Mars with Venus.

Ven. Did'st thou hear so ? it was some tale.

Phao. Yea, Madam ; and that in the boat did I mean to make my tale.

Ven. It is not for a ferryman to talk of the Gods' Loves : but to tell how thy father could dig, and thy mother spin. But come, let us away.

Phao. I am ready to wait—

Sapho, sleepless for love of Phao, who loves her as much, consults with him about some medicinal herb: She, a great Lady; He, the poor Ferryman, but now promoted to be her Gardener.

Sapho. What herbs have you brought, Phao?

Phao. Such as will make you sleep, Madam; though they cannot make me slumber.

Sapho. Why, how can you cure me, when you cannot remedy yourself?

Phao. Yes, Madam; the causes are contrary. For it is only a dryness in your brains, that keepeth you from rest. But—

Sapho. But what?

Phao. Nothing: but mine is not so— 10

Sapho. Nay then, I despair of help, if our disease be not all one.

Phao. I would our diseases were all one!

Sapho. It goes hard with the patient, when the physician is desperate.

Phao. Yet Medea made the ever-waking dragon to snort, when she (poor soul) could not wink.

Sapho. Medea was in love, and nothing could cause her rest but Jason.

Phao. Indeed I know no herb to make lovers sleep but Heart's Ease: which, because it groweth so high I cannot reach, for— 22

Sapho. For whom?

Phao. For such as love—

Sapho. It stoopeth very low, and I can never stoop to it, that—

Phao. That what?

Sapho. That I may gather it. But why do you sigh so, Phao?

Phao. It is mine use, Madam.

30

Sapho. It will do you harm, and me too: for I never hear one sigh, but I must sigh also.

Phao. It were best then that your Ladyship give me leave to be gone: for I can but sigh—

Sapho. Nay, stay; for now I begin to sigh, I shall not leave, though you be gone. But what do you think best for your sighing, to take it away.

Phao. Yew, Madam.

Sapho. Me!

Phao. No Madam ! Yew of the tree.

Sapho. Then will I love Yew the better. And indeed I think it would make me sleep too ; therefore, all other simples set aside, I will simply use only Yew.

Phao. Do, Madam ; for I think nothing in the world so good as Yew.

Sapho. Farewell, for this time.

SAPHO questions her low-placed Affection.

Sapho. Into the nest of an Halcyon no bird can enter but the Halcyon : and into the heart of so great a Lady can any creep but a great Lord ? 11

CUPID. *SAPHO cured of her love by the pity of VENUS.*

Cupid. But what will you do for Phao ?

Sapho. I will wish him fortunate. This will I do for Phao, because I once loved Phao : for never shall it be said, that Sapho loved to hate : or that out of love she could not be as courteous, as she was in love passionate.

PHAO's final resolution.

Phao. O Sapho, thou hast Cupid in thy arms, I in my heart ; thou kissest him for sport, I must curse him for spite ; yet will I not curse him, Sapho, whom thou kissest. This shall be my resolution, wherever I wander, to be as I were ever kneeling before Sapho : my loyalty unspotted, though unrewarded. With as little malice will I go to my grave, as I did lie withal in my cradle. My life shall be spent in sighing and wishing ; the one for my bad fortune, the other for Sapho's good. 27

VI. (G.)

LOVE'S METAMORPHOSIS : A COMEDY.

BY THE SAME.

Love half-denied is Love half-confest.

NISA. *NIOBE, her maid.*

Nisa. I fear Niobe is in love.

Niobe. Not I, madam ; yet must I confess, that oftentimes I have had sweet thoughts, sometimes hard

conceits ; betwixt both, a kind of yielding ; I know not what ; but certainly I think it is not love : sigh I can, and find ease in melancholy : smile I do, and take pleasure in imagination : I feel in myself a pleasing pain, a chill heat, a delicate bitterness ; how to term it I know not ; without doubt it may be Love ; sure I am it is not Hate.

VII.

TAMBURLAINE THE GREAT ; OR, THE
SCYTHIAN SHEPHERD.

IN TWO PARTS. BY CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

PART THE FIRST.

TAMBURLAINE's person described.

Of stature tall, and straightly fashioned,
Like his desire, lift^{*} upwards and divine,
So large of limbs, his joints so strongly knit, 10
Such breadth of shoulders, as might mainly bear
Old Atlas' burthen. Twixt his manly pitch,
A pearl more worth than all the world is placed :
Wherein by curious sovereignty of art
Are fixed his piercing instruments of sight :
Whose fiery circles bear encompassed
A heaven of heavenly bodies in their spheres,
That guides his steps and actions to the throne,
Where Honour sits invested royally.
Pale of complexion, wrought in him with passion, 20
Thirsting with sovereignty and love of arms.
His lofty brows in folds do figure death ;
And in their smoothness amity and life.
About them hangs a knot of amber hair,
Wrapp'd in curls, as fierce Achilles' was ;
On which the breath of heaven delights to play,
Making it dance with wanton majesty.
His arms and fingers, long, and sinewy,
Betokening valour and excess of strength ;
In every part proportioned like the man 30
Should make the world subdue to Tamburlaine.

* Lifted.

His custom in war.

The first day when he pitcheth down his tents,
 White is their hue ; and on his silver crest
 A snowy feather spangled white he bears ;
 To signify the mildness of his mind,
 That, satiate with spoil, refuseth blood :
 But when Aurora mounts the second time,
 As red as scarlet is his furniture ;
 Then must his kindled wrath be quench'd with blood,
 Not sparing any that can manage arms :
 But if these threats move not submission, 10
 Black are his colours, black pavilion,
 His spear, his shield, his horse, his armour, plumes,
 And jetty feathers, menace death and hell ;
 Without respect of sex, degree or age,
 He raseth all his foes with fire and sword.

[I had the same difficulty (or rather much more) in culling a few sane lines from this as from the preceding Play. The lunes of Tamburlaine are perfect "mid-summer madness." Nebuchadnaasr's are mere modest pretensions compared with the thundering vaunts of this Scythian Shepherd. He comes in (in the Second Part) drawn by conquered kings, and reproaches these pampered jades of Asia that they can draw but twenty miles a day. Till I saw this passage with my own eyes, I never believed that it was anything more than a pleasant burlesque of Mine Ancient's. But I assure my readers that it is soberly set down in a Play which their Ancestors took to be serious. I have subjoined the genuine speech for their amusement. *Easter Tamburlaine, drawn in his chariot by Trebizon and Soria, with bits in their mouths, reins in his left hand, in his right hand a whip, with which he scourgeth them.*

Tamb. Holla ye pamper'd jades of Asia !
 What ! can ye draw but twenty miles a day,
 And have so proud a chariot at your heels,
 And such a coachman as great Tamburlaine,
 But from Asphaltis, where I conquered you, 20
 To Byron here, where thus I honour you !
 The horse that guide the golden eye of heaven,
 And blow the morning from their nosterila,
 Making their fiery gate above the clouds,
 Are not so honour'd in their governor
 As you, ye slaves, in mighty Tamburlaine.

The headstrong jades of Thrace Alcides tamed,
 That King Egeus fed with human flesh,
 And made so wanton that they knew their strengths,
 Were not subdued with valour more divine,
 Than you by this unconquer'd arm of mine.
 To make you fierce and fit my appetite,
 You shall be fed with flesh as raw as blood,
 And drink in pails the strongest muscadel :
 If you can live with it, then live and draw
 My chariot swifter than the racking clouds : 10
 If not, then die like beasts, and fit for nought
 But perches for the black and fatal ravens.
 Thus am I right the scourge of highest Jove. &c.]

VIII.

THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF THE LIFE
AND DEATH OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS.

BY THE SAME.

How Faustus fell to the study of magic.

—born of parents base of stock,
 In Germany, within a town called Rhodes :
 At riper years to Wittenberg he went,
 Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
 So much he profits in Divinity,
 That shortly he was graced with Doctor's name,
 Excelling all, and sweetly can dispute 20
 In th' heavenly matters of theology :
 Till swoln with cunning and a self-conceit,
 His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
 And melting, heaven conspired his overthrow :
 For falling to a devilish exercise,
 And glutted now with Learning's golden gifts,
 He surfeits on the cursed necromancy.
 Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
 Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss.

Faustus, in his study, runs through the circle of the sciences; and being satisfied with none of them, determines to addict himself to magic.

Faust. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
 To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess :
 Having commenc'd, be a Divine in show,

Yet level at the end of every art,
 And live and die in Aristotle's works.
 Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravish'd me.
Bene disserere est finis Logices.
 Is to dispute well, Logic's chiefest end ?
 Affords this art no greater miracle ?
 Then read no more ; thou hast attain'd that end.
 A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit.
 Bid *on cai me on* farewell : Galen come.
 Be a physician, Faustus, heap up gold, 10
 And be eternis'd for some wond'rous cure.
Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas :
 The end of physic is our body's health.
 Why, Faustus : hast thou not attain'd that end ?
 Are not thy bills hung up as monuments,
 Whereby whole cities have escap'd the plague,
 And thousand desperate maladies been cured ?
 Yet art thou still but Faustus, and a man.
 Couldst thou make men to live eternally,
 Or being dead raise them to life again, 20
 Then this profession were to be esteem'd.
 Physic, farewell. Where is Justinian ?
Si una eademque res legatur duobus,
Alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.
 A petty case of paltry legacies.
Exhereditare filium non potest pater, nisi, &c.
 Such is the subject of the Institute,
 And universal body of the Law.
 This study fits a mercenary drudge,
 Who aims at nothing but external trash, 30
 Too servile and illiberal for me.
 When all is done, Divinity is best.
 Jeromës Bible, Faustus : view it well.
Stipendum peccati mors est : ha ! Stipendum, &c.
 The reward of sin is death : that's hard.
Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis
veritas.
 If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves,
 and there is no truth in us.
 Why then belike we must sin, and so consequently die.
 Aye, we must die an everlasting death.
 What doctrine call you this ? *Che sera sera :* 40
 What will be shall be. Divinity adieu.

These Metaphysics of Magicians,
And necromantic books, are heavenly.
Lines, Circles, Scenes, Letters, and Characters :
Aye, these are those that Faustus most desires.
O what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, of omnipotence,
Is promised to the studious artizan !

All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command. Emperor and Kings
Are but obeyed in their several provinces,
Nor can they raise the wind or rend the clouds ;
But his dominion that exceeds in this
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man :
A sound Magician is a Demigod.
Here, Faustus, tire thy brains to gain a deity.

* * * * *

How am I glutted with conceit of this !
Shall I make Spirits fetch me what I please ?
Resolve me of all ambiguities ?

Perform what desperate enterprise I will ?
I 'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the ocean for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates.
I 'll have them read me strange philosophy ;
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings :
I 'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wittenberg :
I 'll have them fill the public schools with silk,
Wherewith the students shall be bravely clad :
I 'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land ;
And reign sole king of all our provinces ;
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war,
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp bridge,
I 'll make my servile Spirits to invent.

10

20

30

40

Enter VALDES and CORNELIUS.

Come, German Valdes, and Cornelius,
And make me wise with your sage conference.
Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practise magic and concealed Arts.

Philosophy is odious and obscure :
 Both Law and Physic are for petty wits :
 'Tis Magic, Magic, that hath ravish'd me.
 Then gentle friends aid me in this attempt ;
 And I that have with subtle syllogisms
 Gravell'd the Pastors of the German Church,
 And made the flowering pride of Wittenberg
 Swarm to my problems, as th' infernal Spirits
 On sweet Museus when he came to hell,
 Will be as cunning as Agrippa was, 10
 Whose shadows made all Europe honour him.

Vald. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our
 experiance,
 Shall make all nations to canonize us.
 As Indian Moors obey their Spanish Lords,
 So shall the spirits of every Element
 Be always serviceable to us three :
 Like Lions shall they guard us when we please ;
 Like Almain Rutters with their horsemen's staves,
 Or Lapland Giants trotting by our sides :
 Sometimes like Women, or unwedded Maids, 20
 Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
 Than have the white breasts of the Queen of Love. . . .

Corn. The miracles that magic will perform,
 Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
 He that is grounded in astrology,
 Enricht with tongues, well seen in minerals,
 Hath all the principles magic doth require. . . .

Faust. Come, show me some demonstrations
 magical,
 That I may conjure in some bushy grove,
 And have these joys in full possession. 30

Vald. Then haste thee to some solitary grove,
 And bear wise Bacon's and Albanus' works,
 The Hebrew Psalter, and New Testament ;
 And whatsoever else is requisite
 We will inform thee, ere our conference cease.

FAUSTUS being instructed in the elements of magic by his friends VALDES and CORNELIUS, sells his soul to the devil, to have an Evil Spirit at his command for twenty-four years.— When the years are expired, the devils claim his soul.

FAUSTUS—the night of his death. WAGNER, his Servant.

Faust. Say, Wagner, thou hast perused my will,
How dost thou like it?

Wag. Sir, so wondrous well,
As in all humble duty I do yield
My life and lasting service for your love. [Exit.
Faust. Gramercy, Wagner.

Three Scholars enter.

Welcome, Gentlemen.

First Sch. Now, worthy Faustus, methinks your
looks are chang'd.

Faust. Ah, Gentlemen.

Sec. Sch. What ails Faustus?

Faust. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived
with thee, then had I lived still, but now must
I die eternally. Look, Sirs, comes he not? comes he
not?

First Sch. Oh my dear Faustus, what imports this
fear?

Sec. Sch. Is all our pleasure turned to melancholy?

Third Sch. He is not well with being over solitary.

Sec. Sch. If it be so, we will have physicians, and

Faustus shall be cured.

Third Sch. 'Tis but a surfeit, Sir; fear nothing.

Faust. A surfeit of deadly sin that hath damn'd
both body and soul.

Sec. Sch. Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven; re-
member God's mercy is infinite.

Faust. But Faustus' offence can ne'er be pardoned.
The serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not
Faustus. O Gentlemen, hear me with patience, and
tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pants
and quivers to remember that I have been a student
here these thirty years, oh, would I had ne'er seen
Wittenberg, never read book! and what wonders
I have done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the
world: for which, Faustus hath lost both Germany
and the world: yea, heaven itself, heaven, the seat of
God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy,
and must remain in hell for ever, Hell, ah, Hell, for
ever. Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus
being in Hell for ever?

Sec. Sch. Yet, Faustus, call on God.

Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured ! on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed ! O my God, I would weep, but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood instead of tears, yea life and soul. Oh, he stays my tongue : I would lift up my hands, but see, they hold 'em, they hold 'em.

Scholars. Who, Faustus ?

Faust. Why, Lucifer and Mephistophilis. O gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning. 10

Scholars. God forbid !

Faust. God forbade it indeed, but Faustus hath done it : for the vain pleasure of four-and-twenty years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood, the date is expired : this is the time, and he will fetch me.

First Sch. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that Divines might have prayed for thee ?

Faust. Oft have I thought to have done so ; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I named God ; to fetch me body and soul if I once gave ear to divinity ; and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me. 23

Sec. Sch. O what may we do to save Faustus ?

Faust. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

Third Sch. God will strengthen me, I will stay with Faustus.

First Sch. Tempt not God, sweet friend, but let us into the next room and pray for him. 30

Faust. Aye, pray for me, pray for me ; and what noise soever ye hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

Sec. Sch. Pray thou, and we will pray, that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell ; if I live till morning, I'll visit you : if not—Faustus is gone to hell.

Scholars. Faustus, farewell.

FAUSTUS alone.—*The clock strikes eleven.*

Faust. O Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live, 40
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually.

Stand still you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
 That time may cease, and midnight never come.
 Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
 Perpetual day : or let this hour be but
 A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
 That Faustus may repent and save his soul.
O lente, lente, currile noctis equi.
 The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
 The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
 O I will leap to my God ! Who pulls me down ? 10
 See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament :
 One drop of blood would save my soul—half a drop :
 ah, my Christ !
 Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ !
 Yet will I call on him : O spare me, Lucifer.—
 Where is it now ? 'tis gone ; and see where God
 Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows !
 Mountains and hills come, come, and fall on me,
 And hide me from the heavy wrath of God !
 No ! no ! Then will I headlong run into the earth :
 Gape, earth. O no, it will not harbour me. 20
 You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
 Whose influence have allotted death and hell,
 Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
 Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud ;
 That when you vomit forth into the air,
 My limbe may issue from your smoky mouths,
 So that my soul may but ascend to heaven.

The clock strikes the half-hour.

O half the hour is past : 'twill all be past anon !
 O God !
 If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul, 30
 Yet for Christ's sake whose blood hath ransomed me,
 Impose some end to my incessant pain.
 Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
 A hundred thousand, and at last be saved :
 O, no end is limited to damned souls.
 Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul ?
 Or why is this immortal that thou hast ?
 Oh, Pythagoras' Metempsychosis ! were that true,
 This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
 Into some brutish beast. All beasts are happy, 40

For when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements :
But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.
Curst be the parents that engender'd me :
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer,
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

The clock strikes twelve.

It strikes, it strikes ; now, body, turñ to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.
O soul, be chang'd into small water drops,
And fall into the ocean ; ne'er be found. 10

Thunder, and enter the Devils.

My God ! my God ! look not so fierce on me.
Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile :
Ugly hell gape not ; come not Lucifer :
I'll burn my books : Oh Mephistophilis !

* * * * *

Enter SCHOLARS.

First Sch. Come gentlemen, let us go visit Faustus,
For such a dreadful night was never seen
Since first the world's creation did begin :
Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard.
Pray heaven the Doctor have escaped the danger.

Sec. Sch. O help us heavens ! see here are Faustus'
limbs 20

All torn asunder by the hand of death.

Third Sch. The devil whom Faustus serv'd hath
torn him thus :
For 'twixt the hours of twelve and one, methought
I heard him shriek, and call aloud for help ;
At which self time the house seem'd all on fire
With dreadful horror of these damned fiends.

Sec. Sch. Well, gentlemen, though Faustus' end
be such
As every Christian heart laments to think on,
Yet, for he was a scholar once admired
For wondrous knowledge in our German schools, 30-
We'll give his mangled limbs due burial :
And all the scholars, cloth'd in mourning black,
Shall wait upon his heavy funeral.

Enter Chorus.

Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnëd is Apollo's laurel bough
That sometime grew within this learned man.
Faustus is gone ! Regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise
Only to wonder at unlawful things :
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practise more than heavenly power permits.

[The growing horrors of Faustus are awfully marked by the hours and half hours as they expire and bring him nearer and nearer to the exactiment of his dire compact. It is indeed an agony and bloody sweat.

Marlowe is said to have been tainted with atheistical positions, to have denied God and the Trinity. To such a genius the history of Faustus must have been delectable food : to wander in fields where curiosity is forbidden to go, to approach the dark gulf near enough to look in, to be busied in speculations which are the rottenest part of the core of the fruit that fell from the tree of knowledge. Barabas the Jew, and Faustus the conjurer, are offsprings of a mind which at least delighted to dally with interdicted subjects. They both talk a language which a believer would have been tender of putting into the mouth of a character though but in fiction. But the holiest minds have sometimes not thought it blameable to counterfeit impiety in the person of another, to bring Vice in upon the stage speaking her own dialect, and, themselves being armed with an Unction of self-confident impunity, have not scrupled to handle and touch that familiarly which would be death to others. Milton, in the person of Satan, has started speculations hardier than any which the feeble armoury of the atheist ever furnished : and the precise, straight-laced Richardson has strengthened Vice, from the mouth of Lovelace, with entangling sophistries and abstruse pleas against her adversary Virtue, which Sedley, Villiers, and Rochester wanted depth of libertinism sufficient to have invented.]

IX.

THE RICH JEW OF MALTA: A TRAGEDY.

BY THE SAME.

BARABAS, the Rich Jew, in his Counting-house, with heaps of gold before him; in contemplation of his wealth.

Bar. So that of thus much that return was made ;
 And of the third part of the Persian ships
 There was a venture summ'd and satisfied.
 As to those Sabans, and the Men of Uzz,
 That bought my Spanish oils and wines of Greece,
 Here have I purst their paltry silverlings.
 Fie, what a trouble 'tis to count this trash !
 Well fare the Arabians, who so richly pay
 The things they traffic for with wedge of gold,
 Whereof a man may easily in a day 10
 Tell that which may maintain him all his life.
 The needy groom, that never finger'd groat,
 Would make a miracle of thus much coin :
 But he whose steel-barr'd coffers are cramm'd full,
 And all his life-time hath been tired,
 Wearying his fingers' ends with telling it,
 Would in his age be loth to labour so,
 And for a pound to sweat himself to death.
 Give me the merchants of the Indian mines,
 That trade in metal of the purest mould ; 20
 The wealthy Moor, that in the eastern rocks
 Without control can pick his riches up,
 And in his house heap pearl like pebble-stones,
 Receive them free and sell them by the weight ;
 Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
 Jacinth, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
 Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
 And sold-seen costly stones of so great price,
 As one of them, indifferently rated,
 And of a carat of this quality, 30
 May serve in peril of calamity
 To ransom great kings from captivity.
 This is the ware wherein consists my wealth :
 And thus methinks should men of judgment frame

Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade,
 And, as their wealth increaseth, so inclose
 Infinite riches in a little room.
 But now how stands the wind ?
 Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill ?
 Ha ! to the east ? yes : see, how stand the vanes ?
 East and by south : why then, I hope my ships,
 I sent for Egypt and the bordering isles,
 Are gotten up by Nilus' winding banks.
 Mine argosies from Alexandria,
 Loaden with spice and silks, now under sail,
 Are smoothly gliding down by Candy shore
 To Malta, through our Mediterranean sea.

Certain Merchants enter, and inform BARABAS that his ships from various ports are safe arrived, and riding in Malta roads.—He descants on the temporal condition of the Jews, how they thrive and attain to great worldly prosperity, in spite of the curse denounced against them.

Thus trowls our fortune in by land and sea,
 And thus are we on every side enrich'd.
 These are the blessings promis'd to the Jews,
 And herein was old Abram's happiness.
 What more may heaven do for earthly man,
 Than thus to pour out plenty in their laps,
 Ripping the bowels of the earth for them,
 Making the sea their servants, and the winds
 To drive their substance with successful blasts !
 Who hath me but for my happiness ?
 Or who is honour'd now but for his wealth ?
 Rather had I, a Jew, be hated thus,
 Than pitied in a Christian poverty :
 For I can see no fruits in all their faith,
 But malice, falsehood, and excessive pride,
 Which methinks fits not their profession.
 Happily some hapless man hath conscience,
 And for his conscience lives in beggary.
 They say we are a scatter'd nation :
 I cannot tell ; but we have scammed up
 More wealth by far than those that brag of faith.
 There 's Kirriah Jairim, the great Jew of Greece,
 Obed in Bairseth, Nones in Portugal
 Myself in Malta, some in Italy,
 Many in France, and wealthy every one

10

20

30

Aye, wealthier far than any Christian.
 I must confess, we come not to be kings ;
 That's not our fault ; alas ! our number's few ;
 And crowns come either by succession,
 Or urged by force ; and nothing violent,
 Oft have I heard tell, can be permanent.
 Give us a peaceful rule ; make Christians kings,
 That thirst so much for principality.

[Marlowe's Jew does not approach so near to Shakespeare's as his Edward II. does to Richard II. Shylock, in the midst of his savage purpose, is a man. His motives, feelings, resentments, have something human in them. "If you wrong us, shall we not revenge?" Barabas is a mere monster, brought in with a large painted nose, to please the rabble. He kills in sport, poisons whole nunneries, invents infernal machines. He is just such an exhibition as a century or two earlier might have been played before the Londoners by the Royal command, when a general pillage and massacre of the Hebrews had been previously resolved on in the cabinet. It is curious to see a superstition wearing out. The idea of a Jew (which our pious ancestors contemplated with such horror) has nothing in it now revolting. We have tamed the claws of the beast, and pared its nails, and now we take it to our arms, fondle it, write plays to flatter it : it is visited by princes, affects a taste, patronises the arts, and is the only liberal and gentleman-like thing in Christendom.]

X.

EDWARD THE SECOND : A TRAGEDY.

BY THE SAME.

GAVESTON shows what pleasures those are which the King chiefly delights in.

Gov. I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,
 Musicians, that with touching of a string 10
 May draw the pliant King which way I please.
 Music and poetry are his delight ;
 Therefore I'll have Italian masks by night,

Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows ;
 And in the day, when he shall walk abroad,
 Like Sylvan nymphs my pages shall be clad ;
 My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,
 Shall with their goat-feet dance the antick hay.
 Sometimes a lovely boy in Dian's shape,
 With hair that gilds the water as it glides,
 Crownets of pearl about his naked arms,
 And in his sportful hands an olive tree
 To hide those parts which men delight to see, 10
 Shall bathe him in a spring, and there hard by,
 One like Acteon, peeping thro' the grove,
 Shall by the angry goddess be transform'd,
 And running in the likeness of an hart,
 By yelping hounds pull'd down, shall seem to die ;
 Such things as these best please his majesty.

*The younger MORTIMER repines at the insolence
of GAVESTON.*

Mort. sen. Nephew, I must to Scotland, thou stay'st
here.

Leave now to oppose thyself against the King.
 Thou seest by nature he is mild and calm,
 And seeing his mind so dotes on Gaveston, 20
 Let him without controlment have his will.
 The mightiest kings have had their minions :
 Great Alexander lov'd Hephestion ;
 The conquering Hercules for his Hylas wept,
 And for Patroclus stern Achilles droop'd.
 And not kings only, but the wisest men ;
 The Roman Tully lov'd Octavius ;
 Grave Socrates wild Alcibiades.
 Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible,
 And promiseth as much as we can wish, 30
 Freely enjoy that vain light-headed earl,
 For riper years will wean him from such toys.

Mort. jun. Uncle, his wanton humour grieves not
me ;
 But this I scorn, that one so basely born,
 Should by his sovereign's favour grow so pert
 And riot with the treasure of the realm.
 While soldiers mutiny for want of pay,
 He wears a lord's revenue on his back,

And Midas-like, he jets it in the court,
 With base outlandish cullions at his heels,
 Whose proud fantastic liveries make such show,
 As if that Proteus, god of shapes, appear'd.
 I have not seen a dapper jack so brisk ;
 He wears a short Italian hooded cloak,
 Larded with pearl, and in his Tuscan cap
 A jewel of more value than the crown.
 While others walk below, the king and he,
 From out a window, laugh at such as we,
 And flout our train, and jest at our attire. 10
 Uncle, 'tis this that makes me impatient.
The BARONS reproach the King with the calamities which the realm endures from the ascendancy of his wicked favourite GAVESTON.

KING EDWARD, LANCASTER, WARWICK. *The MORTIMERS, and other Lords.*

Mort. jun. Nay, stay, my lord, I come to bring you
 Mine uncle is taken prisoner by the Scots. [news.]

Edw. Then ransom him.

Lan. Twas in your wars ; you should ransom him.

Mort. jun. And you shall ransom him, or else—

Kent. What, Mortimer, you will not threaten him ?

Edw. Quiet yourself, you shall have the broad seal,
 To gather for him throughout the realm. 20

Lan. Your minion Gaveston hath taught you this.

Mort. jun. My Lord, the family of the Mortimers
 Are not so poor, but, would they sell their land,
 'Twould levy men enough to anger you.

We never beg, but use such prayers as these.

Edw. Shall I still be haunted thus ?

Mort. jun. Nay, now you are here alone, I'll speak
 my mind.

Lan. And so will I, and then, my lord, farewell,

Mort. The idle triumphs, masks, lascivious shows,
 And prodigal gifts bestow'd on Gaveston, 30
 Have drawn thy treasure dry, and made thee weak ;
 The murmuring commons, overstretched, break.

Lan. Look for rebellion, look to be depos'd ;
 Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,
 And lame and poor lie groaning at the gates.
 The wild Oneyl, with swarms of Irish kerns,

Live uncontroll'd within the English pale.
Unto the walls of York the Scots make road,
And unresisted draw away rich spoils.

Mort. jun. The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas,
While in the harbour ride thy ships unrigg'd.

Lan. What foreign prince sends thee ambassadors ?
Mort. Who loves thee, but a sort of flatterers ?

Lan. Thy gentle queen, sole sister to Valois,
Complains that thou hast left her all forlorn.

Mort. Thy court is naked, being bereft of those 10
That make a king seem glorious to the world :
I mean the peers, whom thou shouldst dearly love.
Libels are cast against thee in the street :
Ballads and rhymes made of thy overthrow.

Lan. The Northern borderers seeing their houses burnt,
Their wives and children slain, run up and down
Cursing the name of thee and Gaveston.

Mort. When wert thou in the field with banner spread,
But once ? and then thy soldiers march'd like players,
With garish robes, not armour ; and thyself, 20
Bedaub'd with gold, rode laughing at the rest,
Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,
Where women's favours hung like labels down.

Lan. And thereof came it, that the fleering Scots,
To England's high disgrace, have made this jig :
Maids of England, sore may you mourn,
For your lemans you have lost at Bannock's bourn,
With a heave and a ho !
What weeneth the king of England,
So soon to have won Scotland, 30
With a rombelow ?

Mort. Wigmore* shall fly, to set my uncle free.
Lan. And when 'tis gone, our swords shall purchase more.

If ye be mov'd, revenge it as you can ;
Look next to see us with our ensigns spread.

[*Exeunt Nobles.*]

* A principal manor belonging to the Mortimers.

*The King being deposed, surrenders his crown into the hands
of the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER and the EARL OF
LEICESTER at Killingworth Castle.*

Lei. Be patient, good my lord, cease to lament,
Imagine Killingworth castle were your court,
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,
Not of compulsion or necessity.

Edw. Leicester, if gentle words might comfort me,
Thy speeches long ago had eas'd my sorrows ;
For kind and loving hast thou always been.
The griefs of private men are soon allay'd,
But not of kings. The forest deer being struck,
Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds ; 10
But when the imperial lion's flesh is gor'd,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
And highly scorning that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up into the air.
And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind
Th' ambitious Mortimer would seek to curb,
And that unnatural queen, false Isabel,
That thus hath pent and mew'd me in a prison :
For such outrageous passions cloy my soul,
As with the wings of rancour and disdain, 20
Full often am I soaring up to heav'n,
To plain me to the gods against them both.
But when I call to mind I am a king,
Methinks I should revenge me of the wrongs
That Mortimer and Isabel have done.
But what are kings, when regiment is gone,
But perfect shadows in a sunshine day ?
My nobles rule, I bear the name of king ;
I wear the crown, but am controll'd by them,
By Mortimer, and my unconstant queen, 30
Who spots my nuptial bed with infamy,
Whilst I am lodg'd within this cave of care,
Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,
To company my heart with sad laments,
That bleeds within me for this strange exchange.
But tell me, must I now resign my crown,
To make usurping Mortimer a king ?

Bish. Your grace mistakes, it is for England's good,
And princely Edward's right, we crave the crown.

Edw. No, 'tis for Mortimer, not Edward's head ; 40

For he's a lamb, encompassed by wolves,
Which in a moment will abridge his life.
But if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,
Heav'ns turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire,
Or like the snaky wreath of Tisiphon,
Engirt the temples of his hateful head ;
So shall not England's vine be perished,
But Edward's name survive, though Edward dies.

Lei. My lord, why waste you thus the time away ?
They stay your answer ; will you yield your crown ?

Edu. Ah, Leicester, weigh how hardly I can brook
To lose my crown and kingdom without cause ; 12
To give ambitious Mortimer my right,
That like a mountain overwhelms my bliss,
In which extreme my mind here murther'd is.
But what the heavens appoint, I must obey.
Here, take my crown ; the life of Edward too ;
Two kings in England cannot reign at once.
But stay awhile, let me be king till night,
That I may gaze upon this glittering crown ; 20
So shall my eyes receive their last content,
My head the latest honour due to it,
And jointly both yield up their wished right.
Continue ever, thou celestial sun ;
Let never silent night possess this clime ;
Stand still, you watches of the element ;
All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,
That Edward may be still fair England's king.
But day's bright beam doth vanish fast away,
And needs I must resign my wish'd crown ; 30
Inhuman creatures ! nurs'd with tiger's milk !
Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow ?
My diadem I mean, and guiltless life.
See, monsters, see, I'll wear my crown again.
What, fear you not the fury of your king ?
But, hapless Edward, thou art fondly led,
They pass not for thy frowns as late they did,
But seek to make a new-elected king ;
Which fills my mind with strange despairing thoughts,
Which thoughts are martyred with endless torments,
And in this torment comfort find I none, 41
But that I feel the crown upon my head ;
And therefore let me wear it yet awhile.

Messenger. My lord, the parliament must have
present news,

And therefore say, will you resign or no ?

Edw. I'll not resign ! but whilst I live be king.
Traitors be gone ! and join with Mortimer !
Elect, conspire, install, do what you will ;
Their blood and yours shall seal these treacheries !

Bish. This answer we 'll return, and so farewell.

Lei. Call them again, my lord, and speak them fair ;
For if they go, the prince shall lose his right.

Edw. Call thou them back, I have no power to speak.

Lei. My lord, the king is willing to resign. 11

Bish. If he be not, let him choose.

Edw. O would I might ! but heaven and earth
conspire

To make me miserable ! here, receive my crown ;
Receive it ! no, these innocent hands of mine
Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime.

He of you all that most desires my blood,
And will be called the murderer of a king,

Take it. What, are you mov'd ? pity you me ?

Then send for unrelenting Mortimer, 20
And Isabel, whose eyes, being turned to steel,
Will sooner sparkle fire than shed a tear.
Yet stay, for rather than I'll look on them,
Here, here ! Now sweet God of heav'n,
Make me despise this transitory pomp,
And sit for ever enthroniz'd in heav'n !

Come death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,
Or, if I live, let me forget myself.

Berkeley Castle. *The KING is left alone with LIGHT-BORN, a murderer.*

Edw. Who's there ? what light is that ? wherefore
com'st thou ? 29

Light. To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.

Edw. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks :
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.

Light. To murder you, my most gracious lord !
Far is it from my heart to do you harm.
The queen sent me to see how you were used,
For she relents at this your misery :
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state.

Edw. Weep'st thou already ? list a while to me
 And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's * is,
 Or as Matrevis', * hewn from the Caucasus,
 Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.
 This dungeon where they keep me is a sink
 Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

Light. O villains !

Edw. And there, in mire and puddle have I stood
 This ten days' space ; and lest that I should sleep,
 One plays continually upon a drum. 10
 They give me bread and water, being a king ;
 So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
 My mind's distemper'd, and my body's numb'd,
 And whether I have limbs or no, I know not.
 O would my blood dropped out from every vein,
 As doth this water from my tattered robes.
 Tell Isabel the queen, I look'd not thus,
 When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
 And there unhors'd the duke of Clermont.

Light. O speak no more, my lord ! this breaks my
 heart. 20

Lie on this bed, and rest yourself awhile.

Edw. These looks of thine can harbour nought but
 death :

I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
 Yet stay awhile, forbear thy bloody hand,
 And let me see the stroke before it comes,
 That even then when I shall lose my life,
 My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

Light. What means your highness to mistrust me
 thus ?

Edw. What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus ?

Light. These hands were never stain'd with innocent blood, 30

Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

Edw. Forgive my thought, for having such a
 thought.

One jewel have I left, receive thou this.
 Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
 But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
 O if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,
 Let the gift change thy mind, and save thy soul.

* His keeper.

Know that I am a king. Oh, at that name
I feel a hell of grief. Where is my crown ?
Gone, gone, and do I remain ?

Light. You're overwatch'd my lord, lie down and
rest.

Edw. But that grief keeps me waking, I should
sleep ;

For not these ten days have these eyelids closed.
Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear
Open again. O wherefore sitt'st thou here ?

Light. If you mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.

Edw. No, no, for if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again ; and therefore stay. 11

Light. He sleeps.

Edw. O let me not die ; yet stay, O stay awhile.

Light. How now, my lord ?

Edw. Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me if I sleep I never wake ;
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus :
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come ?

Light. To rid thee of thy life ; Matrevis, come.

Edw. I am too weak and feeble to resist : 20
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul.

[This tragedy is in a very different style from "mighty Tamburlaine." The reluctant pangs of abdicating Royalty in Edward furnished hints which Shakespeare scarce improved in his Richard the Second ; and the death-scene of Marlowe's king moves pity and terror beyond any scene, ancient or modern, with which I am acquainted.]

XI. (G.)

THE ARRAIGNMENT OF PARIS : A DRAMATIC PASTORAL.

BY GEORGE PEELE.

FLORA dresses IDA HILL, to honour the coming of the
Three Goddesses.

Flora. Not Iris in her pride and bravery
Adorns her arch with such variety ;

Nor doth the Milk-white Way in frosty night
 Appear so fair and beautiful in sight,
 As done these fields, and groves, and sweetest bowers,
 Bestrew'd and deck'd with parti-colour'd flowers.
 Along the bubbling brooks and silver glide,
 That at the bottom doth in silence slide,
 The water-flowers and lilies on the banks
 Like blazing comets burgeon all in ranks ;
 Under the hawthorn and the poplar tree,
 Where sacred Phoebe may delight to be ; 10
 The primrose, and the purple hyacinth,
 The dainty violet, and the wholesome mint ;
 The double daisy, and the cowslip, (Queen
 Of summer flowers), do over-peer the green ;
 And round about the valley as we pass
 Ye may ne see, for peeping flowers, the grass.

* * * * *

They are at hand by this.

Juno hath left her chariot long ago,
 And hath return'd her peacocks by her Rainbow ;
 And bravely, as becomes the Wife of Jove, 20
 Doth honour by her presence to our grove :
 Fair Venus she hath let her sparrows fly,
 To tend on her, and make her melody ;
 Her turtles and her swans unyoked be,
 And flicker near her side for company :
 Pallas hath set her tigers loose to feed,
 Commanding them to wait when she hath need :
 And hitherward with proud and stately pace,
 To do us honour in the sylvan chace, 30
 They march, like to the pomp of heaven above,
 Juno, the Wife and Sister of King Jove,
 The warlike Pallas, and the Queen of Love.

The Muses, and Country Girls, assemble to welcome the Goddesses.

Pomona. With country store like friends we
 venture forth.
 Think'st, Faunus, that these Goddesses will take our
 gifts in worth ?
Faun. Yea, doubtless ; for, 'shall tell thee, Dame,
 'twere better give a thing,
 A sign of love, unto a mighty person, or a King,

Than to a rude and barbarous swain both bad and
basely born,
**FOR GENTLY TAKES THE GENTLEMAN THAT OFT THE
CLOWN WILL SCORN.**

The Welcoming Song.

Country Gods. O Ida, O Ida, O Ida, happy hill !
This honour done to Ida may it continue still !

Muses. Ye Country Gods, that in this Ida won,
Bring down your gifts of welcome,
For honour done to Ida.

Gods. Behold in sign of joy we sing,
And signs of joyful welcome bring,
For honour done to Ida.

10

Pan. The God of shepherds, and his mates,
With country cheer salutes your states :
Fair, wise, and worthy, as you be !
And thank the gracious Ladies Three,
For honour done to Ida.

PARIS. CÆNONE.

Par. Cænone, while we bin disposed to walk,
Tell me, what shall be subject of our talk ?
Thou hast a sort of pretty tales in store ;
'Dare say no nymph in Ida woods hath more.
Again, beside thy sweet alluring face,

20

In telling them thou hast a special grace.
Then prithee, sweet, afford some pretty thing,
Some toy that from thy pleasant wit doth spring.

Cæn. Paris, my heart's contentment and my choice,
Use thou thy pipe, and I will use my voice ;
So shall thy just request not be denied,
And time well spent, and both be satisfied.

Par. Well, gentle-nymph, although thou do me
That can ne tune my pipe unto a song, [wrong,
Me list this once, Cænone, for thy sake, 30
This idle task on me to undertake.

[They sit under a tree together.]

Cæn. And whereon then shall be my roundelay ;
For thou hast heard my store long since, 'dare say—
How Saturn did divide his kingdom tho

To Jove, to Neptune, and to Dis below :
How mighty men made foul successless war
Against the Gods, and State of Jupiter :
How Phorcys' imp, that was so trick and fair,
That tangled Neptune in her golden hair,
Became a Gorgon for her lewd misdeed ;—
A pretty fable, Paris, for to read ;
A piece of cunning, trust me for the nones,
That wealth and beauty alter men to stones :
How Salmacis, resembling Idleness,
Turns men to women all thro' wantonness :
How Pluto caught Queen Ceres' daughter thence,
And what did follow of that love-offence :
Of Daphne turn'd into the Laurel-tree,
That shews a mirror of virginity :
How fair Narcissus, tooting on his shade,
Reproves disdain, and tells how form doth fade :
How cunning Philomela's needle tells,
What force in love, what wit in sorrow dwells :
What pains unhappy souls abide in Hell, 20
They say, because on Earth they lived not well,—
Ixion's wheel, proud Tantal's pining woe,
Prometheus' torment, and a many moe ;
How Danaus' daughters ply their endless task ;
What toil the toil of Sisyphus doth ask.
All these are old, and known, I know ; yet, if thou
wilt have any,
Choose some of these ; for, trust me, else Oenone hath
not many.

Par. Nay, what thou wilt ; but since my cunning
not compares with thine,
Begin some toy that I can play upon this pipe of mine.

Oen. There is a pretty Sonnet then, we call it
CUPID'S CURSE : 30
‘They that do change old love for new, pray Gods
they change for worse.’

Oen. Fair, and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,
The fairest shepherd of our green,
A Love for any Lady.

Par. Fair, and fair, and twice so fair
As fair as any may be,
Thy Love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other Lady.

En. My Love is fair, my Love is gay,
 And fresh as bin the flowers in May,
 And of my love my roundelay,
 My merry, merry, merry roundelay,
 Concludes with Cupid's Curse ;
 They that do change old love for new,
 Pray Gods they change for worse.

Both. { Fair, and fair, &c. } (repeated.)

En. My Love can pipe, my Love can sing,
 My Love can many a pretty thing, 11
 And of his lovely praises ring
 My merry, merry, merry roundelays.
 Amen to Cupid's Curse :
 They that do change old love for new,
 Pray Gods they change for worse.

Both. { Fair, and fair, &c. } (repeated.)

To my esteemed Friend, and excellent Musician,
V. N., Esq.

DEAR SIR,

I conjure you, in the name of all the Sylvan Deities, and of the Muses, whom you honour, and they reciprocally love and honour you,—rescue this old and passionate *Ditty*—the very flower of an old *forgotten Pastoral*, which had it been in all parts equal, the Faithful Shepherdess of Fletcher had been but a second name in this sort of Writing—rescue it from the profane hands of every common Composer : and in one of your tranquillest moods, when you have most leisure from those sad thoughts, which sometimes unworthily beset you ; yet a mood, in itself not unallied to the better sort of melancholy ; laying by for once the lofty Organ, with which you shake the Temples ; attune, as to the Pipe of Paris himself, to some milder and more love-according instrument, this pretty Courtship between Paris and his (then-not as yet-forsaken) C^Enone. Oblige me ; and all more knowing Judges of Music and of Poesy ; by the adaptation of fit musical numbers, which it only wants to be the rarest Love Dialogue in our language.

Your Implorer,

C. L.

XII. (G.)

THE BATTLE OF ALCAZAR: A TRAGEDY.

BY THE SAME.

*MULY MAHAMED, driven from his throne into a desert,
robs the Lioness to feed his fainting Wife CALIPOLIS.*

Muly. Hold thee, Calipolis; feed, and faint no more.

This flesh I forc'd from a lioness;
Meat of a Princess, for a Princess meet.
Learn by her noble stomach to esteem
Penury plenty in extremest dearth;
Who, when she saw her foragement bereft,
Pined not in melancholy or childish fear;
But, as brave minds are strongest in extremes,
So she, redoubling her former force,
Ranged through the woods, and rent the breeding vaults
10
Of proudest savages, to save herself.
Feed them, and faint not, fair Calipolis;
For, rather than fierce famine shall prevail
To gnaw thy entrails with her thorny teeth,
The conquering Lioness shall attend on thee,
And lay huge heaps of slaughter'd carcasses
As bulwarks in her way to keep her back.
I will provide thee of a princely Osprey,
That, as she fieth over fish in pools,
The fish shall turn their glistening bellies up,
20
And thou shalt take thy liberal choice of all.
Jove's stately bird with wide-commanding wings
Shall hover still about thy princely head,
And beat down fowls by shoals into thy lap.
Feed then, and faint not, fair Calipolis.

[This address, for its barbaric splendor of conception, extravagant vein of promise, not to mention some idiomatic peculiarities, and the very structure of the verse, savours strongly of Marlowe; but the real author, I believe, is unknown.]

XIII.

THE LOVE OF KING DAVID AND FAIR
BETHSABE,
WITH
THE TRAGEDY OF ABSALOM.

BY THE SAME.

BETHSABE, with her maid bathing. She sings : and
DAVID sits above, viewing her.

THE SONG.

Hot sun, cool fire, temper'd with sweet air,
Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white hair :
Shine sun, burn fire, breathe air and ease me,
Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me and please me ;
Shadow (my sweet nurse) keep me from burning,
Make not my glad cause, cause of my mourning.

Let not my beauty's fire
Enflame unstaid desire,
Nor pierce any bright eye
That wandereth lightly.

Bethsabe. Come, gentle Zephyr, trick'd with those
perfumes

That erst in Eden sweetened Adam's love,
And stroke my bosom with thy silken fan :
This shade (sun-proof) is yet no proof for thee,
Thy body smoother than this waveless spring,
And purer than the substance of the same,
Can creep through that his * lances cannot pierce.
Thou and thy sister, soft and sacred Air,
Goddess of life, and governess of health,
Keeps every fountain fresh and arbour sweet ; 20
No brazen gate her passage can repulse,
Nor bushy thicket bar thy subtle breath.
Then deck thee with thy loose delightsome robes,
And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes,
To play the wantons with us through the leaves.

David. What tunes, what words, what looks, what
wonders pierce
My soul, incensed with a sudden fire !

* The sun's rays.

What tree, what shade, what spring, what paradise,
 Enjoys the beauty of so fair a dame ?
 Fair Eva, placed in perfect happiness,
 Lending her praise-notes to the liberal heavens,
 Struck with the accents of Arch-angels' tunes,
 Wrought not more pleasure to her husband's thoughts,
 Than this fair woman's words and notes to mine.
 May that sweet plain that bears her pleasant weight,
 Be still enamell'd with discolour'd flowers ;
 That precious fount bear sand of purest gold ; 10
 And, for the pebble, let the silver streams
 That pierce earth's bowels to maintain the source,
 Play upon rubies, sapphires, chrysolites ;
 The brim let be embrac'd with golden curls
 Of moss that sleeps with sound the waters make
 For joy to feed the fount with their recourse ;
 Let all the grass that beautifies her bower
 Bear manna every morn instead of dew ;
 Or let the dew be sweeter far than that 19
 That hangs, like chains of pearl, on Hermon hill,
 Or balm which trickled from old Aaron's beard.

Enter CUSAY.

See, Cusay, see the flower of Israel,
 The fairest daughter that obeys the king
 In all the land the Lord subdued to me.
 Fairer than Isaac's lover at the well,
 Brighter than inside-bark of new-hewn cedar,
 Sweeter than flames of fine perfumed myrrh ;
 And comelier than the silver clouds that dance
 On Zephyr's wings before the King of Heaven.

Cusay. Is it not Bethsabe the Hethite's wife, 30
 Urias, now at Rabath siege with Joab ?

David. Go now and bring her quickly to the King ;
 Tell her, her graces have found grace with him.

Cusay. I will my Lord. [Exit.

David. Bright Bethsabe shall wash in David's
 bower

In water mix'd with purest almond-flower,
 And bathe her beauty in the milk of kids ;
 Bright Bethsabe gives earth to my desires,
 Verdure to earth, and to that verdure flowers,
 To flowers sweet odours, and to odours wings, 40

That carry pleasures to the hearts of Kings.

* * * * *

Now comes my lover tripping like the roe,
And brings my longings tangled in her hair.
To joy her love I'll build a kingly bower,
Seated in hearing of a hundred streams,
That, for their homage to her sovereign joys,
Shall, as the serpents fold into their nests
In oblique turnings, wind their nimble waves
About the circles of her curious walks,
And with their murmur summon easeful sleep 10
To lay his golden sceptre on her brows.

[There is more of the same stuff, but I suppose the reader has a surfeit; especially as this Canticle of David has never been suspected to contain any pious sense couched underneath it, whatever his son's may. The kingly bower "seated in hearing of a hundred streams," is the best of it.]

XIV. (G.)

ANOTHER EXTRACT FROM THE SAME.

NATHAN. DAVID.

Nath. Thus Nathan saith unto his lord the king :
There were two men both dwellers in one town ;
The one was mighty, and exceeding rich
In oxen, sheep, and cattle of the field ;
The other poor, having nor ox, nor calf,
Nor other cattle, save one little lamb,
Which he had bought, and nourish'd by his hand,
And it grew up, and fed with him and his,
And ate and drank as he and his were wont, 20
And in his bosom slept, and was to him
As was his daughter or his dearest child.—
There came a stranger to this wealthy man,
And he refused and spared to take his own,
Or of his store to dress or make his meat,
But took the poor man's sheep, the poor man's store,
And drest it for this stranger in his house.
What, tell me, shall be done to him for this ?

Dav. Now, as the Lord doth live, this wicked man
Is judged, and shall become the child of death ;
Fourfold to the poor man he shall restore,
That without mercy took his lamb away.

Nath. THOU ART THE MAN, AND THOU HAST
JUDGED THYSELF.—

David, thus saith the Lord thy God by me :
“I thee anointed King in Israel,
And saved thee from the tyranny of Saul ;
Thy master’s house I gave thee to possess,
His wives unto thy bosom I did give, 10
And Judah and Jerusalem withal ;
And might, thou know’st, if this had been too small,
Have given thee more.
Wherefore then hast thou gone so far astray,
And hast done evil, and sinnéd in my sight ?
Urias thou hast killéd with the sword ;
Yea, with the sword of the uncircumcised
Thou hast him slain ; wherefore from this day forth
The sword shall never go from thee and thine :
For thou hast ta’en this Hethite’s wife to thee, 20
Wherefore, behold, I will,” saith Jacob’s God,
“In thine own house stir evil up to thee.
Yea, I before thy face will take thy wives,
And give them to thy neighbour to possess.”
This shall be done to David in the day,
That Israel openly may see thy shame.

Dav. Nathan, I have, against the Lord, I have,
Sinnéd, oh sinned grievously ! and lo,
From heaven’s throne doth David throw himself,
And groan and grovel to the gates of hell. 30

Nath. David, stand up ; thus saith the Lord by me,
“David the King shall live,” for He hath seen
The true repentant sorrow of thy heart ;
But for thou hast in this misdeed of thine
Stir’d up the enemies of Israel
To triumph and blaspheme the God of Hosts,
And say, “He set a wicked man to reign
Over his loved people and his tribes ;”
The child shall surely die, that erst was born,
His mother’s sin, his kingly father’s scorn. 40

Dav. How just is Jacob’s God in all his works !
But must it die, that David loveth so ?

O that the mighty One of Israel
 Nill change his doom, and says the babe must die !
 Mourn, Israel, and weep in Sion-gates ;
 Wither, ye cedar-trees of Lebanon ;
 Ye sprouting almonds, with your flowering tops,
 Droop, drown, and drench in Hebron's fearful streams :
 The Babe must die, that was to David born,
 His mother's sin, his kingly father's scorn.

AESALOM, rebelling.

Now for the crown and throne of Israel,
 To be confirm'd with virtue of my sword, 10
 And writ with David's blood upon the blade.
 Now, Jove,* let forth the golden firmament,
 And look on him with all thy fiery eyes,
 Which thou hast made to give their glories light.
 To show thou lovest the virtue of thy hand,
 Let fall a wreath of stars upon my head,
 Whose influence may govern Israel
 With state exceeding all her other Kings.
 Fight, Lords and Captains, that your Sovereign's face
 May shine in honour brighter than the sun ; 20
 And with the virtue of my beauteous rays
 Make this fair land as fruitful as the fields
 That with sweet milk and honey overflowed.
 God, in the whizzing of a pleasant wind
 Shall march upon the tops of mulberry-trees,
 To cool all breasts that burn with any griefs ;
 As whilom he was good to Moyses' men,
 By day the Lord shall sit within a cloud,
 To guide your footsteps to the fields of joy ;
 And in the night a pillar bright as fire 30
 Shall go before you like a second sun,
 Wherein the essence of his Godhead is ;
 That day and night you may be brought to peace,
 And never swerve from that delightsome path
 That leads your souls to perfect happiness :
 This he shall do for joy when I am King.
 Then fight, brave Captains, that these joys may fly
 Into your bosoms with sweet victory.

* * * * *

* Jove, for Jehovah.

ABDALON, triumphant.

Ab. First, Absalon was by the trumpet's sound
Proclaim'd thro' Hebron King of Israel ;
And now is set in fair Jerusalem
With complete state and glory of a crown.
Fifty fair footmen by my chariot run ;
And to the air, whose rupture rings my fame,
Where'er I ride, they offer reverence.
Why should not Absalon, that in his face
Carries the final purpose of his God,
(That is, to work him grace in Israel), 10
Endeavour to achieve with all his strength
The state that most may satisfy his joy—
Keeping His statutes and His covenants pure !
His thunder is entangled in my hair,
And with my beauty is His lightning quench'd.
I am the man He made to glory in,
When by the errors of my father's sin
He lost the path that led into the land
Wherewith our chosen ancestors were blest.

xv. (G.)

A LOOKING GLASS FOR ENGLAND AND
LONDON : A TRAGI-COMEDY.

BY THOMAS LODGE AND ROBERT GREEN.

ALVIDA, *Paramour to RASNI, the Great King of Assyria,*
courts a petty King of Cilicia.

Alv. Ladies, go sit you down amidst this bower,
And let the Eunuchs play you all asleep : 21
Put garlands made of roses on your heads,
And play the wantons, whilst I talk awhile.

Ladies. Thou beautiful of all the world, we will.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alv. King of Cilicia, kind and courteous ;
Like to thyself, because a lovely king ;
Come lay thee down upon thy mistress' knee,
And I will sing and talk of love to thee.

Cil. Most gracious paragon of excellence,

It fits not such an abject wretch as I
To talk with Rasni's paramour and love.

Alv. To talk, sweet friend ! who would not talk
with thee ?

Oh be not coy ; art thou not only fair ?
Come, twine thine arms about this snow-white neck,
A love-nest for the great Assyrian king.
Blushing I tell thee, fair Cilician prince,
None but thyself can merit such a grace.

Cil. Madam, I hope you mean not for to mock me.

Alv. No, king, fair king, my meaning is to yoke
thee ; 10

Hear me but sing of love : then by my sighs,
My tears, my glancing looks, my changed cheer,
Thou shalt perceive how I do hold thee dear.

Cil. Sing, madam, if you please ; but love in jest.

Alv. Nay, I will love, and sigh at every rest.

(She sings.)

Beauty, alas ! where wast thou born,
Thus to hold thyself in scorn ?
Whenas Beauty kiss'd to woo thee,
Thou by Beauty dost undo me.

Heigho, despise me not. 20

I and thou in sooth are one,
Fairer thou, I fairer none :
Wanton thou ; and, wilt thou, wanton,
Yield a cruel heart to plant on ?
Do me right, and do me reason ;
Cruelty is cursed treason.

Heigho, I love ! heigho, I love !
Heigho, and yet he eyes me not !

Cil. Madam your song is passing passionate.

Alv. And wilt thou not then pity my estate ? 30

Cil. Ask love of them who pity may impart.

Alv. I ask of thee, sweet ; thou hast stole my heart.

Cil. Your love is fix'd on a greater king.

Alv. Tut, women's love—it is a fickle thing.

I love my Rasni for his dignity :

I love Cilician King for his sweet eye.

I love my Rasni, since he rules the world :

But more I love this kingly little world.

How sweet he looks !—O were I Cynthia's fore,

And thou Endymion, I should hold thee dear :
 Thus should mine arms be spread about thy neck,
 Thus would I kiss my Love at every beck.
 Thus would I sigh to see thee sweetly sleep ;
 And if thou wak'st not soon, thus would I weep : 11
 And thus, and thus, and thus : thus much I love thee.

XVI.

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY; OR, HIERONIMO
IS MAD AGAIN: A TRAGEDY.

BY THOMAS KYD.

HORATIO, the son of HIERONIMO, is murdered while he is sitting with his mistress BELIMPERIA by night in an arbour in his father's garden. The murderers (BALTHAZAR, his rival, and LORENZO the brother of BELIMPERIA) hang his body on a tree. HIERONIMO is awakened by the cries of BELIMPERIA, and coming out into his garden, discovers by the light of a torch, that the murdered man is his son. Upon this he goes distracted.

HIERONIMO mad.

Hier. My son ! and what's a son ?
 A thing begot within a pair of minutes, there about :
 -A lump bred up in darkness, and doth serve
 To balance those light creatures we call women ; 10
 And at the nine months' end creeps forth to light.
 What is there yet in a son,
 To make a father dote, rave, or run mad ?
 Being born, it pouts, cries, and breeds teeth.
 What is there yet in a son ?
 He must be fed, be taught to go, and speak.
 Ay, or yet ? why might not a man love a calf as well ?
 Or melt in passion o'er a frisking kid, as for a son ?
 Methinks a young bacon,
 Or a fine little smooth horse colt, 20
 Should move a man as much as doth a son ;
 For one of these, in very little time,
 Will grow to some good use ; whereas a son
 The more he grows in stature and in years,

The more unsquar'd, unlevell'd, he appears ;
 Beckons his parents among the rank of fools,
 Strikes cares upon their heads with his mad riots,
 Makes them look old before they meet with age ;
 This is a son ; and what a loss is this, considered truly !
 Oh, but my Horatio grew out of reach of those
 Insatiate humours : he lov'd his loving parents :
 He was my comfort, and his mother's joy,
 The very arm that did hold up our house—
 Our hopes were stored up in him, 10
 None but a damned murderer could hate him.
 He had not seen the back of nineteen years, [thazar ;
 When his strong arm unhors'd the proud prince Bal-
 And his great mind, too full of honour, [ingale.
 Took him us to mercy, that valiant but ignoble Port-
 Well heaven is heaven still !
 And there is Nemesis, and furies,
 And things call'd whips,
 And they sometimes do meet with murderers :
 They do not always 'scape, that's some comfort. 20
 Ay, ay, ay, and then time steals on, and steals, and
 steals,
 Till violence leaps forth, like thunder
 Wrapt in a ball of fire,
 And so doth bring confusion to them all. [Exit.

JAQUES and PEDRO, Servants.

Jaq. I wonder, Pedro, why our master thus
 At midnight sends us with our torches light,
 When man and bird and beast are all at rest,
 Save those that watch for rape and bloody murder.

Ped. O Jaques, know thou that our master's mind
 Is much distraught since his Horatio died : 30
 And, now his aged years should sleep in rest,
 His heart in quiet, like a desperate man
 Grows lunatic and childish for his son :
 Sometimes as he doth at his table sit,
 He speaks as if Horatio stood by him.
 Then starting in a rage, falls on the earth,
 Cries out Horatio, where is my Horatio ?
 So that with extreme grief, and cutting sorrow,
 There is not left in him one inch of man :
 See here he comes.

HIMRONIMO enters.

Hier. I pry thro' every crevice of each wall,
Look at each tree, and search thro' every brake,
Beat on the bushes, stamp our grandame earth,
Dive in the water, and stare up to heaven ;
Yet cannot I behold my son Horatio.

How now, who's there, sprites, sprites !'

Ped. We are your servants that attend you, sir.

Hier. What make you with your torches in the
dark ?

Ped. You bid us light them, and attend you here.

Hier. No, no, you are deceiv'd, not I, you are
deceiv'd : 10

Was I so mad to bid you light your torches now ?

Light me your torches at the mid of noon,

Whenas the sun-god rides in all his glory ;

Light me your torches then.

Ped. Then we burn day-light.

Hier. Let it be burnt ; night is a murd'rous slut,
That would not have her treasons to be seen :
And yonder pale-fac'd Hecate there, the moon,
Doth give consent to that is done in darkness.
And all those stars that gaze upon her face, 20
Are aglets * on her sleeve, pins on her train :
And those that should be powerful and divine,
Do sleep in darkness when they most should shine.

Ped. Provoke them not, fair sir, with tempting
words,

The heavens are gracious ; and your miseries
And sorrow make you speak you know not what.

Hier. Villain thou liest, and thou doest nought
But tell me I am mad : thou liest, I am not mad :
I know thee to be Pedro, and he Jaques. 29
I'll prove it to thee ; and were I mad, how could I ?
Where was she the same night, when my Horatio
was murder'd ?

She should have shone : search thou the book :
Had the moon shone in my boy's face, there was a
kind of grace,
That I know, nay I do know, had the murd'rer seen
him,

* Tags of points.

His weapon would have fallen, and cut the earth,
Had he been fram'd of nought but blood and death ;
Alack, when mischief doth it knows not what,
What shall we say to mischief ?

ISABELLA, his wife, enters.

Isa. Dear Hieronimo, come in a-doors,
O seek not means so to increase thy sorrow.

Hier. Indeed Isabella, we do nothing here ;
I do not cry, ask Pedro and Jaques :
Not I indeed, we are merry, very merry.

Isa. How ! be merry here, be merry here ! 10
Is not this the place, and this the very tree,
Where my Horatio died, where he was murder'd ?

Hier. Was, do not say what : let her weep it out.
This was the tree, I set it off a kernel ;
And when our hot Spain could not let it grow,
But that the infant and the human sap
Began to wither, duly twice a morning
Would I be sprinkling it with fountain water :
At last it grew and grew, and bore and bore : 19
Till at length it grew a gallows, and did bear our son.
It bore thy fruit and mine. O wicked, wicked plant.
See who knocks there. [One knocks within at the door.]

Ped. It is a painter, sir.
Hier. Bid him come in, and paint some comfort,
For surely there's none lives but painted comfort.
Let him come in ; one knows not what may chance.
God's will that I should set this tree ! but even so
Masters ungrateful servants rear from nought,
And then they hate them that did bring them up.

The Painter enters.

Pain. God bless you, sir. 30

Hier. Wherefore ? why, thou scornful villain ?
How, where, or by what means should I be blest ?

Isa. What wouldst thou have, good fellow ?

Pain. Justice, madam.
Hier. O ambitious beggar, wouldst thou have that
That lives not in the world ?
Why, all the undelved mines cannot buy
An ounce of justice, 'tis a jewel so inestimable.
I tell thee, God hath engross'd all justice in his hands,

And there is none but what comes from Him.

Pain. O then I see that God must right me for my murder'd son.

Hier. How, was thy son murder'd ?

Pain. Ay, sir, no man did hold a son so dear.

Hier. What, not as thine ? that's a lie,

As massy as the earth : I had a son,

Whose least unvalued hair did weigh

A thousand of thy sons, and he was murder'd.

Pain. Alas, sir, I had no more but he.

Hier. Nor I, nor I ; but this same one of mine
Was worth a legion. But all is one,

11

Pedro, Jaques, go in a-doors, Isabella, go,

And this good fellow here, and I,

Will range this hideous orchard up and down,

Like to two she-lions, 'reaved of their young.

Go in a-doors I say.

[*Exeunt.*

[*The Painter and he sit down.*

Come let's talk wisely now.

Was thy son murder'd ?

Pain. Ay, sir.

Hier. So was mine.

20

How dost thou take it ? art thou not sometime mad ?

Is there no tricks that come before thine eyes ?

Pain. O lord, yes, sir.

Hier. Art a painter ? canst paint me a tear, or a wound ?

A groan or a sigh ? canst paint me such a tree as this ?

Pain. Sir, I am sure you have heard of my painting ;

My name's Bazardo.

Hier. Bazardo ! 'fore God an excellent fellow.

Look you, sir.

29

Do you see ? I'd have you paint me in my gallery, in your oil-colours matted, and draw me five years younger than I am : do you see, sir ? let five years go, let them go,—my wife Isabella standing by me, with a speaking look to my son Horatio, which should intend to this, or some such like purpose ; *God bless thee, my sweet son* ; and my hand leaning upon his head thus. Sir, do you see ? may it be done ?

Pain. Very well, sir.

Hier. Nay, I pray mark me, sir.

Then, sir, would I have you paint me this tree, this
very tree :

Canst paint a doleful cry ?

Pain. Seemingly, sir.

Hier. Nay, it should cry ; but all is one.
Well, sir, paint me a youth run thro' and thro' with
villains' swords, hanging upon this tree.

Canst thou draw a murd'rer ?

Pain. I'll warrant you, sir ; I have the pattern of
the most notorious villains that ever lived in all Spain.

Hier. O, let them be worse, worse : stretch thine
art, 10

And let their beards be of Judas' own colour,
And let their eye-brows jut over : in any case observe
that ;

Then, sir, after some violent noise,
Bring me forth in my shirt, and my gown under my
arm, with my torch in my hand, and my
sword rear'd up thus,—

And with these words ; *What noise is this? who calls
Hieronimo?*

May it be done ?

Pain. Yea, sir. 20

Hier. Well, sir, then bring me forth, bring me
thro' alley and alley, still with a distracted counten-
ance going along, and let my hair heave up my night-
cap.

Let the clouds scowl, make the moon dark, the
stars extinct, the winds blowing, the bells tolling,
the owls shrieking, the toads croaking, the minutes
jarring, and the clock striking twelve.

And then at last, sir, starting, behold a man hang-
ing, and tott'ring, and tott'ring, as you know the wind
will wave a man, and I with a trice to cut him down.

And looking upon him by the advantage of my
torch, find it to be my son Horatio. 38

There you may shew a passion, there you may shew
a passion.

Draw me like old Priam of Troy, crying, 'the house
is o' fire, the house is o' fire' ; and the torch over my
head ; make me curse, make me rave, make me cry,
make me mad, make me well again, make me curse
hell, invocate, and in the end leave me in a trance,
and so forth.

Pain. And is this the end ?

Hier. O no, there is no end : the end is death
and madness ;

And I am never better than when I am mad ;
Then methinks I am a brave fellow ;
Then I do wonders ; but reason abuseth me ;
And there 's the torment, there 's the hell.
At last, sir, bring me to one of the murderers ;
Were he as strong as Hector,
Thus would I tear and drag him up and down.

[*He beats the Painter in.*

[These scenes, which are the very salt of the old play (which without them is but a *caput mortuum*, such another piece of flatness as *Locrine*), Hawkins, in his republication of this tragedy, has thrust out of the text into the notes ; as omitted in the Second Edition, “printed for Ed. Allede, amended of such gross blunders as passed in the first :” and thinks them to have been *foisted in by the players*.—A late discovery at Dulwich College has ascertained that two sundry payments were made to Ben Jonson by the Theatre for furnishing additions to *Hieronimo*. See last edition of Shakspeare by Reed. There is nothing in the undoubted plays of Jonson which would authorise us to suppose that he could have supplied the scenes in question. I should suspect the agency of some “more potent spirit.” Webster might have furnished them. They are full of that wild solemn preternatural cast of grief which bewilders us in the *Duchess of Malfy*.]

XVII. (e.)

ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM HIS TRUE AND LAMENTABLE TRAGEDY.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

ALICE ARDEN with MOSBIE her Paramour conspire the
murder of her husband.

Mos. How now, Alice, what sad and passionate ?
Make me partaker of thy pensiveness ;
Fire divided burns with lesser force.

Al. But I will dam that fire in my breast,

Till by the force thereof my part consume.
Ah Mosbie !

Mos. Such deep pathaires, like to a cannon's burst,
Discharged against a ruined wall,
Break my relenting heart in thousand pieces.
Ungentle Alice, thy sorrow is my sore ;
Thou know'st it well, and 'tis thy policy
To forge distressful looks, to wound a breast
Where lies a heart which dies when thou art sad.
It is not Love that loves to anger Love. 10

Al. It is not Love that loves to murther Love.

Mos. How mean you that ?

Al. Thou know'st how dearly Arden loved me.

Mos. And then—

Al. And then—conceal the rest, for 'tis too bad,
Lest that my words be carried with the wind,
And publish'd in the world to both our shames.
I pray thee, Mosbie, let our spring-time wither :
Our harvest else will yield but loathsome weeds.
Forget, I pray thee, what has passed betwixt us : 20
For now I blush and tremble at the thoughts.

Mos. What, are you changed ?

Al. Aye, to my former happy life again ;
From title of an odious strumpet's name
To honest Arden's wife, not Arden's honest wife.—
Ha Mosbie ! 'tis thou hast rifled me of that,
And make me slanderous to all my kin.
Even in my forehead is thy name engraven,
A mean artificer, that low-born name !
I was bewitched ; woe-worth the hapless hour 30
And all the causes that enchanted me.

Mos. Nay, if thou ban, let me breathe curses forth ;
And if you stand so nicely at your fame,
Let me repent the credit I have lost.
I have neglected matters of import,
That would have 'stated me above thy state ;
For slow'd advantages, and spurn'd at time ;
Aye, Fortune's right hand Mosbie hath forsook,
To take a wanton giglot by the left.
I left the marriage of an honest maid, 40
Whose dowry would have weigh'd down all thy wealth ;
Whose beauty and demeanour far exceeded thee.
This certain good I lost for changing bad,

And wrapped my credit in thy company.
 I was bewitched ; that is no theme of thine :
 And thou unhallow'd hast enchanted me.
 But I will break thy spells and exorcisms,
 And put another sight upon these eyes,
 That shew'd my heart a raven for a dove.
 Thou art not fair : I view'd thee not till now :
 Thou art not kind ; till now I knew thee not :
 And now the rain hath beaten off thy gilt,
 Thy worthless copper shews thee counterfeit.
 It grieves me not to see how foul thou art,
 But maddens me that e'er I thought thee fair.
 Go, get thee gone, a copesmate for thy hinds ;
 I am too good to be thy favourite.

Af. Aye, now I see, and too soon find it true,
 Which often hath been told me by my friends,
 That Mosbie loves me not but for my wealth ;
 Which too incredulous I ne'er believed.
 Nay, hear me speak, Mosbie, a word or two ;
 I'll bite my tongue if I speak bitterly.
 Look on me, Mosbie, or I'll kill myself.
 Nothing shall hide me from thy stormy look ;
 If thou cry War, there is no peace for me.
 I will do penance for offending thee,
 And burn this Prayer Book, which I here use
 The Holy word that had converted me.
 See, Mosbie, I will tear away the leaves,
 And all the leaves ; and in this golden cover
 Shall thy sweet phrases and thy letters dwell
 And thereon will I chiefly meditate,
 And hold no other sect but such devotion.
 Wilt thou not look ? is all thy love o'erwhelm'd ?
 Wilt thou not hear ? what malice stops thine ears ?
 Why speak'st thou not ? what silence ties thy tongue ?
 Thou hast been sighted as the eagle is,
 And heard as quickly as the fearful hare,
 And spoke as smoothly as an orator,
 When I have bid thee hear, or see, or speak :
 And art thou sensible in none of these ?
 Weigh all my good turns with this little fault,
 And I deserve not Mosbie's muddy looks.
 A fence of trouble is not thicken'd still ;
 Be clear again ; I'll ne'er more trouble thee.

10

20

30

40

Mos. O no ; I am a base artificer;
 My wings are feather'd for a lowly flight.
 Mosbie, fie, no ; not for a thousand pound.
 Make love to you ? why, 'tis unpardonable.
 We beggars must not breathe, where gentles are.

Al. Sweet Mosbie is as gentle as a king.
 And I too blind to judge him otherwise.
 Flowers do sometimes spring in fallow lands :
 Weeds in gardens, roses grow on thorns :
 So, whatsoe'er my Mosbie's father was,
 Himself is valued gentle by his worth.

10

Mos. Ah how you women can insinuate,
 And clear a trespass with your sweet set tongue.
 I will forget this quarrel, gentle Alice,
 Provided I'll be tempted so no more.

ARDIN, with his friend FRANKLIN, travelling at night to ARDEN's house at Feverham, where he is lain in wait for by Ruffians, hired by ALICE and MOSBIE to murder him ; FRANKLIN is interrupted in a story he was beginning to tell by the way of a BAD WIFE, by an indisposition, ominous of the impending danger of his friend.

Ard. Come, Master Franklin, onwards with your tale.

Frank. I assure you, sir, you task me much.
 A heavy blood is gather'd at my heart :
 And on the sudden is my wind so short,
 As hindereth the passage of my speech. 20
 So fierce a qualm yet ne'er assailed me.

Ard. Come, Master Franklin, let us go on softly ;
 The annoyance of the dust, or else some meat
 You ate at dinner cannot brook with you.
 I have been often so, and soon amended.

Frank. Do you remember where my tale did leave ?

Ard. Aye, where the gentleman did check his wife—

Frank. She being reprehended for the fact,
 Witness produced that took her with the fact,
 Her glove brought in which there she left behind,
 And many other assured arguments, 31
 Her husband ask'd her whether it were not so—

Ard. Her answer then ? I wonder how she look'd,

Having forsworn it with so vehement oaths,
And at the instant so approved upon her.

Frank. First did she cast her eyes down on the earth,
Watching the drops that fell amain from thence ;
Then softly draws she out her handkercher,
And modestly she wipes her tear-stain'd face :
Then hemm'd she out (to clear her voice it should seem),
And with a majesty addressed herself
To encounter all their accusations—
Pardon me, Master Arden, I can no more ; 10
This fighting at my heart makes short my wind.

Ard. Come, we are almost now at Raynum Down ;
Your pretty tale beguiles the weary way,
I would you were in ease to tell it out.

[They are set upon by the Ruffians.

XVIII.

THE TWO ANGRY WOMEN OF ABINGDON : A COMEDY.

BY HENRY PORTER.

Proverb-monger.

This formal fool, your man, speaks nought but proverbs ;

And, speak men what they can to him, he 'll answer
With some rime-rotten sentence, or old saying,
Such spokes as th' ancient of the parish use ;
With " Neighbour, 'tis an old proverb and a true,
Goose giblets are good meat, old sack better than new :" 21
Then says another, " Neighbour, that is true."
And when each man hath drunk his gallon round,
(A penny pot, for that's the old man's gallon),
Then doth he lick his lips, and stroke his beard,
That's glued together with the slavering drops
Of yeasty ale ; and when he scarce can trim
His gouty fingers, thus he 'll fillip it,
And with a rotten hem say, " Hey my hearts,"

"Merry go sorry," "Cock and Pye, my hearts ;"
 And then their saving-penny-proverb comes,
 And that is this, "They that will to the wine,
 By'r Lady, mistress, shall lay their penny to mine."
 This was one of his penny-father's bastards ;
 For on my life he never was begot
 Without the consent of some great Proverb-monger.

She-Wit.

Why, she will flout the devil, and make blush
 The boldest face of man that e'er man saw.

He that hath best opinion of his wit, 10
 And hath his brain-pan fraught with bitter jests
 (Or of his own, or stol'n, or howsoever),
 Let him stand ne'er so high in 's own conceit,
 Her wit's a sun that melts him down like butter,
 And makes him sit at table pancake-wise,
 Flat, flat, God knows, and ne'er a word to say ;
 Yet she'll not leave him then, but like a tyrant
 She'll persecute the poor wit-beaten man,
 And so be-bang him with dry bobs and scoffs,
 When he is down (most cowardly, good faith !) 20
 As I have pitied the poor patient.

There came a Farmer's son a-wooing to her,
 A proper man, well-landed too he was,
 A man that for his wit need not to ask
 What time a year 'twere need to sow his oats,
 Nor yet his barley, no, nor when to reap,
 To plow his fallows, or to fell his trees,
 Well experienced thus each kind of way ;
 After a two months' labour at the most,
 (And yet 'twas well he held it out so long), 30
 He left his love ; she had so laced his lips,
 He could say nothing to her but "God be with ye."
 Why, she, when men have dined, and call'd for cheese,
 Will straight maintain jests bitter to digest ;
 And then some one will fall to argument,
 Who if he over-master her with reason,
 Then she'll begin to buffet him with mocks.

MASTER GOURSEY proposes to his Son a Wife.

Frank Goursey. Ne'er trust me, father, the shape of
 Which I do see in others, seems so severe, [marriage,
 I dare not put my youngling liberty 40

Under the awe of that instruction ;
 And yet I grant, the limits of free youth
 Going astray are oft restrain'd by that.
 But Mistress Wedlock, to my summer thoughts,
 Will be too curst, I fear : O should she snip
 My pleasure-siming mind, I shall be sad,
 And swear, when I did marry, I was mad.

Old Goursey. But, boy, let my experience teach
 thee this ;
 (*Yet in good faith thou speak'st not much amiss*) ;
 When first thy mother's fame to me did come, 10
 Thy grandsire thus then came to me his son,
 And e'en my words to thee to me he said ;
 And, as thou say'st to me, to him I said
 But in a greater huff and hotter blood :
 I tell ye, on youth's tiptoes then I stood.
 Says he (*good faith, this was his very say*),
 "When I was young, I was but Reason's fool ;
 And went to wedding, as to Wisdom's school :
 It taught me much, and much I did forget ;
 But, beaten much by it, I got some wit : 20
 Though I was shackled from an often scout,
 Yet I would wanton it, when I was out ;
 'Twas comfort old acquaintance then to meet,
 Restrained liberty attain'd is sweet."
 Thus said my father to thy father, son ;
 And thou may'st do this too, as I have done.

Wandering in the dark all night.
 O when will this same Year of Night have end ?
 Long-look'd for Day's Sun, when wilt thou ascend ?
 Let not this thief-friend misty veil of night
 Encroach on day, and shadow thy fair light ; 30
 Whilst thou com'st tardy from thy Thetis' bed,
 Blushing forth golden-hair and glorious red.
 O stay not long, bright lantern of the day,
 To light my mist-way feet to my right way.

[The pleasant Comedy, from which these Extracts are taken, is contemporary with some of the earliest of Shakspeare's, and is no whit inferior to either the Comedy of Errors, or the Taming of the Shrew, for instance. It is full of business, humour and merry malice. Its night-scenes are peculiarly sprightly and

wakeful. The versification unencumbered, and rich with compound epithets. Why do we go on with ever new Editions of Ford, and Massinger, and the thrice reprinted Selections of Dodale? what we want is as many volumes more, as these latter consist of, filled with plays (such as this), of which we know comparatively nothing. Not a third part of the Treasures of old English Dramatic literature has been exhausted. Are we afraid that the genius of Shakspeare would suffer in our estimate by the disclosure? He would indeed be somewhat lessened as a miracle and a prodigy. But he would lose no height by the confession. When a Giant is shown to us, does it detract from the curiosity to be told that he has at home a gigantic brood of brethren, less only than himself? Along with him, not from him, sprang up the race of mighty Dramatists who, compared with the Otways and Rowes that followed, were as Miltons to a Young or an Akenside. That he was their elder Brother, not their Parent, is evident from the fact of the very few direct imitations of him to be found in their writings. Webster, Decker, Heywood, and the rest of his great contemporaries went on their own ways, and followed their individual impulses, not blindly prescribing to themselves his track. Marlowe, the true (though imperfect) Father of our tragedy, preceded him. The comedy of Fletcher is essentially unlike to that of his. 'Tis out of no detracting spirit that I speak thus, for the plays of Shakspeare have been the strongest and the sweetest food of my mind from infancy; but I resent the comparative obscurity in which some of his most valuable co-operators remain, who were his dear intimates, his stage and his chamber-fellows while he lived, and to whom his gentle spirit doubtless then awarded the full portion of their genius, as from them toward himself appears to have been no grudging of his acknowledged excellence.]

XIX. (G).

EDWARD THE THIRD : AN HISTORICAL PLAY.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

The KING, having relieved the Castle of the heroic COUNTESS OF SALISBURY, besieged by the Scots, and being entertained by her, loves her.

Edward [solus]. She is grown more fairer far
since I came hither :

Her voice more silver every word than other,
 Her wit more fluent. What a strange discourse
 Unfolded she of David, and his Scots !
 E'en thus, quoth she, he spake, and then spake broad
 With epithets and accents of the Scot ;
 But somewhat better than the Scot could speak :
 And thusa, quoth she, and answer'd then herself ;
 For who could speak like her ? but she herself
 Breathes from the wall an angel note from heaven
 Of sweet defiance to her barbarous foes.— 10
 When she would talk of peace, methinks her tongue
 Commanded war to prison ; when of war,
 It waken'd Cæsar from his Roman grave,
 To hear war beautified by her discourse.
 Wisdom is foolishness, but in her tongue ;
 Beauty a slander, but in her fair face ;
 There is no summer, but in her cheerful looks :
 Nor frosty winter, but in her disdain.
 I cannot blame the Scots that did besiege her,
 For she is all the treasure of our land : 20
 But call them cowards, that they ran away ;
 Having so rich and fair a cause to stay.

The Countess repels the King's unlawful suit.

Coun. Sorry I am to see my liege so sad :
 What may thy subject do to drive from thee
 This gloomy consort, sullen Melancholy ?

King. Ah Lady ! I am blunt, and cannot strew
 The flowers of solace in a ground of shame.
 Since I came hither, Countess, I am wrong'd.

Coun. Now God forbid that any in my house
 Should think my sovereign wrong ! thrice-gentle King
 Acquaint me with your cause of discontent. 31

King. How near then shall I be to remedy ?

Coun. As near, my liege, as all my woman's power,
 Can pawn itself to buy thy remedy.

King. If thou speak'st true, then have I my redress.
 Engage thy power to redeem my joys,
 And I am joyful, Countess ; else I die.

Coun. I will, my liege.

King. Swear, Countess, that thou wilt.

Coun. By heaven I will.

King. Then take thyself a little way aside, 40

And tell thyself, a king doth dote on thee.
 Say that within thy power it doth lie
 To make him happy, and that thou hast sworn
 To give him all the joy within thy power.
 Do this ; and tell him, when I shall be happy.

Coun. All this is done, my thrice-dread sovereign.
 That power of love, that I have power to give,
 Thou hast, with all devout obedience.
 Employ me how thou wilt in proof thereof.

King. Thou hear'st me say that I do dote on thee.
Coun. If on my beauty, take it if thou canst ; 11
 Though little, I do prize it ten times less :
 If on my virtue, take it if thou canst ;
 For virtue's store by giving doth augment.
 Be it on what it will, that I can give,
 And thou canst take away, inherit it.

King. It is thy beauty that I would enjoy.
Coun. O were it painted, I would wipe it off,
 And dispossess myself to give it thee ;
 But, sovereign, it is solder'd to my life : 20
 Take one, and both ; for, like an humble shadow,
 It haunts the sunshine of my summer's life.

King. But thou may'st lend it me to sport withal.
Coun. As easy may my intellectual soul
 Be lent away, and yet my body live,
 As lend my body (palace to my soul)
 Away from her, and yet retain my soul.
 My body is her bower, her court, her abbey,
 And she an angel, pure, divine, unspotted ;
 If I should lend her house, my lord, to thee, 30
 I kill my poor soul, and my poor soul me.

King. Didst thou not swear to give me what I
 would ?

Coun. I did, my liege, so what you would, I could.
King. I wish no more of thee, than thou may'st

give ;
 Nor beg I do not, but I rather buy ;
 That is thy love ; and for that love of thine
 In rich exchange, I tender to thee mine.

Coun. But that your lips were sacred, my Lord,
 You would profane the holy name of love.
 That love, you offer me, you cannot give ; 40
 For Caesar owes that tribute to his Queen.

That love, you beg of me, I cannot give ;
For Sara owes that duty to her Lord.
He, that doth clip or counterfeit your stamp,
Shall die, my Lord : and shall your sacred self
Commit high treason 'gainst the King of heaven,
To stamp his image in forbidden metal,
Forgetting you allegiance and your oath ?
In violating marriage' sacred law,
You break a greater honour than yourself.
To be a King, is of a younger house
Than *To be married* : your progenitor,
Sole-reigning Adam on the universe,
By God was honour'd, for a married man
But not by him anointed for a king.
It is a penalty to break your statutes,
Tho' not enacted with your Highness' hand ;
How much more to infringe the holy act,
Made by the mouth of God, seal'd with his hand.
I know my sovereign, in my husband's love,
Who now doth loyal service in his wars,
Doth but to try the wife of Salisbury,
Whether she will hear a wanton's tale or no :
Lest being therein guilty by my stay,
From that, not from my liege, I turn away.

King. Whether is her beauty by her words divine?
Or are her words sweet chaplains to her beauty?
Like as the wind doth beautify a sail,
And as a sail becomes the unseen wind,
So do her words her beauties, beauties words.

Coun. He hath sworn me by the name of God 80
To break a vow made by the name of God.
What if I swear by this right hand of mine
To cut this right hand off? the better way
Were to profane the idol, than confound it.

Flattery.

—O Thou World, great nurse of flattery,
Why dost thou tip men's tongues with golden words
And poise their deeds with weight of heavy lead,
That fair performance cannot follow promise ?
O that a man might hold the heart's close book
And choke the lavish tongue, when it doth utter 40
The breath of falsehood, not character'd there !

Sin, worst in High Place.

An honourable grave is more esteemed,
 Than the polluted closet of a king ;
 The greater man, the greater is the thing,
 Be it good or bad, that he shall undertake.
 An unreputed mote, flying in the sun,
 Presents a greater substance than it is ;
 The freshest summer's day doth soonest taint
 The loathed carrion, that it seems to kiss ;
 Deep are the blows made with a mighty axe ;
 That sin does ten times aggravate itself, 10
 That is committed in a holy place ;
 An evil deed done by authority
 Is sin, and subornation ; deck an ape
 In tissue, and the beauty of the robe
 Adds but the greater scorn unto the beast ;
 The poison sheweth worst in a golden cup ;
 Dark night seems darker by the lightning flash ;
 Lilies that fester, smell far worse than weeds.
 And every Glory, that inclines to Sin,
 The shame is treble by the opposite. 20

xx. (G.)

THE WARS OF CYRUS : A TRAGEDY.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Dumb show exploded.

Chorus (to the Audience).—Xenophon
 Warrants what we record of Panthea.
 It is writ in sad and tragic terms,
 May move you tears ; then you content our Muse,
 That scorns to trouble you again with toys
 Or needless antics, imitations,
 Or shows, or new devised sprung o' late ;
 We have exiled them from our tragic stage,
 As trash of their tradition, that can bring
 Nor instance nor excuse : for what they do, * 30

* So I point it; instead of the line, as it stands in this unique copy—

Nor instance nor excuse for what they do.

The sense I take to be, what the common playwrights do (or shew by action—the “inexplicable dumb show” of Shakespeare—), our Chorus relates. The following lines have else no coherence.

Instead of mournful plaints our Chorus *sings* ;
 Although it be against the upstart guise,
 Yet, warranted by grave antiquity,
 We will revive the which hath long been done.

xxl. (g.)

TWO TRAGEDIES IN ONE.

BY ROBERT YARRINGTON.

Truth, the Chorus, to the Spectators.

All you, the sad spectators of this act,
 Whose hearts do taste a feeling pensiveness
 Of this unheard-of savage massacre :
 Oh, be far off to harbour such a thought,
 As this audacious murderer put in ure !
 I see your sorrows flow up to the brim,
 And overflow your cheeks with brinish tears :
 But though this sight bring surfeit to the eye,
 Delight your ears with pleasing harmony,
 That ears may countercheck your eyes, and say,
 "Why shed you tears ? this deed is but a *Play*."*

Murderer to his Sister, about to stow away the trunk of the body, having severed it from the limbs.

Hark, Rachel ! I will cross the water straight,
 And fling this middle mention of a man
 Into some ditch.

[It is curious, that this old Play comprises the distinct action of two Atrocities ; the one a vulgar murder, committed in our own Thames Street, with the names and incidents truly and historically set down ; the other a Murder in high life, supposed to be acting at the same time in Italy, the scenes alternating between that country and England : the Story of the latter is *mutatis mutandis* no other than that of our own "Babes in the

* The whole theory of the reason of our delight in Tragic Representations, which has cost so many elaborate chapters of Criticism, is condensed in these four last lines: *Aristotle quintessentialised.*

Wood," transferred to Italy, from delicacy no doubt to some of the family of the rich Wicked Uncle, who might yet be living. The treatment of the two differs as the romance-like narratives in "God's Revenge against Murder," in which the Actors of the Murders (with the trifling exception that they were *Murderers*) are represented as most accomplished and every way amiable young Gentlefolks of either sex—as much as *that* differs from the honest unglossing pages of the homely Newgate Ordinary.]

XXII. (G.)

THE DOWNFALL OF ROBERT, EARL OF
HUNTINGDON: AN HISTORICAL PLAY.

BY HENRY CHETTLE AND ANTHONY MUNDAY.

CHORUS; SKELTON, *the Poet.*

Skelton (to the Audience). The youth that leads
yon virgin by the hand,
As doth the Sun the Morning richly clad,
Is our Earl Robert—or your Robin Hood—
That in those days was Earl of Huntingdon.

ROBIN recounts to MARIAN the pleasures of a forest life.
Robin. Marian, thou see'st, tho' courtly pleasures
want,
Yet country sport in Sherwood is not scant :
For the soul-ravishing delicious sound
Of instrumental music, we have found
The winged quiristers, with divers notes
Sent from their quaint recording pretty throats, 10
On every branch that compasseth our bower,
Without command contenting us each hour.
For arras hangings and rich tapestry,
We have sweet Nature's best embroidery.
For thy steel glass, wherein thou wont'st to look,
Thy crystal eyes gaze in a crystal brook.
At Court a flower or two did deck thy head ;
Now with whole garlands it is circled :
For what we want in wealth, we have in flowers ;
And what we lose in halls, we find in bowers. 20

Marian. Marian hath all, sweet Robert, having
thee ;
And guesses thee as rich in having me.

*SCARLET recounts to SCATHLOCK the pleasures of an
Outlaw's life.*

Scarlet. It's full seven year since we were out-
laws first,
And wealthy Sherwood was our heritage.
For all those years we reigned uncontroll'd,
From Barnsdale shrogs to Nottingham's red cliffs.
At Blithe and Tickhill were we welcome guests ;
Good George-a-green at Bradford was our friend,
And wanton Wakefield's Pinner loved us well.
At Barnsley dwells a Potter tough and strong, 10
That never brook'd we brethren should have wrong.
The nuns of Farnsfield, pretty nuns they be,
Gave napkins, shirts, and bands, to him and me.
Bateman of Kendal gave us Kendal green,
And Sharpe of Leeds sharp arrows for us made.
At Rotherham dwelt our Bowyer, God him bliss ;
Jackson he hight, his bows did never miss.

*FITZWATER, banished, seeking his daughter MATILDA
(Robin's Marian) in the forest of Sherwood, makes his
complaint.*

Fitz. Well did he write, and mickle did he know,
That said " This world's felicity was woe,
Which greatest states can hardly undergo." 20
Whilom Fitzwater in fair England's court
Possessed felicity and happy state,
And in his hall blithe Fortune kept her sport ;
Which glee one hour of woe did ruinate.
Fitzwater once had castles, towns, and towers ;
Fair gardens, orchards, and delightful bowers ;
But now nor garden, orchard, town, nor tower,
Hath poor Fitzwater left within his power.
Only wide walks are left me in the world,
Which these stiff limbs will hardly let me tread : 30
And when I sleep, heaven's glorious canopy
Me and my mossy couch doth overspread.

*He discovers ROBIN HOOD sleeping ; MARIAN strewn
flowers over him.*

Fitz.—in good time see where my comfort stands,

And by her lies dejected Huntingdon.
Look how my Flower holds flowers in her hands,
And flings those sweets upon my sleeping son.

Feigns himself blind, to try if she will know him.

Mar. What aged man art thou ? or by what chance
Camest thou thus far into the wayless wood ?

Fitz. Widow, or wife, or maiden, if thou be ;
Lend me thy hand : thou see'st I cannot see.
Blessing betide thee ! little feel'st thou want :
With me, good child, food is both hard and scant.
These smooth even veins assure me, he is kind, 10
Whate'er he be, my girl, that thee doth find.
I, poor and old, am reft of all earth's good :
And desperately am crept into this wood,
To seek the poor man's patron, Robin Hood.

Mar. And thou art welcome, welcome, aged man,
Aye ten times welcome to Maid Marian.
Here's wine to cheer thy heart ; drink, aged man.
There's venison, and a knife ; here's manchet fine.—
Drink, good old man, I pray you, drink more wine.
My Robin stirs : I must sing him asleep. 20

A Judgment.

A Wicked Prior. Servingman.

Prior. What news with you, Sir ?

Serv. Ev'n heavy news, my Lord ; for the light-
ning's fire,

Falling in manner of a fire-drake
Upon a barn of yours, hath burnt six barns,
And not a strike of corn reserv'd from dust.
No hand could save it ; yet ten thousand hands
Labour'd their best, though none for love of you :
For every tongue with bitter cursing bann'd
Your Lordship, as the viper of the land.

Prior. What meant the villains ?

30

Serv. Thus and thus they cried :

"Upon this churl, this hoarder up of corn,
This spoiler of the Earl of Huntingdon,
This lust-defiled, merciless, false Prior,
Heav'n raineth judgment down in shape of fire."
Old wives that scarce could with their crutches creep,
And little babes that newly learn'd to speak,
Men masterless that thorough want did weep,

All in one voice with a confused cry
 In execrations bann'd you bitterly.
 "Plague follow plague," they cried ; "he hath un-
 done
 The good Lord Robert, Earl of Huntingdon."

XXIII. (G.)

HOFFMAN'S TRAGEDY ; OR, REVENGE FOR
A FATHER.

BY HENRY CHETTLE.

The Sons of the Duke of Saxony run away with LUCIBEL, the Duke of Austria's Daughter.—The two Dukes, in separate pursuit of their children, meet at the Cell of a Hermit : in which Hermit, Saxony recognises a banished Brother ; at which surprised, all three are reconciled.

Aust. That should be Sax'ny's tongue.

Sax. Indeed I am the Duke of Saxony.

Aust. Then thou art father to lascivious sons,
 That have made Austria childless.

Sax. Oh subtle Duke,
 Thy craft appears in framing thy excuse. 10
 Thou dost accuse my young sons' innocence.
 I sent them to get knowledge, learn the tongues,
 Not to be metamorphosed with the view
 Of flattering Beauty—peradventure painted.

Aust. No, I defy thee, John of Saxony.
 My Lucibel for beauty needs no art ;
 Nor, do I think, the beauties of her mind
 Ever inclin'd to this ignoble course,
 But by the charms and forcings of thy sons.

Sax. O would thou durst maintain thy words,
 proud Duke ! 20

Her. I hope, great princes, neither of you dare
 Commit a deed so sacrilegious.
 This holy Cell
 Is dedicated to the Prince of Peace.
 The foot of war never profan'd this floor ;
 Nor doth wrath here with his consuming voice
 Affright these buildings. Charity with Prayer,

Humility with Abstinence combined,
Are here the guardians of a grieved mind.

Aust. Father, we do obey thy holy voice.
Duke John of Saxony, receive my faith ;
Till our ears hear the true course, that thy sons
Have taken with my fond and misled child,
I proclaim truce. Why dost thou sullen stand ?
If thou mean peace, give me thy princely hand.

Sax. Thus do I plight thee troth, and promise
peace.

Aust. Nay, but thy eyes agree not with thy heart.
In vows of combination there's a grace, 11
That shew'st th' intention in the outward face.
Look cheerfully, or I expect no league.

Sax. First give me leave to view awhile the person
Of this same Hermit—Austria, view him well.
Is he not like my brother Roderic ?

Aust. He's like him. But I heard, he lost his life
Long since in Persia by the Sophy's wars.

Her. I heard so much, my lord. But that report
Was purely feign'd ; spread by my erring tongue, 20
As double as my heart, when I was young.
I am that Roderick, that aspir'd your throne ;
That vile false brother, that with rebel breath,
Drawn sword, and treach'rous heart, threaten'd your
death.

Sax. My brother !—nay then i' faith, old John lay
by
Thy sorrowing thoughts ; turn to thy wonted vein,
And be mad John of Saxony again.
Mad Roderic, art alive ?—my mother's son,
Her joy, and her last birth!—oh, she conjured me
To use thee thus ; [embracing him] and yet I ban-
ished thee.— 30

Body o' me ! I was unkind, I know ;
But thou deserv'dst it then : but let it go.
Say thou wilt leave this life, thus truly idle,
And live a statesman ; thou shalt share in reign,
Commanding all but me thy Sovereign.

Her. I thank your highness ; I will think on it :
But for my sins this sufferance is more fit.

Sax. Tut, tittle tattle, tell not me of sin.—
Now, Austria, once again thy princely hand :

I'll look thee in the face, and smile ; and swear,
 If either of my sons have wrong'd thy child,
 I'll help thee in revenging it myself.
 But if, as I believe, they mean but honour,
 (As it appeareth by these jousts proclaim'd,) Then shalt thou be content to name* him thine,
 And thy fair daughter I'll account as mine.

Aust. Agreed.

Sax. Ah, Austria ! 'twas a world, when you and I
 Ran these careers ; but now we're stiff and dry. 10

Aust. I'm glad you are so pleasant, good my lord.
Sax. 'Twas my old mood : but I was soon turn'd
 sad

With over-grieving for this long lost lad,—
 And now the boy is grown as old as I ;
 His very face as full of gravity.

XXIV.

LUST'S DOMINION ; OR, THE LASCIVIOUS QUEEN : A TRAGEDY.

FORMERLY ASCRIBED TO CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

The Queen Mother of Spain loves an insolent Moor.†
Queen.—ELEAZAR the Moor.

Queen. Chime out your softest strains of harmony,
 And on delicious Music's silken wings
 Send ravishing delight to my love's ears,
 That he may be enamour'd of your tunes.

Eleaz. Away, away.

20

Queen. No, no, says ayé ; and twice away says stay.
 Come, come, I'll have a kiss ; but if you'll strive,
 For one denial you shall forfeit five.

Eleaz. Be gone, be gone.

Queen. What means my love ?
 Burst all those wires ; burn all those instruments ;
 For they displease my Moor. Art thou now pleas'd,
 Or wert thou now disturbed ? I'll wage all Spain

* By one of the Duke's sons (her Lover) in honour of Lucbel.
 † Such another as Aaron in *Titus Andronicus*.

To one sweet kiss, this is some new device
To make me fond and long. Oh, you men
Have tricks to make poor women die for you.

Elez. What, die for me? Away.

Queen. Away, what way? I prithee, speak more
Why dost thou frown? at whom? [kindly.

Elez. At thee.

Queen. At me?

O why at me? for each contracted frown,
A crooked wrinkle interlines my brow: 10
Spend but one hour in frowns, and I shall look
Like to a Beldam of one hundred years.
I prithee, speak to me, and chide me not,
I prithee, chide, if I have done amiss;
But let my punishment be this, and this.
I prithee, smile on me, if but a while;
Then frown on me, I'll die. I prithee, smile.
Smile on me; and these two wanton boys,
These pretty lads that do attend on me,
Shall call thee Jove, shall wait upon thy cup 20
And fill thee nectar: their enticing eyes
Shall serve as crystal, wherein thou may'st see
To dress thyself, if thou wilt smile on me.
Smile on me, and with coronets of pearl
And bells of gold, circling their pretty arms,
In a round ivory fount these two shall swim,
And dive to make thee sport:
Bestow one smile, one little little smile,
And in a net of twisted silk and gold,
In my all-naked arms, thyself shalt lie. 30

[Kit Marlowe, as old Isaak Walton assures us, made that smooth song which begins "Come live with me and be my love." The same romantic invitations "in folly ripe in reason rotten," are given by the queen in the play, and the lover in the ditty. He talks of "beds of roses, buckles of gold;"

Thy silver dishes for thy meat
As precious as the Gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The lines in the extract have a luscious smoothness in them, and they were the most temperate which I could pick out of this Play. The rest is in King Cambyses'

vein ; rape, and murder, and superlatives ; "huffing braggart puff" lines,* such as the play-writers anterior to Shakspere are full of, and Pistol "but coldly imitatea." *Blood* is made as light of in some of these old dramas as *money* in a modern sentimental comedy ; and as this is given away till it reminds us that it is nothing but counters, so that is spilt till it affects us no more than its representative, the paint of the property-man in the theatre.]

xxv. (G.)

DOCTOR DODYPOL: A COMEDY.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

EARL LASSENBURGH, as a Painter, painting his Mistress al grotesco.

Lass. Welcome bright Morn, that with thy golden rays
Reveal'st the radiant colours of the world,
Look here, and see if thou canst find dispers'd
The glorious parts of fair Lucilia !
Take them, and join them in the heavenly spheres ;
And fix them there as an eternal light,
For lovers to adore and wonder at.

Luc. You paint your flattering words, Lord Lassenburgh,
Making a curious pencil of your tongue ;
And that fair artificial hand of yours
Were fitter to have painted Heaven's fine story,

10

* Take a specimen from a speech of the Moor's :—
Now Tragedy, thou minion of the night,
Rhamnusia's pew-fellow, to thee I'll sing
Upon an harp made of dead Spanish bones,
The proudest instrument the world affords ;
When thou in crimson jollity shall bathe
Thy limbe as black as mine, in springs of blood
Still gushing from the conduit-head of Spain.
To thee that never blush'st, though thy cheeks
Are full of blood, O Saint Revenge, to thee
I consecrate my murders, all my stabs,
My bloody labours, tortures, stratagems,
The volume of all wounds that wound from me ;
Mine is the Stage, thine is the Tragedy.

Than here to work on antics, and on me:
Thus for my sake you of a noble Earl
Are glad to be a mercenary Painter.

Lass. A Painter, fair Lucilia : why, the world
With all her beauty was by PAINTING made.
Look on the heavens colour'd with golden stars,
The firmamental ground of it, all blue.
Look on the air, where with an hundred changes
The watery rainbow doth embrace the earth.
Look on the summer fields, adorn'd with flowers, 10
How much is Nature's painting honour'd there.
Look in the mines, and on the eastern shore,
Where all our metals and dear gems are drawn ;
Though fair themselves, made better by their foils.
Look on that little world, the Two-fold Man,
Whose fairer parcel is the weaker still ;
And see what azure veins in stream-like form
Divide the rosy beauty of the skin.
I speak not of the sundry shapes of beasts ;
The several colours of the elements, 20
Whose mixture shapes the world's variety,
In making all things by their colours known.
And, to conclude,—Nature herself divine
In all things she hath made is a mere Painter.

Luc. Now by this kiss, th' admirer of thy skill,
Thou art well worthy th' honour thou hast given
With so sweet words to thy eye-ravishing Art ;
Of which my beauties can deserve no part.

Lass. From these base antics, where my hand hath
'spersed
Thy several parts, if I, uniting all, 30
Had figured there the true Lucilia,
Then mightst thou justly wonder at my art ;
And devout people would from far repair,
Like pilgrims, with their duteous sacrifice,
Adorning thee as regent of their loves.
Here in the centre of this marigold
Like a bright diamond I enchased thine eye.
Here, underneath this little rosy bush
Thy crimson cheeks peer forth, more fair than it.
Here, Cupid hanging down his wings doth sit, 40
Comparing cherries to thy ruby lips.
Here is thy brow, thy hair, thy neck, thy hand,

Of purpose in all several shrouds dispersed !
Lest ravish'd I should dote on mine own work,
Or envy-burning eyes should malice it.

A Cameo described.

See, then, my lord, this Agate, that contains
The image of the Goddess and her Son,
Whom ancients held the Sovereigns of Love.
See naturally wrought out of the stone,
Besides the perfect shape of every limb,
Besides the wondrous life of her bright hair,
A waving mantle of celestial blue,
Embroidering itself with flaming stars. 10
Most excellent ! and see besides, my lord,
How Cupid's wings do spring out of the stone,
As if they needed not the help of Art.

EARL LASSENBURGH, for some distaste, flees LUCILIA, who follows him.

Lass. Wilt thou not cease then to pursue me still ?
Should I entreat thee to attend me thus,
Then thou would'st pant and rest ; then your soft feet
Would be repining at these niggard stones :
Now I forbid thee, thou pursuest like wind ;
No tedious space of time, nor storm can tire thee. 20
But I will seek out some high slippery close,
Where every step shall reach the gate of death,
That fear may make thee cease to follow me.

Luc. There will I bodiless be, when you are there ;
For love despiseth death, and scorneth fear.

Lass. I'll wander where some desperate river parts
This solid continent, and swim from thee.

Luc. And there I'll follow, though I drown for thee.

* * * * *

Lass. O weary of the way, and of my life,
Where shall I rest my sorrow'd, tired limbs ? 30

Luc. Rest in my bosom, rest you here, my lord ;
A place secure you can nowhere find —

Lass. Nor more unfit for my unpleased mind.
A heavy slumber calls me to the earth ;
Here will I sleep, if sleep will harbour here.

Luc. Unhealthful is the melancholy earth ;
O let my lord rest on Lucilia's lap.
I'll help to shield you from the searching air,
And keep the cold damps from your gentle bloo

Lass. Pray thee away ; for, whilst thou art so near,
No sleep will seize on my suspicious eyes.

Luc. Sleep then ; and I am pleased far off to sit,
Like to a poor and forlorn sentinel,
Watching the unthankful sleep, that severs me
From my due part of rest, dear Love, with thee.

*An Enchanter, who is enamoured of LUCILLA, charms the
Earl to a dead sleep, and LUCILLA to a forgetfulness of
her past love.*

Ench. (to LASSENBURGH). Lie there ; and lose the
memory of her,
Who likewise hath forgot the love of thee
By my enchantments. Come, sit down, fair Nymph,
And taste the sweetness of these heav'nly cates, 10
Whilst from the hollow crannies of this rock
Music shall sound to recreate my love.
But tell me, had you ever lover yet ?

Luc. I had a Lover, I think ; but who it was,
Or where, or how long since, ah me ! I know not :
Yet beat my timorous thoughts on such a thing.
I feel a passionate heat, yet find no flame ;
Think what I know not, nor know what I think.

Ench. Hast thou forgot me then ? I am thy Love,—
Whom sweetly thou wert wont to entertain 20
With looks, with vows of love, with amorous kisses.
Look'st thou so strange ? dost thou not know me yet ?

Luc. Sure I should know you.

Ench. Why, Love, doubt you that ?
'Twas I that led you* thro' the painted meads,
Where the light fairies danced upon the flowers,
Hanging on every leaf an orient pearl,
Which, struck together with the silken wind
Of their loose mantles, made a silver chime.
'Twas I that, winding my shrill bugle horn, 30
Made a gilt palace break out of the hill,
Fill'd suddenly with troops of knights and dames,
Who danced and revel'd ; whilst we sweetly slept
Upon a bed of roses, wrapt all in gold.
Dost thou not know me yet ?

Luc. Yes, now I know you.

Ench. Come then, confirm thy knowledge with a
kiss.

* In charmed visions.

Luc. Nay, stay ; you are not he ; how strange is this !

Ench. Thou art grown passing strange, my love,
To him that made thee so long since his bride.

Luc. O was it you ? come then. O stay awhile.
I know not where I am, nor what I am ;
Nor you, nor these I know, nor any thing.

XXVI. (G.)

JACK DRUM'S ENTERTAINMENT : A COMEDY.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

The free humour of a Noble Housekeeper.

Fortune (a Knight). I was not born to be my
cradle's drudge,
To choke and stifle up my pleasure's breath,
To poison with the venom'd cares of thrift
My private sweet of life : only to scrape 10
A heap of muck, to fatten and manure
The barren virtues of my progeny,
And make them sprout 'spite of their want of worth ;
No, I do wish my girls should wish me live ;
Which few do wish that have a greedy sire,
But still expect, and gape with hungry lip,
When he 'll give up his gouty stewardship.

Friend. You touch the quick of sense, but then I
wonder,
You not aspire unto the eminence
And height of pleasing life. To court, to court— 20
There burnish, there spread, there stick in pomp,
Like a bright diamond in a lady's brow.
There plant your fortunes in the flow'ring spring,
And get the Sun before you of Respect.
There trench yourself within the people's love,
And glitter in the eye of glorious grace.
What's wealth without respect and mounted place ?

Fort. Worse and worse !—I am not yet distraught,
I long not to be squeez'd with mine own weight,
Nor hoist up all my sails to catch the wind 30
Of the drunk reeling Commons. I labour not
To have an awful presence, nor be feared,

Since who is fear'd still fears to be so feared.
 I care not to be like the Horeb calf,
 One day adored, and next pasht all in pieces.
 Nor do I envy Polypheian puffs,
 Switzers' slopt greatness. I adore the Sun,
 Yet love to live within a temperate zone.
 Let who will climb ambition's glibbery rounds,
 And lean upon the vulgar's rotten love,
 I'll not corrival him. The Sun will give
 As great a shadow to my trunk as his ; 10
 And after death, like Chessmen having stood
 In play, for Bishops some, for Knights, and Pawns,
 We all together shall be tumbled up
 Into one bag ;
 Let hush'd-calm quiet rock my life aseep ;
 And, being dead, my own ground press my bones ;
 Whilst some old beldame, hobbling o'er my grave,
 May murble thus :
 "Here lies a Knight whose Money was his slave."

xxvii. (e.)

SIR GILES GOOSECAP: A COMEDY.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Friendship in a Lord; modesty in a Gentleman.

Clarence [to some musicians]. Thanks, gentle friends ; 20
 Is your good lord, and mine, gone up to bed yet ?
Momford. I do assure you not, sir, not yet, not yet, my deep and studious friend, not yet, musical Clarence.
Clar. My lord—
Mom. Nor yet thou sole divider of my lordship.
Clar. That were a most unfit division,
 And far above the pitch of my low plumes.
 I am your bold and constant guest, my lord.
Mom. Far, far from bold, for thou hast known me long, 30
 Almost these twenty years, and half those years
 Hast been my bedfellow, long time before

This unseen thing, this thing of nought, indeed,
 Or atom, call'd *my Lordship*, shined in me ;
 And yet thou mak'st thyself as little bold
 To take such kindness, as becomes the age
 And truth of our indissoluble love,
 As our acquaintance sprang but yesterday ;
 Such is thy gentle and too tender spirit.

Clar. My lord, my want of courtship makes me
 fear

I should be rude ; and this my mean estate
 Meets with such envy and detraction,
 Such misconstructions and resolv'd misdooms
 Of my poor worth, that should I be advanced
 Beyond my unseen lowness but one hair,
 I should be torn in pieces by the spirits
 That fly in ill-lung'd tempests thro' the world,
 Tearing the head of virtue from her shoulders,
 If she but look out of the ground of glory ;
 'Twixt whom, and me, and every worldly fortune,
 There fights such sour and curst antipathy,
 So waspish and so petulant a star,
 That all things tending to my grace and good
 Are ravish'd from their object, as I were
 A thing created for a wilderness,
 And must not think of any place with men. 20

XXVIII.

LINGUA : A COMEDY.

BY JOHN TOMKINS.

LANGUAGES.

The ancient Hebrew, clad with mysteries ;
 The learned Greek, rich in fit epithets,
 Blest in the lovely marriage of pure words ;
 The Chaldee wise, the Arabian physical,
 The Roman eloquent, and Tuscan grave,
 The braving Spanish, and the smooth-tongued
 French — 30

TRAGEDY and COMEDY.

Fellows both, both twins, but so unlike
 As birth to death, wedding to funeral :
 For this that rears himself in buskins quaint,
 Is pleasant at the first, proud in the midst,
 Stately in all, and bitter death at end.
 That in the pumps doth frown at first acquaintance,
 Trouble the midst, but in the end concludes
 Closing up all with a sweet catastrophe.
 This grave and sad, distained with briniah tears :
 That light and quick, with wrinkled laughter painted :
 This deals with nobles, kings, and emperors, 11
 Full of great fears, great hopes, great enterprizes ;
 This other trades with men of mean condition,
 His projects small, small hopes, and dangers little :
 This gorgeous, broider'd with rich sentences ;
 That fair, and purified round with merriments.
 Both vice detect, and virtue beautify,
 By being death's mirror, and life's looking-glass.

XXIX.

THE MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.*

MILLISENT, the fair daughter of CLARE, was betrothed, with the consent of her parents, to RAYMOND, son of MOUNCHENSEY ; but the elder MOUNCHENSEY, being since fallen in his fortunes, CLARE revokes his consent, and plots a marriage for his daughter with the rich heir of JERNINGHAM. PETER FABEL, a good magician, who had been Tutor to young RAYMOND MOUNCHENSEY at College, determines by the aid of his art to assist his pupil in obtaining fair MILLISENT.

PETER FABEL, solus.

Fab. Good old Mounchensey, is thy hap so ill,
 That for thy bounty, and thy royal parts, 20
 Thy kind alliance should be held in scorn ;

* It has been ascribed without much proof to Shakspeare, and to Michael Drayton.

And after all these promises my Clare
 Refuse to give his daughter to thy son,
 Only because thy revenues cannot reach
 To make her dowage of so rich a jointure,
 As can the heir of wealthy Jerningham ?
 And therefore is the false fox now in hand
 To strike a match betwixt her and the other,
 And the old grey-beards now are close together,
 Plotting in the garden. Is it even so ?
 Raymond Mounchensey, boy, have thou and I 10
 Thus long at Cambridge read the liberal arts,
 The metaphysics, magic, and those parts
 Of the most secret deep philosophy ?
 Have I so many melancholy nights
 Watch'd on the top of Peter-House highest tower ?
 And come we back unto our native home,
 For want of skill to lose the wench thou lovest ?
 We'll first hang Envil* in such rings of mist,
 As never rose from any dampish fen ;
 I'll make the brined sea to rise at Ware, 20
 And drown the marshes unto Stratford bridge ;
 I'll drive the deer from Waltham in their walks,
 And scatter them like sheep in every field.
 We may perhaps be crossed ; but if we be,
 He shall cross the devil that but crosses me.
 But here comes Raymond, disconsolate and sad ;
 And here the gallant that must have his wench.

*Enter RAYMOND MOUNCHENSEY, young JERNINGHAM,
 and young CLARE.*

Jern. I prithee, Raymond, leave these solemn
 dumps,
 Revive thy spirits ; thou that before hast been
 More watchful than the day-proclaiming cock, 30
 As sportive as a kid, as frank and merry
 As mirth herself.—
 If aught in me may thy content procure,
 It is thy own, thou mayst thyself assure.
Raym. Ha ! Jerningham, if any but thyself
 Had spoke that word, it would have come as cold
 As the bleak northern winds upon the face
 Of winter.

* Enfield.

From thee they have some power on my blood ;
 Yet being from thee, had but that hollow sound
 Come from the lips of any living man,
 It might have won the credit of mine ear,
 From thee it cannot.

Jern. If I thee understand I am a villain :
 What ! dost thou speak in parables to thy friend ?

Fab. (*to JERN.*) You are the man, sir, must have
 Millisent,

The match is making in the garden now ;
 Her jointure is agreed on, and th' old men, 10
 Your fathers, mean to launch their pursy bags.
 But in mean time to thrust Mounchensey off,
 For colour of this new intended match,
 Fair Millisent to Cheston* must be sent,
 To take the approbation of a Nun.

Ne'er look upon me, lad, the match is done.

Jern. Raymond Mounchensey, now I touch thy
 grief

With the true feeling of a zealous friend.
 And as for fair and beauteous Millisent,
 With my vain breath I will not seek to slubber 20
 Her angel-like perfections. But thou know'st
 That Essex hath the saint that I adore.

Where'er didst meet me, that we two were jovial,
 But like a wag thou hast not laugh'd at me,
 And with regardless jesting mock'd my love ?

How many a sad and weary summer night
 My sighs have drunk the dew from off the earth,
 And I have taught the nightingale to wake,
 And from the meadows sprung the early lark

An hour before she should have list to sing ? 30
 I've loaded the poor minutes with my moans,
 That I have made the heavy slow-pac'd hours
 To hang like heavy clogs upon the day.

But, dear Mounchensey, had not my affection
 Seiz'd on the beauty of another dame,
 Before I'd wrong the chase, and leave the love
 Of one so worthy, and so true a friend,
 I will abjure both beauty and her sight,
 And will in love become a counterfeit.

Raym. Dear Jerningham thou hast begot my life, 39

* Cheshunt.

And from the mouth of hell, where now I sat,
I feel my spirit rebound against the stars ;
Thou hast conquer'd me, dear friend, and my free
soul

Nor time nor death can by their power control.

Fab. Frank Jerningham, thou art a gallant boy ;
And were he not my pupil, I would say,
He were as fine a metal'd gentleman,
As free a spirit, and as fine a temper,
As any is in England ; and he's a man,
That very richly may deserve thy love. 10
But, noble Clare, this while of our discourse,
What may Mounchensey's honour to thyself
Exact upon the measure of thy grace ?

Cla. Raymond Mounchensey, I would have thee
know,

He does not breathe this air,
Whose love I cherish, and whose soul I love,
More than Mounchensey's :
Nor ever in my life did see the man,
Whom for his wit, and many virtuous parts,
I think more worthy of my sister's love. 20
But since the matter grows into this pass,
I must not seem to cross my father's will ;
But when thou list to visit her by night,
My horse is saddled, and the stable door
Stands ready for thee ; use them at thy pleasure.
In honest marriage wed her frankly, boy ;
And if thou get'st her, lad, God give thee joy.

Raym. Then care away ! let fate my fall pretend,
Back'd with the favours of so true a friend.

Fab. Let us alone to bustle for the set ; 80
For age and craft with wit and art have met.
I'll make my Spirits dance such nightly jigs
Along the way 'twixt this and Tot'nam Cross,
The carriers' jades shall cast their heavy packs,
And the strong hedges scarce shall keep them in.
The milk-maids' cuts shall turn the wenches off,
And lay their dossers tumbling in the dust :
The frank and merry London prentices,
That come for cream and lusty country cheer, 89
Shall lose their way, and scrambling in the ditches
All night, shall whoop and hollow, cry, and call,

And none to other find the way at all.

Raym. Pursue the project, scholar ; what we can
do
To help endeavour, join our lives thereto.*

The PRIORESS OF CHESTON's charge to fair MILLISENT.

Jesus' daughter, Mary's child,
Holy matron, woman mild,
For thee a Mass shall still be said,
Every sister drop a bead ;
And those again, succeeding them,
For you shall sing a Requiem.

To her Father. May your happy soul be blithe, 10
That so truly pay your tithe ;
He, that many children gave,
'Tis fit that he one child should have.

To Millisent. Then, fair virgin, hear my spell,
For I must your duty tell.
First a-mornings take your book,
The glass wherein yourself must look ;
Your young thoughts, so proud and jolly,
Must be turn'd to motions holy ;
For your busk, attires, and toys,
Have your thoughts on heavenly joys : 20
And for all your follies past,
You must do penance, pray and fast.
You shall ring the sacring bell,
Keep your hours, and toll your knell,

20

* This scene has much of Shakspeare's manner in the sweet-ness and goodnaturedness of it. It seems written to make the reader happy. Few of our dramatists or novelists have attended enough to this. They torture and wound us abundantly. They are economists only in delight. Nothing can be finer, more gentlemanlike, and noble, than the conversation and compliments of these young men. How delicious is Raymond Mounchensey's forgetting, in his fears, that Jerningham has a "Saint in Essex;" and how sweetly his friend reminds him!—I wish it could be ascertained that Michael Drayton was the author of this piece : it would add a worthy appendage to the renown of that Panegyrist of my native Earth; who has gone over her soil (in his *Polyolbion*) with the fidelity of a herald, and the painful love of a son; who has not left a rivulet (so narrow that it may be stopt over) without honourable mention ; and has animated Hills and Streams with life and passion above the dreams of old mythology.

Rise at midnight to your matins,
 Read your psalter, sing your Latins ;
 And when your blood shall kindle pleasure,
 Scourge yourself in plenteous measure.
 You must read the morning mass,
 You must creep unto the cross,
 Put cold ashes on your head,
 Have a hair-cloth for your bed,
 Bid your beads, and tell your needs,
 Your holy Aves and your Creeds ;
 Holy maid, this must be done,
 If you mean to live a Nun.

10

xxx. (a.)

RAM ALLEY : A COMEDY.

BY LODOWICK BARRY.

*In the Prologue the Poet protests the innocence of his Play
 and gives a promise of better things.*

Home-bred mirth our Muse doth sing ;
 The Satyr's tooth, and waspish sting,
 Which most do hurt when least suspected,
 By this Play are not affected ;
 But if conceit, with quick-turn'd scenes,
 Observing all those ancient streams
 Which from the Horse-foot fount do flow—
 As time, place, person—and to show
 Things never done with that true life,
 That thoughts and wits shall stand at strife,
 Whether the things now shewn be true,
 Or whether we ourselves now do
 The things we but present : if these,
 Free from the loathsome Stage-disease,
 So over-worn, so tired and stale ;
 Not satirising but to rail ;—
 May win your favors, and inherit
 But calm acceptance of his merit,—
 He vows by paper, pen, and ink,
 And by the Learned Sisters' drink,
 To spend his time, his lampes, his oil,

20

80

And never cease his brain to toil,
 Till from the silent hours of night
 He doth produce, for your delight,
 Conceits so new, so harmless free,
 That Puritans themselves may see
 A Play ; yet not in public preach,
 That Players such lewd doctrine teach,
 That their pure joints do quake and tremble,
 When they do see a man resemble
 The picture of a villain.—This, 10
 As he a friend to Muses is,
 To you by me he gives his word,
 Is all his Play does now afford.

XXXL. (c.)

TETHYS' FESTIVAL.

BY SAMUEL DANIEL.

Song at a Court Masque.

Are they shadows that we see ?
 And can shadows pleasure give ?
 Pleasures only shadows be,
 Cast by bodies we conceive ;
 And are made the things we deem,
 In those figures which they seem.
 But these pleasures vanish fast, 20
 Which by shadows are exprest :
 Pleasures are not, if they last ;
 In their passing is their best.
 Glory is most bright and gay
 In a flash, and so away.
 Feed apace then, greedy eyes,
 On the wonder you behold.
 Take it sudden as it flies,
 Tho' you take it not to hold :
 When your eyes have done their part, 30
 Thought must length it in the heart.

XXXII.

HYMEN'S TRIUMPH: A PASTORAL TRAGI-COMEDY.

BY THE SAME.

Love in Infancy.

Ah, I remember well (and how can I
 But evermore remember well) when first
 Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
 The flame we felt : when as we sat and sigh'd
 And look'd upon each other, and conceiv'd
 Not what we ail'd, yet something we did ail ;
 And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
 And what was our disease we could not tell.
 Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look : and thus
 In that first garden of our simpleness 10
 We spent our childhood : but when years began
 To reap the fruit of knowledge : ah, how then
 Would she with graver looks, with sweet stern brow,
 Check my presumption and my forwardness ;
 Yet still would give me flowers, still would me show
 What she would have me, yet not have me know.

Love after Death.

Palæmon. Fie, Thirsia, with what fond remem-
 brances
 Dost thou these idle passions entertain !
 For shame leave off to waste your youth in vain,
 And feed on shadows : make your choice anew. 20
 You other nymphs shall find, no doubt will be
 As lovely, and as fair, and sweet as she.

Thirsis. As fair and sweet as she ! Palæmon, peace :
 Ah, what can pictures be unto the life ?
 What sweetness can be found in images ?
 Which all nymphs else besides her seem to me.
 She only was a real creature, she,
 Whose memory must take up all of me.
 Should I another love, then must I have
 Another heart, for this is full of her, 30
 And evermore shall be : here is she drawn
 At length, and whole : and more, this table is
 A story, and is all of her ; and all
 Wrought in the liveliest colours of my blood ;

And can there be a room for others here ?
 Should I disfigure such a piece, and blot
 The perfect'st workmanship that love e'er wrought ?
 Palæmon, no, ah no, it cost too dear ;
 It must remain entire whilst life remains,
 The monument of her and of my pains.

The Story of ISULIA.

There was sometimes a nymph,
 Isulia named, and an Arcadian born,
 Whose mother dying left her very young
 Unto her father's charge, who carefully 10
 Did breed her up, until she came to years
 Of womanhood, and then provides a match
 Both rich and young, and fit enough for her.
 But she, who to another shepherd had,
 Call'd Sirthis, vow'd her love, as unto one
 Her heart esteem'd more worthy of her love,
 Could not by all her father's means be wrought
 To leave her choice, and to forget her vow.
 This nymph one day, surcharg'd with love and grief,
 Which commonly (the more the pity) dwell 20
 As inmates both together, walking forth
 With other maids to fish upon the shore ;
 Estrays apart, and leaves her company,
 To entertain herself with her own thoughts :
 And wanders on so far, and out of sight,
 As she at length was suddenly surpris'd
 By pirates, who lay lurking underneath
 Those hollow rocks, expecting there some prize.
 And notwithstanding all her piteous cries,
 Intreaties, tears, and prayers, those fierce men 30
 Rent hair and veil, and carried her by force
 Into their ship, which in a little creek
 Hard by at anchor lay,
 And presently hoisted sail and so away.
 When she was thus inshipp'd, and woefully
 Had cast her eyes about to view that hell
 Of horror, whereinto she was so sudden emplung'd,
 She spies a woman sitting with a child
 Sucking her breast, which was the captain's wife.
 To her she creeps, down at her feet she lies ; 40
 " O woman, if that name of woman may

"Move you to pity, pity a poor maid,
 "The most distressed soul that ever breath'd ;
 "And save me from the hands of these fierce men.
 "Let me not be defil'd and made unclean,
 "Dear woman, now, and I will be to you
 "The faithfull'st slave that ever mistress serv'd ;
 "Never poor soul shall be more dutiful,
 "To do whatever you command, than I.
 "No toil will I refuse ; so that I may
 "Keep this poor body clean and undeflower'd, 10
 "Which is all I will ever seek. For know
 "It is not fear of death lays me thus low,
 "But of that stain will make my death to blush."
 All this would nothing move the woman's heart,
 Whom yet she would not leave, but still besought :
 "O woman, by that infant at your breast,
 "And by the pains it cost you in the birth,
 "Save me, as ever you desire to have
 "Your babe to joy and prosper in the world :
 "Which will the better prosper sure, if you 20
 "Shall mercy shew, which is with mercy paid !"
 Then kisses she her feet, then kisses too
 The infant's feet ; and, "Oh, sweet babe," (said she,)
 "Could'st thou but to thy mother speak for me,
 "And crave her to have pity on my case,
 "Thou might'st perhaps prevail with her so much
 "Although I cannot ; child, ah, could'st thou speak."
 The infant, whether by her touching it,
 Or by instinct of nature, seeing her weep,
 Looks earnestly upon her, and then looks 30
 Upon the mother, then on her again,
 And then it cries, and then on either looks :
 Which she perceiving ; "Blessed child," (said she,)
 "Although thou canst not speak, yet dost thou cry
 "Unto thy mother for me. Hear thy child,
 "Dear mother, hear, it is for me it cries,
 "It's all the speech it hath. Accept those cries,
 "Save me at his request from being defil'd :
 "Let pity move thee, that thus moves thy child." 40
 The woman, tho' by birth and custom rude,
 Yet having veins of nature, could not be
 But pierceable, did feel at length the point
 Of pity enter so, as out gush'd tears,

(Not usual to stern eyes) and she besought
 Her husband to bestow on her that prize,
 With safeguard of her body at her will.
 The captain seeing his wife, the child, the nymph,
 All crying to him in this piteous sort,
 Felt his rough nature shaken too, and grants
 His wife's request, and seals his grant with tears ;
 And so they wept all four for company :
 And some beholders stood not with dry eyes ;
 Such passion wrought the passion of their prize. 10
 Never was there pardon, that did take
 Condemned from the block more joyful than
 This grant to her. For all her misery
 Seem'd nothing to the comfort she receiv'd,
 By being thus saved from impurity :
 And from the woman's feet she would not part,
 Nor trust her hand to be without some hold
 Of her, or of the child, so long as she remain'd
 Within the ship, which in few days arrives
 At Alexandria, whence these pirates were ; 20
 And there this woeful maid for two years' space
 Did serve, and truly serve this captain's wife,
 (Who would not lose the benefit of her
 Attendance, for her profit otherwise,)
 But daring not in such a place as that
 To trust herself in woman's habit, crav'd
 That she might be apparel'd like a boy ;
 And so she was, and as a boy she served.
 At two years' end her mistress sends her forth
 Unto the port for some commodities, 30
 Which whilst she sought for, going up and down,
 She heard some merchantmen of Corinth talk,
 Who spake that language the Arcadians did,
 And were next neighbours of one continent.
 To them, all rapt with passion, down she kneels,
 Tells them she was a poor distressed boy,
 Born in Arcadia, and by pirates took,
 And made a slave in Egypt ; and besought
 Them, as they fathers were of children, or
 Did hold their native country dear, they would 40
 Take pity on her, and relieve her youth
 From that sad servitude wherein she liv'd :
 For which she hoped that she had friends alive

Would thank them one day, and reward them too ;
 If not, yet that she knew the heav'ns would do.
 The merchants moved with pity of her case,
 Being ready to depart, took her with them,
 And landed her upon her country coast :
 Where when she found herself, she prostrate falls,
 Kisses the ground, thanks gives unto the gods,
 Thanks them who had been her deliverers.
 And on she trudges through the desert woods,
 Climbs over craggy rocks, and mountains steep, 10
 Wades thorough rivers, struggles thorough bogs,
 Sustained only by the force of love ;
 Until she came unto the native plains,
 Unto the fields where first she drew her breath.
 There she lifts up her eyes, salutes the air,
 Salutes the trees, the bushes, flow'rs and all :
 And, " Oh, dear Sirthis, here I am," said she,
 " Here, notwithstanding all my miseries,
 " I am the same I was to thee ; a pure,
 " A chaste, and spotless maid." 20

XXXIII.

THE CASE IS ALTERED : A COMEDY.

BY BEN JONSON.

The present Humour to be followed.

AURELLA, PHÆNIXELLA, *Sisters : their Mother being lately dead.*

Aur. Room for a case of matrons, colour'd black :
 How motherly my mother's death hath made us !
 I would I had some girls now to bring up ;
 Oh I could make a wench so virtuous,
 She should say grace to every bit of meat,
 And gape no wider than a wafer's thickness ;
 And she should make French court'sies so most low
 That every touch should turn her over backward.

Phæn. Sister, these words become not your attire,
 Nor your estate ; our virtuous mother's death 30
 Should print more deep effects of sorrow in us,
 Than may be worn out in so little time.

Aur. Sister, i' faith you take too much tobacco,
 It makes you black within as you 're without.
 What, true-stitch sister, both your sides alike !
 Be of a slighter work ; for, of my word,
 You shall be sold as dear, or rather dearer.
 Will you be bound to customs and to rites ?
 Shed profitable tears, weep for advantage,
 Or else do all things as you are inclined ?
 Eat when your stomach serves, saith the physician,
 Not at eleven and six. So, if your humour 10
 Be now affected with this heaviness,
 Give it the reins, and spare not ; as I do
 In this my pleasurable appetite.
 It is *Precisionism* to alter that,
 With anstere judgment, that is giv'n by nature.
 I wept (you saw) too, when my mother died ;
 For then I found it easier to do so,
 And fitter with my mood, than not to weep :
 But now 'tis otherwise. Another time
 Perhaps I shall have such deep thoughts of her, 20
 That I shall weep afresh some twelvemonth hence ;
 And I will weep, if I be so disposed,
 And put on black as grimly then as now.—
 Let the mind go still with the body's stature :
 Judgment is fit for judges ; give me nature.

Presentiment of treachery, vanishing at the sight of the person suspected.

Lord PAULO FARNEZ. (*Speaking to himself of ANGELO.*)

* ——My thoughts cannot propose a reason
 Why I should fear or faint thus in my hopes
 Of one so much endeared to my love :
 Some spark it is, kindled within the soul,
 Whose light yet breaks not to the outward sensee, 30
 That propagates this timorous suspect.
 His actions never carried any face
 Of change, or weakness ; then I injure him,
 In being thus cold-conceited of his faith.
 O here he comes. [While he speaks ANGELO enters.
Angelo. How now, sweet Lord, what 's the matter ?
Paul. Good faith, his presence makes me half
 ashamed
 Of my stray'd thoughts.

JAQUES (a Miser) worships his Gold.

Jaq. 'Tis not to be told
 What servile villainies men will do for gold.
 Oh, it began to have a huge strong smell,
 With lying so long together in a place :
 I'll give it vent, it shall have shift enough ;
 And if the devil, that envies all goodness,
 Have told them of my gold, and where I kept it,
 I'll set his burning nose once more a work
 To smell where I removed it. Here it is ;
 I'll hide and cover it with this horse-dung.
 Who will suppose that such a precious nest 10
 Is crown'd with such a dunghill excrement ?
 In, my dear life, sleep sweetly, my dear child,
 Scarce lawfully begotten, but yet gotten,
 And that's enough. Rot all hands that come near
 thee,
 Except mine own. Burn out all eyes that see thee,
 Except mine own. All thoughts of thee be poison
 To their enamour'd hearts, except mine own.
 I'll take no leave, sweet prince, great emperor,
 But see thee every minute : king of kings,
 I'll not be rude to thee, and turn my back 20
 In going from thee, but go backward out,
 With my face toward thee, with humble courtesies.

[The passion for wealth has worn out much of its grossness by tract of time. Our ancestors certainly conceived of money as able to confer a distinct gratification in itself, not alone considered simply as a symbol of wealth. The oldest poets, when they introduce a miser, constantly make him address his gold as his mistress ; as something to be seen, felt, and hugged ; as capable of satisfying two of the senses at least. The substitution of a thin unsatisfying medium for the good old tangible gold, has made avarice quite a Platonic affection in comparison with the seeing, touching, and handling pleasures of the old Chrysophilites. A bank note can no more satisfy the touch of a true sensualist in this passion, than Creusa could return her husband's embrace in the shades.—See the Cave of Mammon in Spenser ; Barabas's contemplation of his wealth, in the Jew of Malta ; Luke's raptures in the City Madam, &c. Above all, hear Guzman, in that excellent old Spanish Novel, *The Rogue*, expatiate on the "ruddy cheeks of

your golden Ruddocks, your Spanish Pistolets, your plump and full-faced Portuguese, and your clear-skinn'd pieces of eight of Castile," which he and his fellows the beggars kept secret to themselves, and did "privately enjoy in a plentiful manner." "For to have them, for to pay them away, is not to enjoy them; to enjoy them is to have them lying by us, having no other need of them than to use them for the clearing of the eye-sight, and the comforting of our senses. These we did carry about with us, sewing them in some patches of our doublets near unto the heart, and as close to the skin as we could handsomely quilt them in, holding them to be restorative."]

XXXIV.

POETASTER; OR, HIS ARRAIGNMENT:
A COMICAL SATYR.

BY THE SAME.

OVID bewails his hard condition in being banished from
Court and the Society of the PRINCESS JULIA.

OVID.

Banish'd the court? let me be banish'd life,
Since the chief end of life is there concluded.
Within the court is all the kingdom bounded;
And as her sacred sphere doth comprehend
Ten thousand times so much, as so much place
In any part of all the empire else,
So every body, moving in her sphere,
Contains ten thousand times as much in him,
As any other her choice orb excludes.

As in a circle a magician, then, 10
Is safe against the spirit he excites,
But out of it is subject to his rage,
And loseth all the virtue of his art,
So I, exil'd the circle of the court,
Lose all the good gifts that in it I joy'd.
No virtue current is, but with her stamp,
And no vice vicious, blanch'd with her white hand.
The court's the abstract of all Rome's desert,
And my dear Julia th' abstract of th' court.
Methinks, now I come near her, I respire 20

Some air of that late comfort I receiv'd :
 And while the evening, with her modest veil,
 Gives leave to such poor shadows as myself
 To steal abroad, I, like a heartless ghost,
 Without the living body of my love,
 Will here walk, and attend her. For I know
 Not far from hence she is imprisoned,
 And hopes of her strict guardian to bribe
 So much admittance, as to speak to me,
 And cheer my fainting spirits with her breath. 10

JULIA appears above at her Chamber-window.

Jul. Ovid ! my love !

Ovid. Here, heav'nly Julia.

Jul. Here ! and not here ! O, how that word doth
 play

With both our fortunes, differing, like ourselves ;
 But one, and yet divided, as opposed ;
 I high, thou low ! O, this our plight of place
 Doubly presents the two lets of our love,
 Local and ceremonial height and lowness ;
 Both ways, I am too high, and thou too low. 19
 Our minds are even, yet : O why should our bodies,
 That are their slaves, be so without their rule ?
 I 'll cast myself down to thee ; if I die,
 I 'll ever live with thee : no height of birth,
 Of place, of duty, or of cruel power,
 Shall keep me from thee ; should my father lock
 This body up within a tomb of brass,
 Yet I 'll be with thee. If the forms I hold
 Now in my soul, be made one substance with it,
 That soul immortal, and the same 'tis now,
 Death cannot raze the affects she now retaineth : 30
 And then may she be anywhere she will.
 The souls of parents rule not children's souls ;
 When death sets both in their dissolv'd estates,
 Then is no child nor father : then eternity
 Frees all from any temporal respect.
 I come, my Ovid, take me in thine arms,
 And let me breathe my soul into thy breast.

Ovid. O stay, my love ; the hopes thou dost
 conceive
 Of thy quick death, and of thy future life,

Are not authentical. Thou choosest death,
 So thou might'st joy thy love in th' other life.
 But know, my princely love, when thou art dead
 Thou only must survive in perfect soul,
 And in the soul are no affections :
 We pour out our affections with our blood ;
 And with our blood's affections fade our loves
 No life hath love in such sweet state as this ;
 No essence is so dear to moody sense
 As flesh and blood, whose quintessence is sense. 10
 Beauty, compos'd of blood and flesh, moves more,
 And is more plausible to blood and flesh,
 Than spiritual beauty can be to the spirit.
 Such apprehension as we have in dreams,
 (When sleep, the bond of senses, locks them up.)
 Such shall we have when death destroys them quite.
 If love be then thy object, change not life ;
 Live high and happy still ; I still below,
 Close with my fortunes, in thy height shall joy. 19

Jul. Ah me, that virtue, whose brave eagle's wings
 With every stroke blow stars in burning heaven,
 Should, like a swallow, (preying toward storms)
 Fly close to earth ; and, with an eager plume
 Pursue those objects which none else can see,
 But seem to all the world the empty air.
 Thus thou, poor Ovid, and all virtuous men,
 Must prey, like swallows, on invisible food ;
 Pursuing flies, or nothing : and thus love,
 And every worldly fancy, is transpos'd
 By worldly tyranny to what plight it list. 30
 O, father, since thou gav'st me not my mind,
 Strive not to rule it ; take but what thou gav'st
 To thy disposure : thy affections
 Rule not in me ; I must bear all my griefs ;
 Let me use all my pleasures : Virtuous love
 Was never scandal to a goddess' state.
 But he's inflexible ! and, my dear love,
 Thy life may chance be shorten'd by the length
 Of my unwilling speeches to depart.
 Farewell, sweet life : though thou be yet exil'd
 Th' officious court, enjoy me amply still :
 My soul, in this my breath, enters thine ears ;
 And on this turret's floor will I lie dead,

Till we may meet again. In this proud height,
 I kneel beneath thee in my prostrate love,
 And kiss the happy sands that kiss thy feet.
 Great Jove submits a sceptre to a cell ;
 And lovers, ere they part, will meet in hell.

Ovid. Farewell all company, and, if I could,
 All light, with thee : hell's shade should hide my
 brows,

Till thy dear beauty's beams redeem'd my vows.

Jul. Ovid, my love : alas ! may we not stay
 A little longer, think'st thou, undiscern'd ? 10

Ovid. For thine own good, fair goddess, do not
 stay.

Who would engage a firmament of fires,
 Shining in thee, for me, a falling star ?
 Begone, sweet life-blood : if I should discern
 Thyself but touch'd for my sake, I should die.

Jul. I will begone then ; and not heav'n itself
 Shall draw me back.

Ovid. Yet, Julia, if thou wilt,
 A little longer stay.

Jul. I am content. 20
Ovid. O mighty Ovid ! what the sway of heav'n
 Could not retire, my breath hath turned back.

Jul. Who shall go first, my love ? my passionate
 eyes

Will not endure to see thee turn from me.

Ovid. If thou go first, my soul will follow thee.

Jul. Then we must stay.

Ovid. Ay me, there is no stay
 In amorous pleasures. If both stay, both die.
 I hear thy father. Hence, my deity. [JULIA goes in.
 Fear forgoeth sounds in my deluded ears ; 30

I did not hear him : I am mad with love.

There is no spirit, under heav'n, that works
 With such illusion : yet, such witchcraft kill me,
 Ere a sound mind, without it, save my life.
 Here on my knees I worship the blest place,
 That held my goddess ; and the loving air,
 That clos'd her body in his silken arms.

Vain Ovid ! kneel not to the place, nor air :
 She's in thy heart ; rise then, and worship there.
 The truest wisdom silly men can have, 40
 Is dotage on the follies of their flesh.—

AUGUSTUS discourses with his Courtiers concerning Poetry.

CAESAR, MECENAS, GALLUS, TIBULLUS, HORACE.

Eques Romani.

Ces. We, that have conquer'd still to save the
conquer'd,

And loved to make inflictions fear'd, not felt,
Griev'd to reprove, and joyful to reward,
More proud of reconciliation than revenge,
Resume into the late state of our love
Worthy Cornelius Gallus and Tibullus.*
You both are gentlemen ; you Cornelius,
A soldier of renown, and the first provost
That ever let our Roman Eagles fly
On swarthy Egypt, quarrelled with her spoils. 10
Yet (not to bear cold forms, nor men's out-terms,
Without the inward fires, and lives of men)
You both have virtues, shining through your shapes ;
To shew, your titles are not writ on posts,
Or hollow statues ; which the best men are,
Without Promethean stuffings reach'd from heaven.
Sweet Poesy's sacred garlands crown your gentry :
Which is, of all the faculties on earth,
The most abstract, and perfect, if she be
True born, and nursed with all the sciences. 20
She can no mould Rome, and her monuments,
Within the liquid marble of her lines,
That they shall stand fresh and miraculous,
Even when they mix with innovating dust ;
In her sweet streams shall our brave Roman spirits
Chase, and swim after death, with their choice deeds
Shining on their white shoulders ; and therein
Shall Tiber, and our famous rivers, fall
With such attraction, that th' ambitious line
Of the round world shall to her centre shrink, 30
To hear their music. And for these high parts,
Caesar shall reverence the Pierian arts.

Mec. Your majesty's high grace to poesy
Shall stand 'gainst all the dull detractions
Of leaden souls ; who, for the vain assumings

* They had offended the Emperor by concealing the love of
Ovid for the Princess Julia.

Of some, quite worthless of her sovereign wreaths,
Contain her worthiest prophets in contempt.

Gal. Happy is Rome of all earth's other states,
To have so true and great a president,
For her inferior spirits to imitate,
As Cæsar is ; who addeth to the sun
Influence and lustre, in increasing thus
His inspirations, kindling fire in us.

Hor. Phœbus himself shall kneel at Cæsar's shrine
And deck it with bay-garlands dew'd with wine, 10
To quit the worship Cæsar does to him :
Where other princes, hoisted to their thrones
By Fortune's passionate and disorder'd power,
Sit in their height like clouds before the sun,
Hind'ring his comforts ; and, (by their excess
Of cold in virtue, and cross heat in vice,)
Thunder and tempest on those learned heads,
Whom Cæsar with such honour doth advance.

Tib. All human business Fortune doth command
Without all order ; and with her blind hand, 20
She, blind, bestows blind gifts, that still have nurst,
They see not who, nor how, but still the worst.

Cæs. Cæsar, for his rule, and for so much stuff
As fortune puts in his hand, shall dispose it,
(As if his hand had eyes, and soul, in it,)
With worth and judgment. Hands that part with
gifts,
Or will restrain their use, without desert,
Or with a misery, numb'd to Virtue's right,
Work, as they had no soul to govern them,
And quite reject her : sev'ring their estates 80
From human order. Whosoever can,
And will not cherish Virtue, is no man.

Eques. Virgil is now at hand, imperial Cæsar.

Cæs. Rome's honour is at hand then. Fetch a
chair,
And set it on our right-hand ; where 'tis fit,
Rome's honour and our own should ever sit.
Now he is come out of Campania,
I doubt not he hath finish'd all his Aeneids ;
Which, like another soul, I long t' enjoy.
What think you three of Virgil, gentlemen, 40
(That are of his profession, though rank'd higher,)

Or, Horace, what say'st thou, that art the poorest,
And likeliest to envy or detract?

Hor. Cæsar speaks after common men in this,
To make a difference of me for my poorness :
As if the filth of poverty sunk as deep
Into a knowing spirit, as the bane
Of riches doth into an ignorant soul.
No, Cæsar ; they be pathless moorish minds,
That being once made rotten with the dung
Of damned riches, even after sink
Beneath the steps of any villainy.
But knowledge is the nectar, that keeps sweet
A perfect soul, e'en in this grave of sin ;
And for my soul, it is as free as Cæsar's :
For what I know is due I'll give to all.
He that detracts, or envies virtuous merit,
Is still the covetous and the ignorant spirit.

Cæs. Thanks, Horace, for thy free and wholesome
sharpness,
Which pleaseth Cæsar more than servile fawns.
A flatter'd prince soon turns the prince of fools. 20
And for thy sake, we'll put no difference more
Between the great and good for being poor.
Say then, loved Horace, thy true thought of Virgil.

Hor. I judge him of a rectified spirit,
By many revolutions of discourse,
(In his bright reason's influence) refined
From all the tartarous moods of common men ;
Bearing the nature and similitude
Of a right heavenly body ; most severe
In fashion and collection of himself :
And, then, as clear and confident as Jove. 80

Gal. And yet so chaste and tender is his ear,
In suffering any syllable to pass,
That he thinks may become the honour'd name
Of issue to his so examined self,
That all the lasting fruits of his full merit
In his own poems, he doth still distaste ;
As if his mind's piece, which he strove to paint,
Could not with fleshly pencils have her right. 39

Tib. But to approve his works of sovereign worth,
This observation (methinks) more than serves,
And is not vulgar. That which he hath writ,

Is with such judgment labour'd, and distill'd
 Through all the needful uses of our lives,
 That could a man remember but his lines,
 He should not touch at any serious point,
 But he might breathe his spirit out of him.

Cæs. You mean he might repeat part of his works,
 As fit for any conference he can use?

Tib. True, royal Cæsar.

Cæs. Worthily observed :
 And a most worthy virtue in his works. 10
 What thinks material Horace of his learning ?

Hor. His learning savours not the school-like gloss,
 That most consists in echoing words and terms,
 And soonest wins a man an empty name :
 Nor any long, or far fetch'd circumstance,
 Wrapt in the curious general'ties of arts ;
 But a direct and analytic sum
 Of all the worth and first effects of arts.
 And for his poesy, 'tis so ramm'd with life,
 That it shall gather strength of life with being, 20
 And live hereafter more admired than now.

Cæs. This one consent, in all your dooms of him
 And mutual loves of all your several merits,
 Argues a truth of merit in you all.

VIRGIL enters.

See, here comes Virgil ; we will rise and greet him :
 Welcome to Cæsar, Virgil. Cæsar and Virgil
 Shall differ but in sound ; to Cæsar, Virgil
 (Of his expressed greatness) shall be made
 A second sir-name ; and to Virgil, Cæsar.
 Where are thy famous *Aeneids* ? do us grace 30
 To let us see, and surfeit on their sight.

Vir. Worthless they are of Cæsar's gracious eyes,
 If they were perfect ; much more with their wants,
 Which yet are more than my time could supply.
 And could great Cæsar's expectation
 Be satisfied with any other service,
 I would not shew them.

Cæs. Virgil is too modest ;
 Or seeks, in vain, to make our longings more.
 Shew them, sweet Virgil. 40

Vir. Then, in such due fear

As fits presenters of great works to Cæsar,
I humbly shew them.

Cæs. Let us now behold
A human soul made visible in life :
And more resplendent in a senseless paper,
Than in the sensual complement of kings.
Read, read thyself, dear Virgil ; let not me
Profane one accent with an untuned tongue :
Best matter, badly shown, shews worse than bad.
See then this chair, of purpose set for thee, 10
To read thy poem in ; refuse it not.
Virtue, without presumption, place may take
Above best kings, whom only she should make.

Vir. It will be thought a thing ridiculous
To present eyes, and to all future times
A gross untruth, that any poet, (void
Of birth, or wealth, or temporal dignity),
Should, with decorum, transcend Cæsar's chair.
Poor virtue raised, high birth and wealth set under,
Crosseth heavens' courses, and makes worldlings 20
wonder.

Cæs. The course of heaven, and fate itself, in this
Will Cæsar cross ; much more all worldly custom.

Hor. Custom in course of honour ever errs :
And they are best, whom fortune least prefers.

Cæs. Horace hath (but more strictly) spoke our
thoughts.
The vast rude swing of general confluence
Is, in particular ends, exempt from sense :
And therefore reason (which in right should be
The special rector of all harmony) 30
Shall shew we are a man, distinct by it
From those, whom custom rapteth in her press.
Ascend then, Virgil ; and where first by chance
We here have turn'd thy book, do thou first read.

Vir. Great Cæsar hath his will : I will ascend.
'Twere simple injury to his free hand,
That sweeps the cobwebs from unused virtue,
And makes her shine proportion'd to her worth,
To be more nice to entertain his grace, 39
Than he is choice and liberal to afford it.

Cæs. Gentlemen of our chamber, guard the doors,
And let none enter ; peace. *Berin,* good Virgil.

VIRGIL reads part of his fourth *Aeneid.*

Vir. Meanwhile, the skies 'gan thunder, &c.

[This Roman Play seems written to confute those enemies of Ben. Jonson in his own days and ours, who have said that he made a pedantical use of his learning. He has here revived the whole court of Augustus, by a learned spell. We are admitted to the society of the illustrious dead. Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Tibullus, converse in our own tongue more finely and poetically than they expressed themselves in their native Latin.—Nothing can be imagined more elegant, refined, and court-like than the scenes between this Lewis the Fourteenth of Antiquity and his Literati.—The whole essence and secret of that kind of intercourse is contained therein. The economical liberality by which greatness, seeming to wave some part of its prerogative, takes care to lose none of the essentials; the prudential liberties of an inferior which flatter by commanded boldness and soothe with complimentary sincerity.]

XXXV.

SEJANUS HIS FALL: A TRAGEDY.

BY THE SAME.

SEJANUS, the morning he is condemned by the Senate,
receives some tokens which presage his death.

SEJANUS. POMPONIUS. MINUTIUS. TERENTIUS, &c.

Ter. Are these things true?

Min. Thousands are gazing at it in the streets.

Sej. What's that?

Ter. Minutius tells us here, my Lord,
That a new head being set upon your statue,
A rope is since found wreath'd about it! and
But now a fiery meteor in the form
Of a great ball was seen to roll along
The troubled air, where yet it hangs unperfect, 10
The amazing wonder of the multitude.

Sej. No more.—
Send for the tribunes; we will straight have up

More of the soldiers for our guard. Minutius,
 We pray you go for Cotta, Latiaris,
 Trio the consul, or what senators
 You know are sure, and ours. You, my good Natta,
 For Laco, provost of the watch. Now, Satrius,
 The time of proof comes on. Arm all our servants,
 And without tumult. You, Pomponius,
 Hold some good correspondence with the consul ;
 Attempt him, noble friend. These things begin
 To look like dangers, now, worthy my fates. 10
 Fortune, I see thy worst : let doubtful states
 And things uncertain hang upon thy will ;
 Me surest death shall render certain still.
 Yet, why is now my thought turn'd toward death,
 Whom fates have let go on so far in breath
 Unchecked or unreprov'd ? I, that did help
 To fell the lofty cedar of the world,
 Germanicus ; that at one stroke cut down
 Drusus, that upright elm ; wither'd his vine ;
 Laid Silius and Sabinus, two strong oaks, 20
 Flat on the earth ; besides those other shrubs
 Cordus, and Sosia, Claudia Pulchra,
 Furnius, and Gallus, which I have grubb'd up ;
 And since, have set my axe so strong and deep
 Into the root of spreading Agrippina ;
 Lopped off and scatter'd her proud branches, Nero,
 Drusus ; and Caius too, although replanted :
 If you will, destinies, that after all
 I faint now ere I touch my period,
 You are but cruel ; and I already have done 30
 Things great enough. All Rome hath been my slave ;
 The senate sate an idle looker on,
 And witness of my power ; when I have blush'd
 More to command, than it to suffer ; all
 The fathers have sate ready and prepar'd
 To give me empire, temples, or their throats,
 When I would ask 'em ; and (what crowns the top)
 Rome, senate, people, all the world, have seen
 Jove but my equal, Cæsar but my second.
 'Tis then your malice, Fates, who (but your own) 40
 Envy and fear to have any power long known.

XXXVI.

VOLPONE ; OR, THE FOX : A COMEDY.

BY THE SAME.

VOLPONE, a rich Venetian nobleman, who is without children, feigns himself to be dying, to draw gifts from such as pay their court to him in the expectation of becoming his heirs. MOSCA, his knavish confederate, persuades each of these men in turn, that he is named for the inheritance, and by this means extracts from their credulity many costly presents.

VOLPONE, as on his death-bed. MOSCA. CORBACCIO, an old gentleman.

Mos. Signior Corbaccio,
You're very welcome, sir.
 Corb. How does your patron ?
 Mos. Troth, as he did, sir, no amends.
 Corb. What ? mends he ?
 Mos. No, sir, he is rather worse.
 Corb. That's well. Where is he ?
 Mos. Upon his couch, sir, newly fall'n asleep.
 Corb. Does he sleep well ?
 Mos. No wink, sir, all this night, 10
Nor yesterday ; but slumbers.
 Corb. Good ! he shall take
Some counsel of physicians : I have brought him
An opiate here, from mine own doctor—
 Mos. He will not hear of drugs.
 Corb. Why ? I myself
Stood by, while it was made ; saw all th' ingredients ;
And know it cannot but most gently work.
My life for his, 'tis but to make him sleep.
 Volp. Ay, his last sleep if he would take it. 20
 Mos. Sir,
He has no faith in physic.
 Corb. Say you, say you ?
 Mos. He has no faith in physic : he does think,
Most of your doctors are the greatest danger,
A worst disease t' escape. I often have
Heard him protest, that your physician
Should never be his heir.

Corb. Not I his heir ?

Mos. Not your physician, sir.

Corb. O, no, no, no,

I do not mean it.

Mos. No, sir, nor their fees

He cannot brook : he says they flay a man
Before they kill him.

Corb. Right, I do conceive you.

Mos. And then, they do it by experiment ;
For which the law not only doth absolve 'em,
But gives them great reward ; and he is loth
To hire his death so.

10

Corb. It is true, they kill
With as much licence as a Judge.

Mos. Nay, more ;
For he but kills, sir, where the law condemns,
And these can kill him too.

Corb. Ay, or me,
Or any man. How does his apoplex ?
Is strong on him still ?

20

Mos. Most violent.
His speech is broken, and his eyes are set,
His face drawn longer than 'twas wont.—

Corb. How ? how ?
Stronger than he was wont ?

Mos. No, sir : his face
Drawn longer than 'twas wont.

Corb. O, good.

Mos. His mouth
Is ever gaping, and his eyelids hang.

30

Corb. Good.

Mos. A freezing numbness stiffens all his joints,
And makes the colour of his flesh like lead.

Corb. 'Tis good.

Mos. His pulse beats slow, and dull.

Corb. Good symptoms still.

Mos. And from his brain—

Corb. Ha ? how ? not from his brain ?

Mos. Yes, sir, and from his brain—

Corb. I conceive you, good.

40

Mos. Flows a cold sweat, with a continual rheum
Forth the resolved corners of his eyes.

Corb. Is 't possible ? yet I am better, ha !

How does he with the swimming of his head ?

Mos. O, sir, 'tis past the scotomy ; he now
Hath lost his feeling, and hath left to snort :
You hardly can perceive him that he breathes.

Corb. Excellent, excellent, sure I shall outlast
him :

This makes me young again a score of years.

Mos. I was coming for you, sir.

Corb. Has he made his will ?

What has he giv'n me ?

Mos. No, sir.

10

Corb. Nothing ? ha ?

Mos. He has not made his will, sir.

Corb. Oh, oh, oh.

What then did Voltore the lawyer here ?

Mos. He smelt a carcase, sir, when he but heard
My master was about his testament ;
As I did urge him to it for your good—

Corb. He came unto him, did he ? I thought so.

Mos. Yes, and presented him this piece of plate.

20

Corb. To be his heir ?

Mos. I do not know, sir.

Corb. True,

I know it too.

Mos. By your own scale, sir.

Corb. Well, I shall prevent him yet. See Mosca,
look,

Here I have brought a bag of bright cecchines,
Will quite weigh down his plate.

Mos. Yea marry, sir,
This is true physic, this your sacred medicine ;
No talk of opiates, to this great elixir.

30

Corb. 'Tis aurum palpable, if not potable.

Mos. It shall be minister'd to him in his bowl ?

Corb. Ay, do, do, do.

Mos. Most blessed cordial.

This will recover him.

Corb. Yes, do, do, do.

Mos. I think it were not best, sir.

Corb. What ?

Mos. To recover him.

Corb. O, no, no, no ; by no means.

40

Mos. Whv. sir, this

Will work some strange effect if he but feel it.

Corb. 'Tis true, therefore forbear; I'll take my
venture;
Give me 't again.

Mos. At no hand; pardon me
You shall not do yourself that wrong, sir. I
Will so advise you, you shall have it all.

Corb. How?

Mos. All sir, 'tis your right, your own; no man
Can claim a part; 'tis yours without a rival,
Decreed by destiny. 10

Corb. How? how, good Mosca?

Mos. I'll tell you, sir. This fit he shall recover.

Corb. I do conceive you.

Mos. And on first advantage
Of his gain'd sense, will I re-importune him
Unto the making of his testament:

And shew him this.

Corb. Good, good.

Mos. 'Tis better yet,
If you will hear, sir. 20

Corb. Yes, with all my heart.

Mos. Now would I counsel you, make home with
speed;

There frame a will; whereto you shall inscribe
My master your sole heir.

Corb. And disinherit
My son?

Mos. O sir, the better; for that colour
Shall make it much more taking.

Corb. O, but colour?

Mos. This will, sir, you shall send it unto me. 30
Now, when I come to enforce (as I will do)

Your cares, your watchings, and your many prayers,
Your more than many gifts, your this day's present,
And last produce your will; where, (without thought,
Or least regard unto your proper issue,
A son so brave, and highly meriting)

The stream of your diverted love hath thrown you
Upon my master, and made him your heir:
He cannot be so stupid, or stone-dead,
But out of conscience, and mere gratitude—

Corb. He must pronounce me his?

Mos. 'Tis true.
Corb. This plot
Did I think on before.
Mos. I do believe it.
Corb. Do you not believe it?
Mos. Yes, sir.
Corb. Mine own project.
Mos. Which when he hath done, sir—
Corb. Published me his heir?
Mos. And you so certain to survive him— 10
Corb. Ay.
Mos. Being so lusty a man—
Corb. 'Tis true.
Mos. Yes, sir—
Corb. I thought on that too. See how he should be
The very organ to express my thoughts!
Mos. You have not only done yourself a good—
Corb. But multiplied it on my son.
Mos. 'Tis right, sir.
Corb. Still my invention. 20
Mos. 'Las, sir, heaven knows,
It hath been all my study, all my care
(I e'en grow grey withal) how to work things—
Corb. I do conceive, sweet Mosca.
Mos. You are he,
For whom I labour, here.
Corb. Ay, do, do, do :
I'll straight about it.
Mos. Rook go with you, raven.
Corb. I know thee honest. 30
Mos. You do lie, sir—
Corb. And—
Mos. Your knowledge is no better than your ears,
sir.
Corb. I do not doubt to be a father to thee.
Mos. Nor I to gull my brother of his blessing.
Corb. I may ha' my youth restored to me, why
not?
Mos. Your worship is a precious ass——
Corb. What say'st thou?
Mos. I do desire your worship to make haste, sir.
Corb. 'Tis done, 'tis done, I go. [Exit. 40
Mos. I'll burst;

Let out my sides, let out my sides——

Mos. Contain
Your flux of laughter, sir : you know this hope
Is such a bait it covers any hook.

Volp. O, but thy working, and thy placing it !
I cannot hold : good rascal, let me kiss thee :
I never knew thee in so rare a humour.

Mos. Alas, sir, I but do as I am taught ;
Follow your grave instructions ; give them words :
Pour oil into their ears : and send them hence. 10

Volp. 'Tis true, 'tis true. What a rare punishment
Is avarice to itself !

Mos. Ay, with our help, sir.
Volp. So many cares, so many maladies,
So many fears attending on old age,
Yea, death so often call'd on, as no wish
Can be more frequent with 'em, their limbs faint,
Their senses dull, their seeing, hearing, going,
All dead before them ; yea, their very teeth,
Their instruments of eating, failing them : 20
Yet this is reckon'd life ! Nay, here was one,
Is now gone home, that wishes to live longer !
Feels not his gout, nor palsy ; feigns himself
Younger by scores of years, flatters his age,
With confident belying it, hopes he may
With charms, like Æson, have his youth restored :
And with these thoughts so battens, as if Fate
Would be as easily cheated on, as he :
And all turns air ! Who's that there, now ? a third ?

[*Another knocks.*

Mos. Close to your couch again : I hear his voice.
It is Corvino, our spruce merchant. 31

Volp. Dead.

Mos. Another bout, sir, with your eyes. Who's there ?

CORVINO, a Merchant, enters.

Mos. Signior Corvino ! come most wished for ! O,
How happy were you, if you knew it now !

Corv. Why ! what ! wherein ?

Mos. The tardy hour is come, sir.

Corv. He is not dead ?

Mos. Not dead, sir, but as good ;
 He knows no man.
Corv. How shall I do then ?
Mos. Why, sir ?
Corv. I have brought him here a pearl.
Mos. Perhaps he has
 So much remembrance left, as to know you, sir :
 He still calls on you : nothing but your name
 Is in his mouth : is your pearl orient, sir ?
Corv. Venice was never owner of the like. 10
Volp. Signior Corvino.
Mos. Hark.
Volp. Signior Corvino.
Mos. He calls you, step and give it him. He's
 here, sir,
 And he has brought you a rich pearl.
Corv. How do you, sir ?
 Tell him it doubles the twelfth caract.
Mos. Sir,
 He cannot understand, his hearing's gone :
 And yet it comforts him to see you—— 20
Corv. Say,
 I have a diamond for him too.
Mos. Best shew't, sir,
 Put it into his hand ; 'tis only there
 He apprehends ; he has his feeling yet.
 See how he grasps it !
Corv. 'Las, good gentleman !
 How pitiful the sight is !
Mos. Tut, forget, sir.
 The weeping of an heir should still be laughter, 30
 Under a visor.
Corv. Why, am I his heir ?
Mos. Sir, I am sworn, I may not shew the will
 Till he be dead : but, here has been Corbaccio,
 Here has been Voltore, here were others too,
 I cannot number 'em, they were so many,
 All gaping here for legacies ; but I,
 Taking the vantage of his naming you,
 (Signior Corvino, Signior Corvino,) took
 Paper, and pen, and ink, and there I ask'd him, 40
 Whom he would have his heir ? Corvino. Who
 Should be executor ? Corvino. And

To any question he was silent to,
I still interpreted the nods he made
Through weakness, for consent: and sent home the
others,

Nothing bequeath'd them, but to cry, and curse.

Corv. O, my dear Mosca. Does he not perceive us?

Mos. No more than a blind harper. He knows no
man,

No face of friend, nor name of any servant,
Who't was that fed him last, or gave him drink ;
Not those he hath begotten, or brought up,
Can he remember.

Corv. Has he children ?

10

Mos. Bastards,

Some dozen, or more, that he begot on beggars,
Gypsies, and Jews, and black-moors, when he was
drunk :

Knew you not that, sir ? 'Tis the common fable,
The dwarf, the fool, the eunuch, are all his :
He's the true father of his family,
In all, save me : but he has given 'em nothing.

Corv. That's well, that's well. Art sure he does
not hear us ?

Mos. Sure, sir ? why look you, credit your own
sense.

20

The pox approach, and add to your diseases,
If it would send you hence the sooner, sir,
For your incontinence, it hath deserv'd it
Throughly, and throughly, and the plague to boot.
(You may come near, sir,) would you would once close
Those filthy eyes of yours that flow with slime,
Like two frog-pits : and those same hanging cheeks,
Cover'd with hide, instead of skin : (nay help, sir,)
That look like frozen dish-clouts set on end.

Corv. Or, like an old smok'd wall, on which the
rain

30

Ran down in streaks.

Mos. Excellent, sir, speak out ;
You may be louder yet : a culverin
Discharged in his ear would hardly bore it.

Corv. His nose is like a common sewer, still
running.

Mos. 'Tis good ; and what his mouth ?

Corv. A very draught.

Mos. O, stop it up—

Corv. By no means.

Mos. Pray you let me.

Faith I could stifle him rarely with a pillow,
As well as any woman that should keep him.

Corv. Do as you will, but I'll begone.

Mos. Be so ;

It is your presence makes him last so long.

Corv. I pray you use no violence.

10

Mos. No, sir, why ?

Why should you be thus scrupulous ? 'Pray you, sir.

Corv. Nay, at your discretion.

Mos. Well, good sir, be gone.

Corv. I will not trouble him now, to take my pearl.

Mos. Puh, nor your diamond. What a needless
care

Is this afflicts you ? Is not all here yours ?

Am not I here, whom you have made your creature,
That owe my being to you ?

Corv. Grateful Mosca !

20

Thou art my friend, my fellow, my companion,

My partner, and shall share in all my fortunes. [Exit.

Volv. My divine Mosca !

Thou hast to-day outgone thyself.

XXXVII.

CATILINE HIS CONSPIRACY : A TRAGEDY.

BY THE SAME.

*The morning of the Conspiracy.—*LENTULUS, CETHEGUS,
and CATILINE meet before the other Conspirators are
ready.

Lent. It is methinks a morning full of fate.

It riseth slowly, as her sullen car

Had all the weights of sleep and death hung at it.

She is not rosy-finger'd, but swell'n black.

Her face is like a water turn'd to blood,

And her sick head is bound about with clouds,

80

As if she threaten'd night ere noon of day.

It does not look as it would have a hail
Or health wish'd in it, as on other morns.

Cat. Why, all the fitter, Lentulus : our coming
Is not for salutation : we have business.

Cat. Said nobly, brave Cethagus. Where's Autro-
nius ?

Cat. Is he not come ?

Cat. Not here.

Cat. Not Vargunteius ?

Cat. Neither.

Cat. A fire in their beds and bosoms, 10
That so well serve their sloth rather than virtue.
They are no Romans, and at such high need
As now.—

Lent. Both they, Longinus, Lecca, Curius,
Fulvius, Gabinus, gave me word last night,
By Lucius Bestia, they would all be here,
And early.

Cat. Yes ! as you, had I not call'd you.
Come, we all sleep, and are mere dormice ; flies
A little less than dead : more dullness hangs 20
On us than on the morn. We're spirit-bound
In ribs of ice ; our whole bloods are one stone :
And honour cannot thaw us, nor our wants,
Though they burn hot as fevers to our states.

Cat. I muse they would be tardy at an hour
Of so great purpose.

Cat. If the gods had call'd
Them to a purpose, they would just have come
With the same tortoise speed ; that are thus slow
To such an action, which the gods will envy, 30
As asking no less means than all their powers
Conjoin'd to effect. I would have seen Rome burnt
By this time, and her ashes in an urn :
The kingdom of the senate rent asunder :
And the degenerate talking gown run frightened
Out of the air of Italy.

Cat. Spirit of men ! !
Thou heart of our great enterprise ! how much
I love these voices in thee !

Cat. O the days.
Of Sylla's sway, when the free sword took leave
To act all that it would ! 40

Cat. And was familiar
With entrails, as our augurs.—

Cet. Sons kill'd fathers,
Brothers their brothers.—

Cat. And had price and praise :
All hate had licence giv'n it ; all rage reins.

Cet. Slaughter bestrid the streets, and stretch'd
himself

To seem more huge : whilst to his stained thighs
The gore he drew flow'd up, and carried down
Whole heaps of limbs and bodies through his arch.
No age was spared, no sex. 10

Cat. Nay, no degree.—

Cet. Not infants in the porch of life were free.
The sick, the old, that could but hope a day
Longer by nature's bounty, not let stay.
Virgins and widows, matrons, pregnant wives,
All died.

Cat. 'Twas crime enough that they had lives.
To strike but only those that could do hurt,
Was dull and poor. Some fell, to make the number :
As some, the prey. 20

Cet. The rugged Charon fainted,
And ask'd a navy rather than a boat,
To ferry over the sad world that came :
The maws and dens of beasts could not receive
The bodies that those souls were frightened from ;
And even the graves were fill'd with men yet living,
Whose flight and fear had mix'd them with the dead.

Cat. And this shall be again, and more, and more,
Now Lentulus, the third Cornelius,
Is to stand up in Rome. 30

Lent. Nay, urge not that
Is so uncertain.

Cat. How !
Lent. I mean, not clear'd ;
And therefore not to be reflected on.

Cat. The Sybil's leaves uncertain ! or the comments
Of our grave, deep, divining men, not clear !

Lent. All prophecies, you know, suffer the torture.

Cat. But this already hath confess'd, without ;
And so been weigh'd, examin'd, and compar'd, 40
As 'twere malicious ignorance in him
Would faint in the belief.

Lent. Do you believe it ?

Cat. Do I love Lentulus, or pray to see it ?

Lent. The augurs all are constant I am meant.

Cat. They had lost their science else.

Lent. They count from Cinna—

Cat. And Sylla next—and so make you the third :

All that can say the sun is ris'n, must think it.

Lent. Men mark me more of late as I come forth !

Cat. Why, what can they do less ? Cinna and Sylla

Are set and gone ; and we must turn our eyes 10
On him that is, and shines. Noble Cethegus,
But view him with me here ! He looks already
As if he shook a sceptre o'er the senate,
And the awed purple dropped their rods and axes.
The statues melt again, and household gods
In groans confess the travails of the city ;
The very walls sweat blood before the change ;
And stones start out to ruin, ere it comes.

Cet. But he, and we, and all, are idle still. 19

Lent. I am your creature, Sergius ; and whate'er
The great Cornelian name shall win to be,
It is not augury, nor the Sybil's books,
But Catilene, that makes it.

Cat. I am a shadow
To honour'd Lentulus, and Cethegus here ;
Who are the heirs of Mars. —

XXXVIII.

THE ALCHEMIST : A COMEDY.

BY THE SAME.

EPICURE MAMMON, a Knight, deceived by the pretensions
of SUBTLE (the Alchemist), glories in the prospect of
obtaining the Philosopher's Stone ; and promises what
rare things he will do with it.

MAMMON. SURLY, his Friend. *The Scene, Subtle's House.*

Mam. Come on, sir. Now you set your foot on
shore
In novo orbe. Here's the rich Peru :

And there within, sir, are the golden mines,
 Great Solomon's Ophir : He was sailing to 't
 Three years, but we have reach'd it in ten months.
 This is the day wherein to all my friends,
 I will pronounce the happy word, *Be rich.*
 This day you shall be *spectabilissimi.*
 You shall no more deal with the hollow dye,
 Or the frail card. No more be at charge of keeping
 The livery-punk for the young heir, that must
 Seal at all hours in his shirt. No more, 10
 If he deny, ha' him beaten to 't, as he is
 That brings him the commodity. No more
 Shall thirst of satin, or the covetous hunger
 Of velvet entrails for a rude-spun cloak
 To be display'd at Madam Augusta's, make
 The sons of Sword and Hazard fall before
 The golden calf, and on their knees whole nights
 Commit idolatry with wine and trumpets ;
 Or go a feasting after drum and ensign. 19
 No more of this. You shall start up young Viceroy's,
 And have your punques and punquettees, my Surly :
 And unto thee I speak it first, *Be rich.*
 Where is my Subtle there ! within ho——

FACE answers from within.

Sir,

He'll come to you by and by.

Mam. That's his fire-drake,
 His Lungs, his Zephyrus, he that puffs his coals
 Till he firk Nature up in her own centre.
 You are not faithful, sir. This night I'll change
 All that is metal in my house to gold : 30
 And early in the morning will I send
 To all the plumbers and the pewterers,
 And buy their tin and lead up ; and to Lothbury,
 For all the copper.

Sur. What, and turn that too ?

Mam. Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire and
 Cornwall,
 And make them perfect Indies ! You admire now ?
Sur. No, faith.

Mam. But when you see the effects of the great
 medicine,

Lent. Do you believe it ?
Cat. Do I love Lentulus, or pray to see it ?
Lent. The augurs all are constant I am meant.
Cat. They had lost their science else.
Lent. They count from Cinna—
Cat. And Sylla next—and so make you the third :
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Lent. Men mark me more of late as I come forth !
Cat. Why, what can they do less ? Cinna and Sylla
Are set and gone ; and we must turn our eyes 10
On him that is, and shines. Noble Cethegus,
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Lent. I am your creature, Sergius ; and whate'er
The great Cornelian name shall win to be,
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 This day you shall be *spectatissimi.*
 You shall no more deal with the hollow dye,
 Or the frail card. No more be at charge of keeping
 The livery-punk for the young heir, that must
 Seal at all hours in his shirt. No more, 10
 If he deny, ha' him beaten to 't, as he is
 That brings him the commodity. No more
 Shall thirst of satin, or the covetous hunger
 Of velvet entrails for a rude-spun cloak
 To be display'd at Madam Augusta's, make
 The sons of Sword and Hazard fall before
 The golden calf, and on their knees whole nights
 Commit idolatry with wine and trumpets ;
 Or go a feasting after drum and ensign. 19
 No more of this. You shall start up young Viceroys,
 And have your punques and punquetees, my Surly :
 And unto thee I speak it first, *Be rich.*
 Where is my Subtle there ? within ho—

FAC*E* answers from within.

Sir,

He 'll come to you by and by.

Mam. That 's his fire-drake,
 His Lungs, his Zephyrus, he that puffs his coals
 Till he firk Nature up in her own centre.
 You are not faithful, sir. This night I 'll change
 All that is metal in my house to gold : 30
 And early in the morning will I send
 To all the plumbers and the pewterers,
 And buy their tin and lead up ; and to Lothbury,
 For all the copper.

Sur. What, and turn that too ?

Mam. Yes, and I 'll purchase Devonshire and
 Cornwall,
 And make them perfect Indies ! You admire now ?
Sur. No, faith.

Mam. But when you see the effects of the great
 medicine,

You have colour for it, crimson : the red ferment
Has done his office. Three hours hence prepare you
To see projection.

Mess. Pertinax, my Sandy,
Again I say to thee aloud, Be rich.
This day thou shalt have ingots, and to-morrow
Give lords th' affront. Is it, my Zephyrus, right ?
Blushes the Bolt's-head !

Pox. Like a wench with child, sir,
That were but now discover'd to her master. 10

Mess. Excellent witty Lungs ! My only care is,
Where to get stuff enough now, to project on.
This town will not half serve me.

Face. No, sir ! buy
The covering off o' churches.

Mess. That's true.

Face. Yea.

Let 'em stand bare, as do their auditory ;
Or cap 'em new with shingles.

Mess. No ; good thatch :
Thatch will lie light upon the rafters, Lungs.
Lungs, I will manumit thee from the furnace ;
I will restore thee thy complexion, Puffe,
Lost in the embers ; and repair this brain
Hurt with the fume o' the metals.

Face. I have blown, sir,
Hard for your worship ; thrown by many a coal,
When 'twas not beech ; weigh'd those I put in, just,
To keep your heat still even ; these blear'd eyes
Have waked to read your several colours, sir, 30
Of the pale citron, the green lion, the crow,
The peacock's tail, the plumed swan.

Mam. And lastly,
Thou hast descried the flower, the *sanguis agni* ?

Face. Yes, sir.

Mam. Where's master ?

Face. At his prayers, sir, he ;
Good man, he's doing his devotions
For the success.

Mam. Lungs, I will set a period
To all thy labours : thou shalt be the master 40
Of my seraglio. For I do mean
To have a list of wives and concubines

Equal with Solomon, who had the Stone
Alike with me : and I will make me a back
With the Elixir, that shall be as tough
As Hercules, to encounter fifty a night.
Thou art sure thou saw'st it *blood* ?

Face. Both *blood* and *spirit*, sir.

Mam. I will have all my beds blown up; not stuffed:
Down is too hard. And then, mine oval room
Fill'd with such pictures as Tiberius took
From Elephants, and dull Aretine 10
But coldly imitated. Then, my glasses
Cut in more subtle angles, to disperse
And multiply the figures, as I walk
Naked between my *Succubæ*. My mists
I'll have of perfume, vapour'd 'bout the room,
To lose ourselves in ; and my baths, like pits
To fall into ; from whence we will come forth,
And roll us dry in gossamer and roses.
(Is it arriv'd at *ruby* !)—Where I spy
A wealthy citizen, or rich lawyer, 20
Have a sublim'd pure wife, unto that fellow
I'll send a thousand pound to be my cuckold.

Face. And I shall carry it ?

Mam. No, I'll have no bawds,
But fathers and mothers. They will do it best,
Best of all others. And my flatterers
Shall be the pure and gravest of divines
That I can get for money. My mere fools,
Eloquent burgesses ; and then my poets,
The same that writ so subtly of the Fart : 30
Whom I will entertain still for that subject.
The few that would give out themselves to be
Court and town stallions, and each-where belie
Ladies, who are known most innocent (for them)
Those will I beg, to make me eunuchs of :
And they shall fan me with ten estrich tails
A piece, made in a plume, to gather wind.
We will be brave, Puffe, now we ha' the medicine
My meat shall all come in Indian shells,
Dishes of Agate set in gold, and studded 40
With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies :
The tongues of carps, dormice, and camels' heels,
Boil'd i' the spirit of Sol, and dissolv'd pearl,

(Apicius' diet 'gainst the epilepsy ;)
 And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber,
 Headed with diamant and carbuncle.
 My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd salmons,
 Knots, godwits, lampreys : I myself will have
 The beards of barbels serv'd, instead of salads ;
 Oil'd mushrooms ; and the swelling unctuous paps
 Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
 Drest with an exquisite and poignant sauce :
 For which, I'll say unto my cook, "There's gold, 10
 Go forth, and be a knight."

Face. Sir, I'll go look
 A little, how it heightena.

Mam. Do.—My shirts
 I'll have of taffeta-sarsnet, soft and light
 As cobwebs ; and, for all my other raiment,
 It shall be such as might provoke the Persian,
 Were he to teach the world riot anew.
 My gloves of fishes' and birds' skins, perfum'd
 With gums of paradise, and eastern air. 20

Sur. And do you think to have the Stone with
 this ?

Mam. No, I do think to have all this with the
 Stone.

Sur. Why, I have heard, he must be *homo frugi*,
 A pious, holy, and religious man,
 One free from mortal sin, a very virgin—

Mam. That makes it—Sir, he is so. But I
 buy it.

My venture brings it me. He, honest wretch,
 A notable, superstitious, good soul,
 Has worn his knees bare, and his slippers bald,
 With prayer and fasting for it : and, sir, let him 30
 Do it alone, for me, still. Here he comes.
 Not a profane word, afore him : 'tis poison.

[The judgment is perfectly overwhelmed by the torrent of images, words, and book-knowledge with which Mammon confounds and stuns his incredulous hearer. They come pouring out like the successive strokes of Nilus. They "doubly redouble strokes upon the foe." Description outstrides proof. We are made to believe effects before we have testimony for their causes : as a lively description of the joys of heaven sometimes

passes for an argument to prove the existence of such a place. If there be no one image which rises to the height of the sublime, yet the confluence and assemblage of them all produces an effect equal to the grandest poetry. Xerxes' army that drank up whole rivers from their numbers may stand for single Achilles. Epicure Mammon is the most determined offspring of the author. It has the whole "matter and copy of the father, eye, nose, lip, the trick of his frown :" It is just such a swaggerer as contemporaries have described old Ben to be. Meercraft, Bobadil, the Host of the New Inn, have all his "image and superscription :" but Mammon is arrogant pretension personified. Sir Sampson Legend, in Love for Love, is such another lying overbearing character, but he does not come up to Epicure Mammon. What a "tow'ring bravery" there is in his sensuality ! He affects no pleasure under a Sultan. It is as if "Egypt with Assyria strove in luxury."]

XXXIX.

THE NEW INN ; OR, THE LIGHT HEART :
A COMEDY.

BY THE SAME.

Lovel discovers to the Host of the New Inn his Love for the LADY FRANCES, and his reasons for concealing his Passion from her.

Lov. There is no life on earth, but being in love !
 There are no studies, no delights, no business,
 No intercourse, or trade of sense, or soul,
 But what is love ! I was the laziest creature,
 The most unprofitable sign of nothing,
 The veriest drone, and slept away my life
 Beyond the dormouse, till I was in love !
 And now I can out-wake the nightingale,
 Out-watch an usurer, and out-walk him too,
 Stalk like a ghost that haunted 'bout a treasure ; 10
 And all that fancied treasure, it is love !

Host. But is your name Love-ill, sir, or Love-well ?
 I would know that.

Lov. I do not know it myself,
Whether it is. But it is love hath been
The hereditary passion of our house,
My gentle host, and, as I guess, my friend ;
The truth is, I have loved this lady long,
And impotently, with desire enough,
But no success : for I have still forborne
To express it in my person to her.

Host. How then !

Lov. I have sent her toys, verses, and anagrams,¹⁰
Trials of wit, mere trifles, she has commended,
But knew not whence they came, nor could she guess.

Host. This was a pretty riddling way of wooing !

Lov. I oft have been too in her company,
And look'd upon her a whole day, admir'd her,
Loved her, and did not tell her so ; loved still,
Look'd still, and loved ; and loved, and look'd, and
sigh'd ;
But, as a man neglected, I came off,
And unregarded.

Host. Could you blame her, sir, 20
When you were silent and not said a word ?

Lov. O but I loved the more ; and she might
read it
Best in my silence, had she been——

Host. _____ as melancholic,
As you are. Pray you, why would you stand mute, sir ?

Lov. O thereon hangs a history, mine host.
Did you ever know or hear of the Lord Beaufort,
Who serv'd so bravely in France ? I was his page,
And, ere he died, his friend ! I follow'd him
First in the wars, and in the times of peace 30
I waited on his studies ; which were right.
He had no Arthurs, nor no Rosicleers,
No Knights of the Sun, nor Amadis de Gauls,
Primalions, and Pantagruels, public nothings ;
Abortives of the fabulous dark cloister,
Sent out to poison courts, and infest manners :
But great Achilles', Agamemnon's acts,
Sage Nestor's counsels, and Ulysses' sleights,
Tydides' fortitude, as Homer wrought them
In his immortal fancy, for examples 40
Of the heroic virtue. Or, as Virgil,

That master of the Epic Poem, limn'd
 Pious Æneas, his religious prince,
 Bearing his aged parent on his shoulders,
 Rapt from the flames of Troy, with his young son.
 And these he brought to practise and to use.
 He gave me first my breeding, I acknowledge,
 Then shower'd his bounties on me, like the Hours,
 That open-handed sit upon the clouds,
 And press the liberality of heaven
 Down to the laps of thankful men ! But then, 10
 The trust committed to me at his death
 Was above all, and left so strong a tie
 On all my powers as time shall not dissolve,
 Till it dissolve itself, and bury all :
 The care of his brave heir and only son !
 Who being a virtuous, sweet, young, hopeful lord,
 Hath cast his first affections on this lady.
 And though I know, and may presume her such,
 As, out of humour, will return no love,
 And therefore might indifferently be made 20
 The courting-stock for all to practise on,
 As she doth practise on us all to scorn :
 Yet, out of a religion to my charge,
 And debt professed, I have made a self-decree,
 Ne'er to express my person though my passion
 Burn me to cinders.

*LOVEL, in the presence of the LADY FRANCES, the young
 LORD BEAUFORT, and other Guests of the New Inn,
 defines what Love is.*

Lov. What else
 Is love, but the most noble, pure affection
 Of what is truly beautiful and fair,
 Desire of union with the thing beloved ? 30

Beau. I have read somewhere, that man and woman
 Were, in the first creation, both one piece,
 And being cleft asunder, ever since
 Love was an appetite to be rejoind'.

Lov. It is a fable of Plato's, in his banquet,
 And utter'd there by Aristophanes.

Host. 'Twas well remember'd here, and to good
 use.
 But on with your description what love is.

Desire of union with the thing beloved.

Lov. I meant a definition. For I make
The efficient cause, what's beautiful and fair ;
The formal cause, the appetite of union ;
The final cause, the union itself.
But larger, if you'll have it, by description :
It is a flame and ardour of the mind,
Dead in the proper corpe, quick in another's :
Transfers the lover into the beloved,
That he, or she, that loves, engraves or stamps 10
The idea of what they love, first in themselves :
Or, like to glasses, so their minds take in
The forms of their belov'd, and them reflect.
It is the likeness of affections,
Is both the parent and the nurse of love.
Love is a spiritual coupling of two souls,
So much more excellent as it least relates
Unto the body ; circular, eternal ;
Not feign'd, or made, but born : and then, so
precious,
As nought can value it, but itself. So free, 20
As nothing can command it but itself.
And in itself so round and liberal,
As, where it favours, it bestows itself.
But we must take and understand this love
Along still as a name of dignity,
Not pleasure.
True love hath no unworthy thought, no light
Loose unbecoming appetite, or strain ;
But fixed, constant, pure, immutable.

Beau. I relish not these philosophical feasts ; 30
Give me a banquet o' sense, like that of Ovid ;
A form, to take the eye ; a voice, mine ear ;
Pure aromatics to my scent ; a soft
Smooth dainty hand to touch ; and, for my taste,
Ambrosiac kisses to melt down the palate.

Lov. They are the earthly, lower form of lovers,
Are only taken with what strikes the senses,
And love by that loose scale. Altho' I grant,
We like what's fair and graceful in an object,
And (true) would use it, in the all we tend to, 40
Both of our civil and domestic deeds,
In ordering of an army, in our style,

Apparel, gesture, building, or what not ?
 All arts and actions do affect their beauty.
 But put the case, in travel I may meet
 Some gorgeous structure, a brave frontispiece,
 Shall I stay captive in the outer court,
 Surpris'd with that, and not advance to know
 Who dwells there, and inhabiteth the house ?
 There is my friendship to be made, within,
 With what can love me again ; not with the walls,
 Doors, windows, architraves, the frieze, and cornice.
 My end is lost in loving of a face, 11
 An eye, lip, nose, hand, foot, or other part,
 Whose all is but a statue, if the mind
 Move not, which only can make the return.
 The end of love is to have two made one
 In will, and in affection, that the minds
 Be first inoculated, not the bodies.
 The body's love is frail, subject to change,
 And alters still with it : the mind's is firm,
 One and the same, proceedeth first from weighing, 21
 And well examining what is fair and good ;
 Then what is like in reason, fit in manners ;
 That breeds good will : good will desire of union.
 So knowledge first begets benevolence,
 Benevolence breeds friendship, friendship love :
 And where it starts or steps aside from this,
 It is a mere degenerous appetite,
 A lost, oblique, deprav'd affection,
 And bears no mark or character of love.
 Nor do they trespass within bounds of pardon, 30
 That giving way and license to their love,
 Divest him of his noblest ornaments,
 Which are his modesty and shamefac'dness :
 And so they do, that have unfit designs
 Upon the parties they pretend to love.
 For what's more monstrous, more a prodigy,
 Than to hear me protest truth of affection
 Unto a person that I would dishonour !
 And what's a more dishonour, than defacing
 Another's good with forfeiting mine own,
 And drawing on a fellowship of sin ? 40
 From note of which, though for a while we may
 Be both kept safe by caution, yet the conscience

Cannot be cleans'd. For what was hitherto
Call'd by the name of love, becomes destroy'd
Then, with the fact ; the innocency lost,
The bating of affection soon will follow ;
And love is never true that is not lasting :
No more than any can be pure or perfect,
That entertains more than one object.

[These and the preceding extracts may serve to shew the poetical fancy and elegance of mind of the supposed rugged old Bard. A thousand beautiful passages might be adduced from those numerous court masques and entertainments which he was in the daily habit of furnishing, to prove the same thing. But they do not come within my plan. That which follows is a specimen of that talent for comic humour, and the assemblage of ludicrous images, on which his reputation chiefly rests. It may serve for a variety after so many serious extracts.]

XL.

**THE SAD SHEPHERD: OR, A TALE OF
ROBIN HOOD.**

BY THE SAME.

*ALKEN, an old Shepherd, instructs ROBIN HOOD's Men
how to find a Witch, and how she is to be hunted.*

ROBIN HOOD. TUCK. LITTLE JOHN. SCARLET.
SCATHLOCK. GEORGE. ALKEN. CLARION.

Tuck. Hear you how
Poor Tom, the cook, is taken ! all his joints
Do crack, as if his limbs were tied with points : 10
His whole frame slackens, and a kind of rack
Runs down along the spondils of his back ;
A gout, or cramp, now seizeth on his head,
Then falls into his feet ; his knees are lead ;
And he can stir his either hand no more
Than a dead stump to his office, as before.

Alk. He is bewitch'd.

Cla. This is an argument
Both of her malice, and her power, we see.

Alk. She must by some device restrained be,
Or she'll go far in mischief.

Rob. Advise how,
Sage shepherd ; we shall put it straight in practice.

Alk. Send forth your woodmen then into the
walks,
Or let them prick her footing hence ; a witch
Is sure a creature of melancholy,

And will be found, or sitting in her fourm,
Or else at relief, like a hare.

Cla. You speak, 10
Alken, as if you knew the sport of witch-hunting,
Or starting of a hag.

Rob. Go, Sirs, about it,
Take George here with you, he can help to find her.

John. Rare sport, I swear, this hunting of the
witch
Will make us.

Scar. Let's advise upon 't, like huntsmen.
Geo. An we can spy her once, she is our own.
Scath. First think which way she fourmeth, on
what wind :

Or north, or south. 20
Geo. For, as the shepherd said,

A witch is a kind of hare.

Scath. And marks the weather,
As the hare does.

John. Where shall we hope to find her ?
Alk. Know you the witch's dell ?

Scar. No more than I do know the walks of hell.
Alk. Within a gloomy dimble she doth dwell,

Down in a pit o'ergrown with brakes and briars,
Close by the ruins of a shaken abbey, 30
Torn with an earthquake down unto the ground,
'Mongst graves, and grots, near an old charnel house,
Where you shall find her sitting in her fourm,
As fearful, and melancholic, as that
She is about ; with caterpillars' kells,
And knotty cobwebs, rounded in with spells.
Thence she steals forth to relief, in the fogs,
And rotten mists, upon the fens and bogs,
Down to the drowned lands of Lincolnshire ;
To make ewes cast their lambs, swine eat their
farrow !

The house-wife's tun not work, nor the milk churn !
Writhe children's wrists, and suck their breath in
sleep !

Get vials of their blood ! and where the sea
Casts up his slimy ooze, search for a weed
To open locks with, and to rivet charms,
Planted about her, in the wicked seat
Of all her mischiefs, which are manifold.

John. I wonder such a story could be told
Of her dire deeds.

Geo. I thought, a witch's banks 10
Had inclosed nothing but the merry pranks
Of some old woman.

Scar. Yes, her malice more.

Scath. As it would quickly appear, had we the
store
Of his collects.

Geo. Aye, this good learned man
Can speak her right.

Scar. He knows her shifts and haunts.

Akk. And all her wiles and turns. The venom'd
plants 19
Wherewith she kills ! where the sad mandrake grows,
Whose groans are deathful ! the dead - numbing
night-shade !

The stupifying hemlock ! adder's tongue,
And martagan ! the shrieks of luckless owls,
We hear ! and croaking night-crows in the air !
Green-bellied snakes ! blue fire-drakes in the sky !
And giddy flitter-mice with leather wings !
The scaly beetles, with their habergeons
That make a humming murmur as they fly !
There, in the stocks of trees, white fays do dwell,
And span-long elves that dance about a pool, 30
With each a little changeling in their arms !
The airy spirits play with falling stars,
And mount the sphere of fire, to kiss the moon !
While she sits reading by the glow-worm's light,
Or rotten wood, o'er which the worm hath crept,
The baneful schedule of her nocent charms,
And binding characters, through which she wounds
Her puppets, the *Sigilla* of her witchcraft.
All this I know, and I will find her for you ;

And shew you her sitting in her fourm ; I'll lay
 My hand upon her ; make her throw her scut
 Along her back, when she doth start before us.
 But you must give her law ; and you shall see her
 Make twenty leaps and doubles, cross the paths,
 And then squat down beside us.

John. Crafty croan,
 I long to be at the sport, and to report it.
Scar. We'll make this hunting of the witch as
 famous,
 As any other blast of venery. 80
Geo. If we should come to see her, cry so haw once—
Akk. That I do promise, or I'm no good hag-finder.

XLI. (G.)

BUSSY D'AMBOIS : A TRAGEDY.

BY GEORGE CHAPMAN.

A Nuntius (*or Messenger*) in the presence of KING HENRY
 THE THIRD of France and his Court tells the manner of
 a combat to which he was witness, of three to three ; in
 which D'AMBOIS remained sole survivor : begun upon
 an affront passed upon D'AMBOIS by some Courtiers.

HENRY, GUISE, BEAUPRE, NUNTIUS, &c.

Nuntius. I saw fierce D'Ambois and his two brave

friends

Enter the field, and at their heels their foes,
 Which were the famous soldiers, Barrisor,
 L'Anou, and Pyrrhot, great in deeds of arms :
 All which arriv'd at the evenest piece of earth
 The field afforded, the three challengers
 Turn'd head, drew all their rapiers, and stood rank'd ;
 When face to face the three defendants met them, 20
 Alike prepar'd, and resolute alike.

Like bonfires of contributory wood
 Every man's look shew'd, fed with either's spirit ;
 As one had been a mirror to another,
 Like forms of life and death each took from other :
 And so were life and death mix'd at their heights,

That you could see no fear of death (for life)
 Nor love of life (for death) : but in their brows
 Pyrrho's opinion in great letters shone ;
 That "life and death in all respects are one."

Henry. Passed there no sorts of words at their
 encounter ?

Nuntius. As Hector 'twixt the hosts of Greece and
 Troy,

When Paris and the Spartan king should end
 The nine years' war, held up his brazen lance
 For signal that both hosts should cease from arms,
 And hear him speak : so Barrisor (advis'd) 10
 Advanc'd his naked rapier 'twixt both sides,
 Ript up the quarrel, and compar'd six lives ;
 Then laid in balance with six idle words ;
 Offer'd remission and contrition too :

Or else that he and D'Ambois might conclude
 The others' dangers. D'Ambois lik'd the last :
 But Barrisor's friends (being equally engaged
 In the main quarrel,) never would expose
 His life alone to that they all deserv'd.

And (for the other offer of remission) 20
 D'Ambois (that like a laurel put in fire

Sparkled and spit) did much much more than scorn,
 That his wrong should incense him so like chaff,
 To go so soon out, and, like lighted paper,
 Approve his spirit at once both fire and ashes :
 So drew they lots, and in them fates appointed
 That Barrisor should fight with fiery D'Ambois ;
 Pyrhot with Melynell ; with Brisac L'Anou :
 And then like flame and powder they commixt,
 So sprightly, that I wish'd they had been Spirits ; 30
 That the ne'er-shutting wounds, they needs must

open,

Might as they open'd shut, and never kill.*
 But D'Ambois' sword (that light'ned as it flew)
 Shot like a pointed comet at the face
 Of manly Barrisor ; and there it stuck :
 Thrice pluck'd he at it, and thrice drew on thrusts
 From him, that of himself was free as fire ;
 Who thrust still, as he pluck'd, yet (past belief)

* One can hardly believe but that these lines were written after
 Milton had described his *warring ange's*.

He with his subtle eye, hand, body, 'scap'd ;
 At last the deadly bitten point tugg'd off,
 On fell his yet undaunted foe so fiercely,
 That (only made more horrid with his wound)
 Great D'Ambois shrunk, and gave a little ground :
 But soon return'd, redoubled in his danger,
 And at the heart of Barrisor seal'd his anger.
 Then, as in Arden I have seen an oak
 Long shook with tempests, and his lofty top
 Bent to his root, which being at length made loose 10
 (E'en groaning with his weight) he 'gan to nod
 This way and that, as loth his curled brows
 (Which he had oft wrapt in the sky with storms)
 Should stoop ; and yet, his radical fibres burst,
 Storm-like he fell, and hid the fear-cold earth :
 So fell stout Barrisor, that had stood the shocks
 Of ten set battles in your highness' war
 'Gainst the sole soldier of the world, Navarre.

Guise. O piteous and horrid murder !

Beaupre. Such a life
 Methinks had metal in it to survive
 An age of men.

Henry. Such often soonest end.
 Thy felt report calls on ; we long to know
 On what events the others have arrived.

Nuntius. Sorrow and fury, like two opposite fumes
 Met in the upper region of a cloud,
 At the report made by this worthy's fall,
 Brake from the earth, and with them rose Revenge,
 Ent'ring with fresh pow'rs his two noble friends : 30
 And under that odds fell surcharg'd Brisac,
 The friend of D'Ambois, before fierce L'Anou ;
 Which D'Ambois seeing, as I once did see,
 In my young travels through Armenia,
 An angry unicorn in his full career
 Charge with too swift a foot a Jeweller
 That watched him for the treasure of his brow ;
 And, ere he could get shelter of a tree,
 Nail him with his rich antler to the earth :
 So D'Ambois ran upon reveng'd L'Anou, 40
 Who eyeing th' eager point borne in his face,
 And giving back, fell back, and in his fall
 His foe's uncurb'd sword stopped in his heart :

By which time all the life-strings of the tw' other
Were cut, and both fell, as their spirit flew,
Upwards ; and still hunt honour at the view.
And now, of all the six, sole D'Ambois stood
Untouched, save only with the others' blood.

Henry. All slain outright but he !

Natæcia. All slain outright but he :
Who kneeling in the warm life of his friends,
(All freckled with the blood his rapier rain'd)
He kissed their pale lips, and bade both farewell. 10

False Greatness.

As cedars beaten with continual storms,
So great men flourish ; and do imitate
Unskilful statuaries, who suppose,
In forming a Colosseus, if they make him
Straddle enough, strut, and look big, and gape,
Their work is goodly : so men merely great,
In their affected gravity of voice,
Sourness of countenance, manners' cruelty,
Authority, wealth, and all the spawn of fortune, 19
Think they bear all the kingdom's worth before them ;
Yet differ not from those colossie statues,
Which, with heroic forms without o'erspread,
Within are nought but mortar, flint, and lead.

Virtue.—Policy.

— as great seamen using all their wealth
And skills in Neptune's deep invisible paths,
In tall ships richly built and ribb'd with brass,
To put a girdle round about the world ;
When they have done it, coming near the haven,
Are fain to give a warning piece, and call
A poor staid fisherman that never passed 20
His country's sight, to waft and guide them in :
So when we wander furthest through the waves
Of glassy Glory, and the gulfs of State,
Topped with all titles, spreading all our reaches,
As if each private arm would sphere the earth,
We must to Virtue for her guide resort,
Or we shall shipwreck in our safest port.

Nick of Time.

There is a deep nick in Time's restless wheel
For each man's good, when which nick comes, it
strikes :

As Rhetoric yet works not persuasion,
But only is a mean to make it work :
So no man riseth by his real merit,
But when it *cries clink* in his Raiser's spirit.

Difference of the English and French Courts.

HENRY. GUISE. MONTSURRY.

Guise. I like not their Court* fashion, 'tis too
crestfall'n

In all observance, making demigods
Of their great Nobles, and of their old Queen †
An ever young and most immortal Goddess.

Mont. No question she's the rarest Queen in
Europe.

Guise. But what's that to her immortality ? 10

Henry. Assure you, cousin Guise ; so great a
Courtier,

So full of majesty and royal parts,
No Queen in Christendom may vaunt herself.

Her Court approves it. That's a Court indeed ;
Not mix'd with clown'ries us'd in common houses :
But, as courts should be, th' abstracts of their king-
doms,

In all the beauty, state, and worth they hold ;
So is hers amply, and by her inform'd.

The world is not contracted in a Man,
With more proportion and expression, 19
Than in her Court her Kingdom. Our French Court
Is a mere mirror of confusion to it.

The King and Subject, Lord and every Slave,
Dance a continual hay. Our rooms of state
Kept like our stables : no place more observ'd
Than a rude market-place ; and though our custom
Keep this assur'd confusion from our eyes,
'Tis ne'er the less essentially unsightly.

* The English.

† Q. Elizabeth.

XLII. (G.)

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM THE SAME.

BY THE SAME.

Invocation for Secrecy at a Love-Meeting.

Tamyra. Now all ye peaceful Regents of the
Night,
Silently-gliding Exhalations,
Languishing Winds, and murmuring Falls of Waters,
Sadness of Heart, and Ominous Secureness,
Enchantment's dead Sleeps ; all the Friends of Rest,
That ever wrought upon the life of man,
Extend your utmost strengths ; and this charm'd hour
Fix like the centre ; make the violent wheels
Of Time and Fortune stand ; and great Existence,
The Maker's Treasury, now not seem to be 10
To all but my approaching friend* and me.

At the Meeting.

Here's nought but whispering with us : like a calm
Before a tempest, when the silent air
Lays her soft ear close to the earth, to hearken
For that she fears is coming to afflict her.

Invocation for a Spirit of Intelligence.

D'Ambois. I long to know
How my dear Mistress fares, and be inform'd
What hand she now holds on the troubled blood
Of her incensed Lord. Methought the Spirit
When he had utter'd his perplext presage, 20
Threw his chang'd countenance headlong into clouds
His forehead bent, as he would hide his face :
He knock'd his chin against his darken'd breast,
And struck a churlish silence thro' his powers.—
Terror of Darkness, O thou King of Flames,
That with thy music-footed horse dost strike
The clear light out of crystal, on dark earth ;

* D'Ambois; with whom she has an appointment.

And hurl'st instructive fire about the world :
 Wake, wake the drowsy and enchanted night,
 That sleepes with dead eyes in this heavy riddle.*
 Or thou, Great Prince of Shades, where never sun
 Sticks his far-darted beams ; whose eyes are made
 To see in darkness, and see ever best
 Where sense is blindest : open now the heart
 Of thy abashed oracle, that, for fear
 Of some ill it includes, would fain lie hid,
 And rise Thou with it in thy greater light.† 10

The Friar dissuades the Husband of Tamyra from revenge.

Your wife's offence serves not, were it the worst
 You can imagine, without greater proofs,
 To sever your eternal bonds and hearts ;
 Much less to touch her with a bloody hand :
 Nor is it manly, much less husbandly,
 To expiate any frailty in your wife,
 With churlish strokes, or beastly odds of strength ;
 The stony birth of clouds ‡ will touch no laurel,
 Nor any sleeper. Your wife is your laurel,
 And sweetest sleeper ; do not touch her then : 20
 Be not more rude than the wild seed of vapour
 To her that is more gentle than it rude.

XLIII. (G.)

ALL FOOLS : A COMEDY.

BY THE SAME.

Love's Panegyric.

— 'tis Nature's second Sun,
 Causing a spring of Virtues where he shines ;
 And as without the Sun, the world's Great Eye,
 All colours, beauties, both of art and nature,
 Are given in vain to men ; so without Love

* He wants to know the fate of Tamyra, whose intrigue with him has been discovered by her Husband.

† This calling upon Light and Darkness for information, but, above all, the description of the Spirit—"Threw his chang'd countenance headlong into clouds"—is tremendous, to the curdling of the blood. I know nothing in Poetry like it.

‡ The thunderbolt.

All beauties bred in women are in vain,
All virtues born in men lie buried ;
For Love *informs* them as the Sun doth colours :
And as the Sun, reflecting his warm beams
Against the earth, begets all fruits and flowers,
So Love, fair shining in the inward man,
Brings forth in him the honourable fruits
Of valour, wit, virtue, and haughty thoughts,
Brave resolutions, and divine discourse.

Love with Jealousy.

—such Love is like a smoky fire
In a cold morning. Though the fire be cheerful,
Yet is the smoke so foul and cumbersome,
'Twere better lose the fire, than find the smoke.

Bailiffs routed.

I walking in the place where men's law-suits
Are heard and pleaded, not so much as dreaming
Of any such encounter ; steps me forth
Their valiant Foreman with the word " I 'rest you." 20
I made no more ado but laid these paws
Close on his shoulders, tumbling him to earth ;
And there sat he on his posteriors
Like a baboon : and turning me about,
I straight espied the whole troop issuing on me.
I stept me back, and drawing my old friend here,
Made to the midst of 'em, and all unable
To endure the shock, all rudely fell in rout,
And down the stairs they ran in such a fury,
As meeting with a troop of Lawyers there,
Mann'd by their Clients (some with ten, some with
twenty, 30
Some five, some three ; he that had least had one),
Upon the stairs, they bore them down afore them.
But such a rattling then was there amongst them,
Of ravish'd Declarations, Replications,
Rejoinders, and Petitions, all their books
And writings torn, and trod on, and some lost,
That the poor Lawyers coming to the Bar
Could say nought to the matter, but instead,
Were fain to rail, and talk beside their books,
Without all order.

XLIV. (G.)

THE GENTLEMAN USHER : A COMEDY.

BY THE SAME.

VINCENTIO, a Prince, (to gain him over to his interest in a love-affair), gulls BASSIOLO, a formal Gentleman Usher to a great Lord, with commendations of his wise house-ordering at a great Entertainment.

Vinc.—besides, good Sir, your Show did shew so well—

Bass. Did it indeed, my Lord ?

Vinc. O Sir, believe it,

'Twas the best fashion'd and well-order'd thing,
That every eye beheld : and therewithal,
The fit attendance by the servants used,
The gentle guise in serving every guest,
In other entertainments ; everything
About your house so sortfully disposed,
That ev'n as in a turn-spit (call'd a Jack) 10
One vice* assists another ; the great wheels,
Turning but softly, make the less to whirr
About their business ; every different part
Concurring to one commendable end :
So, and in such conformance, with rare grace,
Were all things ordered in your good Lord's house.

Bass. The most fit simile that ever was.

Vinc. But shall I tell you plainly my conceit,
Touching the *man* that (I think) caused this order ?

Bass. Aye, good my Lord. 20

Vinc. You note my simile ?

Bass. Drawn from the turn-spit.

Vinc. I see, you have me.

Even as in that quaint engine you have seen
A little man in shreds stand at the winder,
And seems to put in act all things about him,
Lifting and pulling with a mighty stir,—
Yet adds no force to it, nor nothing does :
So, though your Lord be a brave gentleman,
And seems to do this business, he does nothing.

* Turn.

Some man about him was the festival robe,
That made him shew so glorious and divine.

Bass. I cannot tell, my Lord ; but I should know,
If any such there were.

Vinc. Should know, quoth you ?
I warrant, you know well. Well, some there be
Shall have the fortune to have such rare men,
(Like brave Beasts to their arms) support their state ;
When others of as high a worth and breed,
Are made the wasteful food of them they feed.— 10
What state hath your Lord made you for your service ?

* * * * *

The same BASSIOLO described.

Lord's Daughter. —his place is great ; for he's not
only
My father's Usher, but the world's beside,
Because he goes before it all in folly.

XLV. (G.)

CÆSAR AND POMPEY : A TRAGEDY.

BY THE SAME.

Sacrifice.

Imperial Cæsar, at your sacred charge,
I drew a milk white ox into the Temple,
And turning there his face into the East,
(Fearfully shaking at the shining light)
Down fell his horned forehead to his hoof.
When I began to greet him with the stroke, 20
That should prepare him for the holy rites,
With hideous roars he laid out such a throat
As made the secret lurking of the God
To answer, Echo-like, in threat'ning sounds :
I struck again at him, and then he slept ;
His life-blood boiling out at every wound
In streams as clear as any liquid ruby. . . .
. . . the beast cut up, and laid on the altar,
His limbs were all licked up with instant flames ;

Not like the elemental fire that burns
 In household uses, lamely struggling up,
 This way and that way winding as it rises,
 But right and upright reached his proper sphere
 Where burns the fire eternal and sincere.

Joy unexpected, best.

Joys unexpected, and in desperate plight,
 Are still most sweet, and prove from whence they
 come ;
 When earth's still moon-like confidence in joy
 Is at her full, true joy descending far
 From past her sphere, and from the highest heaven 10
 That moves and is not moved.

Inward help the best help.

— I will stand no more
 On others' legs, nor build one joy without me.
 If ever I be worth a house again,
 I'll build all inward : not a light shall ope
 The common out-way ; no expense, no art,
 No ornament, no door, will I use there ;
 But raise all plain and rudely like a rampier,
 Against the false society of men,
 That still batters 20
 All reason piece-meal ; and, for earthly greatness
 All heavenly comforts rarifies to air,
 I'll therefore live in dark ; and all my light,
 Like ancient Temples, let in at my top.
 This were to turn one's back to all the world,
 And only look at heaven.
 Therefore when our diseas'd affections
 Harmful to human freedom, and storm-like
 Inferring darkness to th' infected mind,
 Oppress our comforts : 'tis but letting in 30
 The light of reason, and a purer spirit
 Take in another way ; like rooms that fight
 With windows 'gainst the wind, yet let in light.

XLVI. (G.)

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM THE SAME.

BY THE SAME.

CATO's Speech at Utica to a Senator, who had express
fears on his account.

Away, Statilius ; how long shall thy love
Exceed thy knowledge of me, and the Gods,
Whose rights thou wrong'st for my right ? have not I
Their powers to guard me, in a cause of theirs ?
Their justice and integrity to guard me
In what I stand for ? he that fears the Gods,
For guard of any goodness, all things fears,
Earth, seas, and air ; heav'n ; darkness ; broad day-
light ;
Rumour, and silence, and his very shade :
And what an aspen soul has such a creature ! 10
How dangerous to his soul is such a fear ;
In whose cold fits, is all Heav'n's justice shaken
To his faint thoughts ; and all the goodness there,
Due to all good men by the Gods' own vows ;
Nay, by the firmness of their endless being ;
All which shall fail as soon as any one
Good to a good man in them : for his goodness
Proceeds from them, and is a beam of theirs.
O never more, Statilius, may this fear
Taint thy bold bosom, for thyself or friend, 20
More than the Gods are fearful to defend.

His thoughts of Death.

Poor slaves, how terrible this Death is to them !—
If men would sleep, they would be wrath with all
That interrupt them ; physic take, to take
The golden rest it brings ; both pay and pray
For good and soundest naps : all friends consenting
In those kind invocations ; praying all
“ Good rest the Gods vouchsafe you.” But when
Death,
Sleep's natural brother, comes, that's nothing worse,
But better, (being more rich—and keeps the store—

Sleep ever fickle, wayward still, and poor),—
 O how men grudge, and shake, and fear, and fly
 His stern approaches ! all their comforts, taken
 In faith, and knowledge of the bliss and beauties
 That watch their wakings in an endless life,
 Drown'd in the pains and horrors of their sense
 Sustain'd but for an hour.

His Discourse with ATHENODORUS on an After Life.

Cato. As Nature works in all things to an end,
 So, in the appropriate honour of that end,
 All things precedent have their natural frame ; 10
 And therefore is there a proportion
 Betwixt the ends of those things and their primes :
 For else there could not be in their creation
 Always, or for the most part, that firm form
 In their still like existence, that we see
 In each full creature. What proportion then
 Hath an immortal with a mortal substance ?
 And therefore the mortality to which
 A man is subject, rather is a sleep
 Than bestial death; since sleep and death are called 20
 The twins of nature. For, if absolute death
 And bestial, seize the body of a man,
 Then is there no proportion in his parts,
 (His soul being free from death), which otherwise
 Retain divine proportion. For, as sleep
 No disproportion holds with human souls,
 But aptly quickens the proportion
 Twixt them and bodies, making bodies fitter
 To give up forms to souls, which is their end :
 So death, twin-born of sleep, resolving all 30
 Man's body's heavy parts, in lighter nature
 Makes a re-union with the spritely soul ;
 When in a second life their beings given,
 Hold their proportions firm in highest heaven.

Athenodorus. Hold you our bodies shall revive ;
 resuming

Our souls again to heaven ?

Cato. Past doubt ; though others
 Think heav'n a world too high for our low reaches.
 Not knowing the sacred sense of him that sings,
 "Jove can let down a golden chain from heaven," 40

Which, tied to earth, shall fetch up earth and seas"—
 And what's that golden chain but our pure souls,
 That, govern'd with His grace, and drawn by Him,
 Can hoist the earthly body up to him?—
 The sea, the air, and all the elements,
 Compressed in it; not while 'tis thus concrete,
 But 'fined by death, and then giv'n heav'nly heat.—
 We shall, past death,
 Retain those forms of knowledge, learn'd in life :
 Since, if what here we learn, we there shall lose, 10
 Our immortality were not life, but time :
 And that our souls in reason are immortal,
 Their natural and proper objects prove,
 Which Immortality and Knowledge are :
 For to that object ever is referr'd
 The nature of the soul, in which the acts
 Of her high faculties are still employ'd.
 And that true object must her powers obtain,
 To which they are in nature's aim directed ;
 Since 'twere absurd to have her set an object 20
 Which possibly she never can aspire.

His last words.

—now I am safe;
 Come, Cæsar, quickly now, or lose your vassal.
 Now wing thee, dear Soul, and receive her heaven.
 The earth, the air, and seas I know, and all
 The joys and horrors of their peace and wars ;
 And now will see the Gods' state, and the stars.

Greatness in Adversity.

Vulcan from heav'n fell, yet on's feet did light,
 And stood no less a God than at his height.

XLVII.

BYRON'S CONSPIRACY.

BY THE SAME.

Byron described.

—he is a man
 Of matchless valour, and was ever happy
 In all encounters, which were still made good

30

With an unwearied sense of any toil,
 Having continued fourteen days together
 Upon his horse ; his blood is not voluptuous,
 Nor much inclined to women ; his desires
 Are higher than his state ; and his deserts
 Not much short of the most he can desire,
 If they be weigh'd with what France feels by them.
 He is past measure glorious : and that humour
 Is fit to feed his spirits, whom it possesseth
 With faith in any error ; chiefly where 10
 Men blow it up with praise of his perfections :
 The taste whereof in him so soothes his palate,
 And takes up all his appetite, that oft times
 He will refuse his meat, and company,
 To feast alone with their most strong conceit.
 Ambition also cheek by cheek doth march
 With that excess of glory, both sustain'd
 With an unlimited fancy, that the king,
 Nor France itself, without him can subsist.

Men's Glories eclipsed when they turn Traitors.

As when the moon hath comforted the night, 20
 And set the world in silver of her light,
 The planets, asterisms, and whole State of Heaven,
 In beams of gold descending : all the winds
 Bound up in caves, charg'd not to drive abroad
 Their cloudy heads : an universal peace
 (Proclaim'd in silence) of the quiet earth :
 Soon as her hot and dry fumes are let loose,
 Storms and clouds mixing suddenly put out
 The eyes of all those glories ; the creation
 Turn'd into Chaos ; and we then desire, 30
 For all our joy of life, the death of sleep.
 So when the glories of our lives (men's loves,
 Clear consciences, our fames and loyalties),
 That did us worthy comfort, are eclips'd,
 Grief and disgrace invade us ; and for all
 Our night of life besides, our misery craves
 Dark earth would ope and hide us in our graves.

Opinion of the Scale of Good or Bad.

—there is no truth of any good
 To be discern'd on earth ; and, by converasian,
 Nought therefore simply bad ; but as the stuff 40

Prepar'd for Arras pictures, is no picture,
 Till it be form'd, and man hath cast the beams
 Of his imaginous fancy thorough it,
 In forming ancient Kings and Conquerors
 As he conceives they look'd and were attir'd,
 Though they were nothing so : so all things here
 Have all their price set down from men's conceits ;
 Which make all terms and actions good or bad,
 And are but pliant and well-colour'd threads,
 Put into feigned images of Truth. 10

Insinuating Manners.

We must have these lures, when we hawk for friends :
 And wind about them like a subtle river,
 That, seeming only to run on his course,
 Doth search yet, as he runs, and still finds out
 The easiest parts of entry on the shore,
 Gliding so slyly by, as scarce it touch'd,
 Yet still eats something in it.

The Stars not able to foreshew any Thing.

I am a nobler substance than the stars :
 And shall the baser over-rule the better ?
 Or are they better since they are the bigger ? 20
 I have a will, and faculties of choice,
 To do or not to do ; and reason why
 I do or not do this : the stars have none.
 They know not why they shine, more than this
 taper,
 Nor how they work, nor what I'll change my
 course :
 I'll piece-meal pull the frame of all my thoughts,
 And cast my will into another mould :
 And where are all your Caput Algols then ?
 Your planets, all being underneath the earth
 At my nativity : what can they do ? 30
 Malignant in aspects, in bloody houses ?

The Master Spirit.

Give me a spirit that on life's rough sea
 Loves to have his sails fill'd with a lusty wind,
 E'en till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
 And his rapt ship run on her side so low,
 That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs air.

There is no danger to a man, that knows
 What life and death is : there's not any law
 Exceeds his knowledge ; neither is it lawful
 That he should stoop to any other law :
 He goes before them, and commands them all,
 That to himself is a law rational.

Vile Natures in High Places.

_____foolish Statuaries,
 That under little Saints suppose* great bases,
 Make less (to sense) the saints : and so, where fortune
 Advanceth vile minds to states great and noble, 10
 She much the more exposeth them to shame,
 Not able to make good, and fill their bases
 With a conformed structure.

Innocence the Harmony of the Faculties.

_____Innocence, the sacred amulet
 'Gainst all the poisons of infirmity,
 Of all misfortune, injury, and death :
 That makes a man in tune still in himself ;
 Free from the hell to be his own accuser ;
 Ever in quiet, endless joy enjoying,
 No strife nor no sedition in his powers ; 20
 No motion in his will against his reason ;
 No thought 'gainst thought ; nor (as 'twere in the
 confines
 Of wishing and repenting), doth possess
 Only a wayward and tumultuous peace ;
 But, all parts in him friendly and secure,
 Fruitful of all best things in all worst seasons,
 He can with every wish be in their plenty,
 When the infectious guilt of one foul crime
 Destroys the free content of all our time.

* Put under.

XLVIII.

BYRON'S TRAGEDY.

BY THE SAME.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH of France *blesses the young Dauphin.*

My royal blessing, and the King of Heaven,
Make thee an aged and a happy King :
Help, nurse, to put my sword into his hand ;
Hold, boy, by this ; and with it may thy arm
Cut from thy tree of rule all traitorous branches,
That strive to shadow and eclipse thy glories.
Have thy old father's Angel for thy guide,
Redoubled be his spirit in thy breast :
Who, when this State ran like a turbulent sea,
In civil hates and bloody enmity, 10
Their wraths and envies (like so many winds)
Settled and burst : and like the Halcyon's birth,
Be thine to bring a calm upon the shore :
In which the eyes of war may ever sleep,
As over-watch'd with former massacres,
When guilty mad Noblesse fed on Noblesse,
All the sweet plenty of the realm exhausted ;
When the nak'd merchant was pursued for spoil,
When the poor peasants frighted neediest thieves
With their pale leanness ; nothing left on them 20
But meagre carcasses, sustained with air,
Wandering like ghosts affrighted from their graves ;
When, with the often and incessant sounds
The very beasts knew the alarm-bell,
And hearing it ran bellowing to their home ;
From which unchristian broils and homicides,
Let the religious sword of Justice free
Thee, and thy kingdoms govern'd after me.
O Heaven ! Or if the unsettled blood of France,
With ease and wealth, renew her civil furies, 30
Let all my powers be emptied in my son,
To curb and end them all, as I have done.
Let him by virtue quite cut off from Fortune
Her feather'd shoulders, and her winged shoes,
And thrust from her light feet her turning stone ;

That she may ever tarry by his throne.
 And of his worth let after ages say
 (He fighting for the land, and bringing home
 Just conquests, laden with his enemies' spoils,)
 His father passed all France in martial deeds ;
 But he his father twenty times exceeds.

What we have, we slight ; what we want, we think excellent.

— as a man, match'd with a lovely wife,
 When his most heavenly theory of her beauties
 Is dull'd and quite exhausted with his practice,
 He brings her forth to feasts, where he, alas, 10
 Falls to his viands with no thought like others,
 That think him blest in her ; and they, poor men,
 Court, and make faces, offer service, sweat
 With their desires' contention, break their brains
 For jests and tales, sit mute, and loose their looks,
 Far out of wit and out of countenance.
 So all men else do, what they have, transplant,
 And place their wealth in thirst of what they want.

Soliloquy of KING HENRY deliberating on the Death of a Traitor.

O thou that govern'st the keen swords of Kings,
 Direct my arm in this important stroke ; 20
 Or hold it, being advanc'd : the weight of blood,
 Even in the basest subject, doth exact
 Deep consultation in the highest King :
 For in one subject, death's unjust affrights,
 Passions, and pains, though he be ne'er so poor,
 Ask more remorse than the voluptuous spleens
 Of all Kings in the world deserve respect.
 He should be born grey-headed that will bear
 The weight of Empire. Judgment of the life,
 Free state and reputation of a man, 30
 (If it be just and worthy), dwells so dark,
 That it denies access to sun and moon :
 The soul's eye, sharpen'd with that sacred light,
 Of whom the sun itself is but a beam,
 Must only give that judgment. O how much
 Err those kings then, that play with life and death,
 And nothing put into their serious states
 But humour and their lusts ; for which alone

Men long for kingdoms : whose huge counterpoise
In cares and dangers could a fool comprise,
He would not be a king, but would be wise.

[The Selections which I have made from this poet are sufficient to give an idea of that "full and heightened style" which Webster makes characteristic of Chapman. Of all the English Play-writers, Chapman perhaps approaches nearest to Shakspere in the descriptive and didactic, in passages which are less purely dramatic. Dramatic Imitation was not his talent. He could not go out of himself, as Shakspere could shift at pleasure, to inform and animate other existences, but in himself he had an eye to perceive and a soul to embrace all forms. He would have made a great epic poet, if, indeed, he has not abundantly shown himself to be one ; for his Homer is not so properly a Translation as the Stories of Achilles and Ulysses re-written. The earnestness and passion which he has put into every part of these poems would be incredible to a reader of mere modern translations. His almost Greek zeal for the honour of his heroes is only paralleled by that fierce spirit of Hebrew bigotry, with which Milton, as if personating one of the Zealots of the old law, clothed himself when he sate down to paint the acts of Samson against the Uncircumcised. The great obstacle to Chapman's Translations being read is their unconquerable quaintness. He pours out in the same breath the most just and natural and the most violent and forced expressions. He seems to grasp whatever words come first to hand during the impetus of inspiration, as if all other must be inadequate to the divine meaning. But passion (the all in all in Poetry) is everywhere present, raising the low, dignifying the mean, and putting sense into the absurd. He makes his readers glow, weep, tremble, take any affection which he pleases, be moved by words, or in spite of them, be disgusted and overcome their disgust. I have often thought that the vulgar misconception of Shakspere, as of a wild irregular genius "in whom great faults are compensated by great beauties," would be really true applied to Chapman. But there is no scale by which to balance such disproportionate subjects as the faults and beauties of a great genius. To set off the former with any fairness against the latter, the pain which they give us should be in some proportion to the pleasure which we receive from the other. As these transport us to the highest heaven, those should steep us in agonies infernal.]

XLIX. (G.)

BUSSY D'AMBOIS HIS REVENGE :

A TRAGEDY.

BY THE SAME.

Plays and Players.

Guise. —I would have these things
Brought upon Stages, to let mighty Misers
See all their grave and serious mischiefs play'd,
As once they were in Athens and old Rome.

Clermont. Nay, we must now have nothing brought
on Stages
But puppetry, and pied ridiculous antics.
Men thither come to laugh, and feed fool-fat ;
Check at all goodness there, as being profaned :
When, wheresoever Goodness comes, she makes
The place still sacred, though with other feet 10
Never so much 'tis scandal'd and polluted.
Let me learn anything, that fits a man,
In any Stables shewn, as well as Stages.—

Baligny. Why, is not all the World esteem'd a
Stage ?

Clermont. Yes, and right worthily ; and Stages too
Have a respect due to them, if but only
For what the good Greek Moralist says of them :
“ Is a man proud of greatness, or of riches ?
Give me an expert Actor ; I'll shew all
That can within his greatest glory fall : 20
Is a man 'fraid with poverty and lowness ?
Give me an Actor ; I'll shew every eye
What he laments so, and so much does fly :
The best and worst of both.”—If but for this then,
To make the proudest outside, that most swells
With things without him, and above his worth,
See how small cause he has to be so blown up ;
And the most poor man, to be griev'd with poor-
ness ;
Both being so easily borne by expert Actors :
The Stage and Actors are not so contemptful, 30

As every innovating Puritan,
 And ignorant Sweater, out of jealous envy,
 Would have the world imagine. And besides
 That all things have been liken'd to the mirth
 Used upon Stages, and for Stages fitted ;
 The Splenetic Philosopher, that ever
 Laugh'd at them all, were worthy the enstaging :
 All objects, were they ne'er so full of tears,
 He so conceited, that he could distil thence
 Matter, that still fed his ridiculous humour. 10
 Heard he a Lawyer, never so vehement pleading,
 He stood and laugh'd. Heard he a Tradesman,
 swearing
 Never so thriftily, selling of his wares,
 He stood and laugh'd. Heard he a Holy Brother,
 For hollow ostentation, at his prayers
 Ne'er so impetuously, he stood and laugh'd.
 Saw he a Great Man, never so insulting,
 Severely inflicting, gravely giving laws,
 Not for their good but his—he stood and laugh'd.
 Saw he a youthful Widow, 20
 Never so weeping, wringing of her hands
 For her dead Lord, still the Philosopher laugh'd.—
 Now, whether he supposed all these presentments
 Were only maskerries, and wore false faces,
 Or else were simply vain, I take no care ;
 But still he laugh'd, how grave soe'er they were.

Stoicism.

— in this one thing all the discipline
 Of manners and of manhood is contain'd ;
 A man to join himself with the Universe
 In his main sway, and make (in all things fit) 30
 One with that All, and go on, round as it ;
 Not plucking from the whole his wretched part,
 And into straits, or into nought revert ;
 Wishing the complete Universe might be
 Subject to such a rag of it as he.

Apparitions before the Body's Death : Scotice, Second Sight.
 — these true shadows of the Guise and Cardinal,
 Fore-running thus their bodies, may approve,
 That all things to be done, as here we live,
 Are done before all times in th' other life.

L.

THE TRAGEDY OF PHILIP CHABOT,
ADMIRAL OF FRANCE.

BY GEORGE CHAPMAN AND JAMES SHIRLEY.

The ADMIRAL is accused of treason, a criminal process is instituted against him, and his faithful servant ALLEGRE is put on the rack to make him discover: his innocence is at length established by the confession of his enemies; but the disgrace of having been suspected for a traitor by his royal Master, sinks so deep into him, that he falls into a mortal sickness.

ADMIRAL. ALLEGRE, supported between two.

Adm. Welcome my injured servant: what a misery

Have they made on thee!

Al. Though some change appear
Upon my body, whose severe affliction
Hath brought it thus to be sustain'd by others,
My heart is still the same in faith to you,
Not broken with their rage.

Adm. Alas poor man.

Were all my joys essential, and so mighty,
As the affected world believes I taste,
This object were enough t' unsweeten all. 10
Though, in thy absence, I had suffering,
And felt within me a strong sympathy,
While for my sake their cruelty did vex
And fright thy nerves with horror of thy sense,
Yet in this spectacle I apprehend
More grief, than all my imagination
Could let before into me. Didst not curse me
Upon the torture?

Al. Good my lord, let not 20
The thought of what I suffer'd dwell upon
Your memory; they could not punish more
Than what my duty did oblige to bear
For you and justice: but there's something in
Your looks presents more fear, than all the malice
Of my tormentors could affect my soul with.
That paleness, and the other forms you wear,
Would well become a guilty admiral, one

Lost to his hopes and honour, not the man
 Upon whose life the fury of injustice,
 Arm'd with fierce lightning and the power of thunder,
 Can make no breach. I was not rack'd till now.
 There's more death in that falling eye, than all
 Rage ever yet brought forth. What accident, sir,
 can blast,
 Can be so black and fatal, to distract
 The calm, the triumph, that should sit upon
 Your noble brow : misfortune could have no
 Time to conspire with fate, since you were rescued 10
 By the great arm of Providence ; nor can
 Those garlands, that now grow about your forehead,
 With all the poison of the world be blasted.

Adm. Allegre, thou dost bear thy wounds upon
 thee

In wide and spacious characters, but in
 The volume of my sadness thou dost want
 An eye to read. An open force hath torn
 Thy manly sinews, which some time may cure.
 The engine is not seen that wounds thy master ;
 Past all the remedy of art, or time, 20
 The flatteries of court, or fame, or honours.
 Thus in the summer a tall flourishing tree,
 Transplanted by strong hand, with all her leaves
 And blooming pride upon her, makes a show
 Of spring, tempting the eye with wanton blossoms :
 But not the sun with all her amorous smiles,
 The dews of morning, or the tears of night,
 Can root her fibres in the earth again,
 Or make her bosom kind, to growth and bearing :
 But the tree withers ; and those very beams, 30
 That once were natural warmth to her soft verdure,
 Dry up her sap, and shoot a fever through
 The bark and rind, till she becomes a burden
 To that which gave her life : so Chabot, Chabot.

Al. Wonder in apprehension ! I must
 Suspect your health indeed.

Adm. No, no, thou shalt not
 Be troubled : I but stirr'd thee with a moral
 That's empty ; contains nothing. I am well :
 See, I can walk ; poor man, thou hast not strength
 yet. 40

*The father of the ADMIRAL makes known the condition
his son is in to the KING.*

FATHER. KING.

King. Say, how is my admiral ?
The truth upon thy life.
Fath. To secure his, I would you had.
King. Ha ! who durst oppose him ?
Fath. One that hath power enough, hath practis'd
on him,
And made his great heart stoop.
King. I will revenge it
With crushing, crushing that rebellious power
To nothing. Name him.
Fath. He was his friend. 10
King. What mischief hath engender'd
New storms ?
Fath. 'Tis the old tempest.
King. Did not we
Appease all horrors that look'd wild upon him ?
Fath. You drest his wounds, I must confess, but
made
No cure ; they bleed afresh : pardon me, sir ;
Although your conscience have closed too soon,
He is in danger, and doth want new surgery :
Though he be right in fame, and your opinion, 20
He thinks you were unkind.
King. Alas, poor Chabot :
Doth that afflict him ?
Fath. So much, though he strive
With most resolv'd and adamantine nerves,
As ever human fire in flesh and blood
Forg'd for example, to bear all ; so killing
The arrows that you shot were (still, your pardon),
No centaur's blood could rankle so.
King. If this 30
Be all, I'll cure him. Kings retain
More balsam in their soul, than hurt in anger.
Fath. Far short, sir ; with one breath they uncreate :
And kings, with only words, more wounds can make
Than all their kingdom made in balm can heal.
'Tis dangerous to play too wild a descant
On numerous virtue ; though it become princes

To assure their adventures made in everything,
Goodness, confin'd within poor flesh and blood,
Hath but a queasy and still sickly state ;
A musical hand should only play on her,
Fluent as air, yet every touch command.

King. No more :
Commend us to the admiral, and say
The king will visit him, and bring health.
Fath. I will not doubt that blessing, and shall
move
Nimbly with this command. 10

*The KING visits the ADMIRAL.**KING. ADMIRAL His wife, and futher.*

King. No ceremonial knees,—
Give me thy heart, my dear, my honest Chabot ;
And yet in vain I challenge that ; 'tis here
Already in my own, and shall be cherish'd
With care of my best life : no violence
Shall ravish it from my possession ;
Not those distempers that infirm my blood
And spirits, shall betray it to a fear :
When time and nature join to dispossess
My body of a cold and languishing breath ; 20
No stroke in all my arteries, but silence
In every faculty ; yet dissect me then,
And in my heart the world shall read thee living ;
And, by the virtue of thy name writ there,
That part of me shall never putrify,
When I am lost in all my other dust.

Adm. You too much honour your poor servant,
sir ;
My heart despairs so rich a monument,
But when it dies—

King. I wo' not hear a sound 30
Of any thing that trenched upon death.
He speaks the funeral of my crown, that prophesies
So unkind a fate : we'll live and die together.
And by that duty, which hath taught you hitherto
All loyal and just services, I charge thee,
Preserve thy heart for me, and thy reward,
Which now shall crown thy merits.

Adm. I have found

A glorious harvest in your favour, sir ;
 And by this overflow of royal grace,
 All my deserts are shadows and fly from me :
 I have not in the wealth of my desires
 Enough to pay you now —

King. Express it in some joy then.

Adm. I will strive
 To shew that pious gratitude to you, but —

King. But what ?

Adm. My frame hath lately, sir, been ta'en a
 pieces, 10
 And but now put together ; the least force

Of mirth will shake and unjoint all my reason.
 Your patience, royal sir.

King. I'll have no patience,
 If thou forget the courage of a man.

Adm. My strength would flatter me.

King. Physicians,
 Now I begin to fear his apprehension.
 Why how is Chabot's spirit fall'n ?

Adm. Who would not wish to live to serve your
 goodness ? 20

Stand from me. You betray me with your fears.
 The plummets may fall off that hang upon
 My heart, they were but thoughts at first ; or if
 They weigh me down to death, let not my eyes
 Close with another object than the king.

King. In a prince
 What a swift executioner is a frown,
 Especially of great and noble souls !
 How is it with my Philip ?

Adm. I must beg 30
 One other boon.

King. Upon condition
 My Chabot will collect his scatter'd spirits,
 And be himself again, he shall divide
 My kingdom with me.

Adm. I observe
 A fierce and killing wrath engender'd in you ;
 For my sake, as you wish me strength to serve you,
 Forgive your chancellor* ; let not the story
 Of Philip Chabot, read hereafter, draw 40

* Chabot's accuser.

A tear from any family ; I beseech
 Your royal mercy on his life, and free
 Remission of all seizure upon his state ;
 I have no comfort else.

King. Endeavour
 But thy own health, and pronounce general pardon
 To all through France.

Adm. Sir, I must kneel to thank you ;
 It is not seal'd else. Your blest hand : live happy ;
 May all you trust have no less faith than Chabot. 10
 Oh ! *Dies.*

Wife. His heart is broken.

Father. And kneeling, sir ;
 As his ambition were in death to shew
 The truth of his obedience.

LI. (G.)

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM THE SAME.

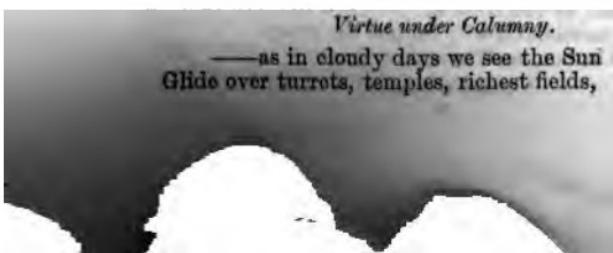
BY G. CHAPMAN AND J. SHIRLEY.

No Advice to Self Advice.

—another's knowledge,
 Applied to my instruction, cannot equal
 My own soul's knowledge how to inform acts.
 The sun's rich radiance shot thro' waves most fair,
 Is but a shadow to his beams i' th' air ; 20
 His beams that in the air we so admire,
 Is but a darkness to his flame in fire ;
 In fire his fervour but as vapour flies,
 To what his own pure bosom rarefies :
 And the Almighty Wisdom having given
 Each man within himself an apter light
 To guide his acts than any light without him,
 (Creating nothing, not in all things equal,)
 It seems a fault in any that depend
 On others' knowledge, and exile their own. 30

Virtue under Calumny.

—as in cloudy days we see the Sun
 Glide over turrets, temples, richest fields,



(All those left dark and slighted in his way) ;
 And on the wretched plight of some poor shed
 Pours all the glories of his golden head :
 So heavenly Virtue on this envied lord
 Points all his graces.

LII.

THE HISTORY OF ANTONIO AND MELLIDA.

THE FIRST PART.

BY JOHN MARSTON.

ANDRUGIO, Duke of Genoa, *banished his country, with the loss of a son, supposed drowned, is cast upon the territory of his mortal enemy the Duke of Venice, with no attendants but LUCIO, an old nobleman, and a Page.*

Andr. Is not yon gleam the shudd'ring Morn that flakes

With silver tincture the east verge of heaven ?

Luc. I think it is, so please your Excellence.

Andr. Away, I have no Excellence to please.

Prithee observe the custom of the world, 10

That only flatters greatness, states exalts.

And please my Excellence ! O Lucio,

Thou hast been ever held respected, dear,

Even precious to Andrugio's inmost love ;

Good, flatter not.

My thoughts are fixt in contemplation

Why this huge earth, this monstrous animal

That eats her children, should not have eyes and ears.

Philosophy maintains that Nature's wise,

And forms no useless nor unperfect thing.

20

Did Nature make the earth, or the earth Nature ?

For earthly dirt makes all things, makes the man,

Moulds me up honour, and, like a cunning Dutchman

Paints me a puppet e'en with seeming breath,

And gives a sot appearance of a soul.

Go to, go to ; thou liest, Philosophy.

Nature forms things unperfect, useless, vain.

Why made she not the earth with eyes and ears

That she might see desert and hear men's plaints ?
 That when a soul is splitted, sunk with grief,
 He might fall thus upon the breast of Earth,
 And in her ear halloo his misery,
 Exclaiming thus : O thou all-bearing Earth,
 Which men do gape for till thou cramm'st their
 mouths

And chok'st their throats with dust: open thy
 breast,

And let me sink into thee: look who knocks ;
 Andrugio calls. But O she's deaf and blind.

A wretch but lean relief on earth can find. 10

Luc. Sweet lord, abandon passion ; and disarm.

Since by the fortune of the tumbling sea

We are roll'd up upon the Venice marsh,

Let's clip all fortune, lest more low'ring fate—

Andr. More low'ring fate ! O Lucio, choke that
 breath.

Now I defy chance. Fortune's brow hath frown'd,
 Even to the utmost wrinkle it can bend :

Her venom's spit. Alas ! what country rests,
 What son, what comfort, that she can deprive ?

Triumphs not Venice in my overthrow ? 20

Gapes not my native country for my blood ?

Lies not my son tomb'd in the swelling main ?

And in more low'ring fate ? There's nothing left
 Unto Andrugio, but Andrugio :

And that

Nor mischief, force, distress, nor hell can take :
 Fortune my fortunes, not my mind, shall shake.

Luc. Spoke like yourself : but give me leave, my
 Lord,

To wish you safety. If you are but seen,

Your arms display you ; therefore put them off, 30

And take—

Andr. Would'st have me go unarm'd among my
 foes ?

Being besieg'd by Passion, entering lists

To combat with Despair and mighty Grief :

My soul beleaguer'd with the crushing strength

Of sharp Impatience ? Ha, Lucio ; go unarm'd

Come, soul, resume the valour of thy birth ;

Myself, myself will dare all opposites :

I'll muster forces, an unvanquish'd power :
 Cornets of horse shall press th' ungrateful earth :
 This hollow-wombed mass shall only groan
 And murmur to sustain the weight of arms :
 Ghastly Amazement, with upstarted hair,
 Shall hurry on before, and usher us,
 Whilst trumpets clamour with a sound of death.

Luc. Peace, good my lord, your speech is all too light.

Alas, survey your fortunes, look what's left
 Of all your forces and your utmost hope ; 10
 A weak old man, a page, and your poor self.

Andr. Andrugio lives ; and a Fair Cause of Arms.
 Why, that's an army all invincible.
 He who hath that, hath a battalion royal,
 Armour of proof, huge troops of barbed steeds,
 Main squares of pikes, millions of harquebush.
 O, a Fair Cause stands firm, and will abide ;
 Legions of Angels fight upon her side.

[The situation of Andrugio and Lucio resembles that of Lear and Kent, in that King's distresses. Andrugio, like Lear, manifests a kind of royal impatience, a turbulent greatness, an affected resignation. The Enemies which he enters lists to combat, "Despair and mighty Grief, and sharp Impatience," and the Forces ("Cornets of Horse," &c.) which he brings to vanquish them, are in the boldest style of Allegory. They are such a "race of mourners" as "the infection of sorrows loud" in the intellect might beget on "some pregnant cloud" in the imagination.]

LIII.

ANTONIO'S REVENGE.

THE SECOND PART OF THE HISTORY OF
ANTONIO AND MELLIDA.

BY THE SAME.

*The Prologue.**

The rawish dank of clumsy winter ramps
 The fluent summer's vein ; and drizzling sleet 20

* This Prologue for its passionate earnestness, and for the sly note of preparation which it sounds, might have preceded

Chilleth the wan bleak cheek of the numb'd earth,
 While snarling gusts nibble the juiceless leaves
 From the nak'd shudd'ring branch, and pills* the
 skin
 From off the soft and delicate aspects.
 O now methinks a sullen tragic scene
 Would suit the time with pleasing congruence.
 May we be happy in our weak devoir,
 And all part pleas'd in most wish'd content.
 But sweat of Hercules can ne'er beget
 So blest an issue. Therefore we proclaim, 10
 If any spirit breathes within this round
 Uncapable of weighty passion,
 (As from his birth being hugged in the arms
 And nuzled 'twixt the breasts of Happiness †)
 Who winks and shuts his apprehension up
 From common sense of what men were, and are ;
 Who would not know what men must be : let such
 Hurry amain from our black-visag'd shows ;
 We shall affright their eyes. But if a breast,
 Nail'd to the earth with grief ; if any heart, 20
 Pierc'd through with anguish, pant within this
 ring ;
 If there be any blood, whose heat is chok'd
 And stifled with true sense of misery :
 If aught of these strains fill this consort up,
 They arrive most welcome. O that our power
 Could lackey or keep wing with our desires ;
 That with unused poise of style and sense
 We might weigh massy in judicious scale !
 Yet here's the prop that doth support our hopes :
 When our scenes falter, or invention halts, 30
 Your favour will give crutches to our faults.

one of those old tales of Thebes, or Pelops' line, which Milton has so highly commended as free from the common error of the poets in his days, "of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity, brought in without discretion corruptly to gratify the people."—It is as solemn a preparative as the "warning voice which he who saw th' Apocalypse, heard cry."—

* Peels.

† "Sleek favourites of Fortune."—Preface to Poems by S. T. Coleridge.

ANTONIO, son to ANDRUGIO, Duke of Genoa, whom PIERO
the Venetian Prince and father-in-law to ANTONIO has
cruelly murdered, kills PIERO's little son, JULIO, as a
sacrifice to the ghost of ANDRUGIO.—The scene, a
churchyard : the time, midnight.

JULIO. ANTONIO.

Jul. Brother Antonio, are you here i' faith ?
 Why do you frown ? Indeed my sister said,
 That I should call you brother, that she did,
 When you were married to her. Buss me : good truth,
 I love you better than my father, 'deed.

Ant. Thy father ? gracious, O bounteous heaven,
 I do adore thy justice. *Venit in nostras manus*
Tandem vindicta, venit et tota quidem.

Jul. Truth, since my mother died, I loved you
 best. 9

Something hath anger'd you : pray you, look merrily.

Ant. I will laugh, and dimple my thin cheek
 With capering joy ; chuck, my heart doth leap
 To grasp thy bosom. Time, place, and blood,
 How fit you close together ! heaven's tones
 Strike not such music to immortal souls,
 As your accordance sweets my breast withal.
 Methinks I pace upon the front of Jove,
 And kick corruption with a scornful heel,
 Griping this flesh, disdain mortality. 10

O that I knew which joint, which side, which limb
 Were father all, and had no mother in it ;
 That I might rip it vein by vein, and carve revenge
 In bleeding traces : but since 'tis mix'd together,
 Have at adventure, pell-mell, no reverse.

Come hither, boy ; this is Andrugio's hearse.

Jul. O God, you'll hurt me. For my sister's sake,
 Pray you do not hurt me. An you kill me, 'deed
 I'll tell my father.

Ant. Oh, for thy sister's sake I flag revenge.

[ANDRUGIO's Ghost cries "Revenge."]

Ant. Stay, stay, dear father, fright mine eyes no
 more. 30

Revenge as swift as lightning, bursteth forth
 And cleaves his heart. Come, pretty tender child,
 It is not thee I hate, not thee I kill.
 Thy father's blood that flows within thy veins,

Is it I loathe ; is that, revenge must suck.
 I love thy soul : and were thy heart lapt up
 In any flesh but in Piero's blood,
 I would thus kiss it : but, being his, thus, thus,
 And thus I 'll punch it. Abandon fears :
 Whilst thy wounds bleed, my brows shall gush out
 tears.

Jul. So you will love me, do even what you will.
 [Dies.]

Ant. Now barks the wolf against the full-cheekt
 moon ;

Now lions' half-clam'd entrails roar for food ;
 Now croaks the toad, and night-crows screech aloud,
 Fluttering 'bout casements of departing souls ! 11
 Now gape the graves, and through their yawns let
 loose

Imprison'd spirits to revisit earth :
 And now, swart Night, to swell thy hour out
 Behold I spurt warm blood in thy black eyes.

[From under the earth a groan.]

Howl not, thou putry mould ; groan not, ye graves ;
 Be dumb, all breath. Here stands Andrugio's son,
 Worthy his father. So ; I feel no breath ;
 His jaws are fall'n, his dislodged soul is fled.
 And now there's nothing but Piero left. 20
 He is all Piero, father all. This blood,
 This breast, this heart, Piero all :
 Whom thus I mangle Sprite of Julio,
 Forget this was thy trunk. I live thy friend.
 Mayst thou be twined with the soft'st embrace
 Of clear eternity :* but thy father's blood
 I thus make incense of to Vengeance.

* * * * *

Day breaking.

—see, the dapple grey coursers of the morn
 Beat up the light with their bright silver hoofs
 And chase it through the sky. 30

One who died, slandered.

Look on those lips,
 Those now lawn pillows, on whose tender softness

* "To lie immortal in the arms of Fire."—Browne's "Religio Medici," of the punishments in hell.

Chaste modest Speech, stealing from out his breast,
 Had wont to rest itself, as loth to post
 From out so fair an Inn : look, look, they seem
 To stir,
 And breathe defiance to black obloquy.

Wherein fools are happy.

Even in that, note a fool's beatitude ;
 He is not capable of passion ;
 Wanting the power of distinction,
 He bears an unturn'd sail with every wind :
 Blow east, blow west, he steers his course alike. 10
 I never saw a fool lean : the chub-faced fop
 Shines sleek with full cramm'd fat of happiness :
 Whilst studious contemplation sucks the juice
 From wisards' * cheeks, who making curious search
 For nature's secrets, the First Innating Cause
 Laughs them to scorn, as man doth busy Apes
 When they will zany men.

*MARIA (the Duchess of Genoa) describes the death of
 MELLIDA, her daughter-in-law.*

Being laid upon her bed she grasp'd my hand,
 And kissing it spake thus ; "Thou very poor,
 Why dost not weep ? the jewel of thy brow,
 The rich adornment that enchas'd thy breast,
 Is lost ; thy son, my love, is lost, is dead.
 And do I live to say Antonio's dead ?
 And have I liv'd to see his virtues blurr'd
 With guiltless blots ? O world, thou art too subtle
 For honest natures to converse withal :
 Therefore I'll leave thee : farewell, mart of woe ;
 I fly to clip my love Antonio."—
 With that, her head sunk down upon her breast ;
 Her cheek chang'd earth, her senses slept in rest : 30
 Until my Fool,† that crept unto the bed,
 Screech'd out so loud that he brought back her soul,
 Call'd her again, that her bright eyes 'gan ope
 And stared upon him : he audacious fool
 Dared kiss her hand, wished her soft rest, lov'd Bride ;
 She fumbled out, thanks, good : and so she died.

* Wise men's.

† Antonio, who is thought dead, but still lives in that disguise.

LIV.

THE MALCONTENT : A TRAGI-COMEDY.

BY THE SAME.

The Malcontent describes himself.

I cannot sleep ; my eyes' ill-neighbouring lids
 Will hold no fellowship. O thou pale sober night,
 Thou that in sluggish fumes all sense dost steep ;
 Thou that giv'st all the world full leave to play,
 Unbend'st the feebled veins of sweaty labour :
 The galley-slave, that all the toilsome day
 Tugs at the oar against the stubborn wave,
 Straining his rugged veins, mores fast ;
 The stooping scythe-man, that doth barb the field,
 Thou mak'st wink sure ; in night all creatures sleep,
 Only the Malcontent, that 'gainst his fate 11
 Repines and quarrels : alas, he's Goodman Tell-clock ;
 His sallow jaw-bones sink with wasting moan ;
 Whilst others' beds are down, his pillow's stone.

Place for a Penitent.

My cell 'tis, lady ; where, instead of masks,
 Music, tilts, tourneys, and such court-like shows,
 The hollow murmur of the checkless winds
 Shall groan again, whilst the unquiet sea
 Shakes the whole rock with foamy battery.
 There Usherless* the air comes in and out ; 20
 The rheumy vault will force your eyes to weep,
 Whilst you behold true desolation.
 A rocky barrenness shall pain your eyes ;
 Where all at once one reaches, where he stands,
 With brows the roof, both walls with both his hands.

* i.e., without the ceremony of an Usher to give notice of its approach, as is usual in Courts. As fine as Shakspeare : "the bleak air thy boisterous Chamberlain."

L.V. (G.)

THE FAWN : A COMEDY.

BY THE SAME.

In the Preface to this Play, the Poet glances at some of the Playwrights of his time: with a handsome acknowledgment, notwithstanding, of their excellencies.

" For my own interest for once let this be printed, that, of men of my own addition, I love most, pity some, hate none : for let me truly say it, I once only loved myself for loving them ; and surely I shall ever rest so constant to my first affection, that, let their ungentle combinings, discourteous whispering, never so treacherously labour to undermine my unfenced reputation, I shall (as long as I have being) love the least of their graces, and only pity the greatest of their vices.

10

*Ipse semi-paganus
Ad sacra vatum carmen affero nostrum."*

LVI.

THE WONDER OF WOMEN ; OR, THE TRAGEDY OF SOPHONISBA.

BY THE SAME.

Description of the Witch ERICHTHO.

Here in this desert, the great Soul of Charms
Dreadful Erictho lives, whose dismal brow
Contemns all roofs, or civil coverture.
Forsaken graves and tombs (the ghosts forc'd out)
She joys to inhabit.
A loathsome yellow leanness spreads her face,
A heavy hell-like paleness loads her cheeks,
Unknown to a clear heaven. But if dark winds
Or thick black clouds drive back the blinded stars,
When her deep magic makes forc'd heaven quake, 20

And thunder, spite of Jove, Erictho then
 From naked graves stalks out, heaves proud her head,
 With long unkemb'd hair laden, and strives to snatch
 The night's quick sulphur ; then she bursts up tombs ;
 From half-rot sear-cloths then she scrapes dry gums
 For her black rites : but when she finds a corse
 But newly grav'd, whose entrails are not turn'd
 To slimy filth, with greedy havock then
 She makes fierce spoil, and swells with wicked triumph
 To bury her lean knuckles in his eyes : 10
 Then doth she gnaw the pale and o'er-grown nails
 From his dry hand : but if she find some life
 Yet lurking close, she bites his gelid lips,
 And sticking her black tongue in his dry throat,
 She breathes dire murmurs, which enforce him bear
 Her baneful secrets to the spirits of horror.

Her Cave.

—Hard by the reverent ruins
 Of a once glorious temple, rear'd to Jove,
 Whose very rubbish (like the pitied fall
 Of virtue much unfortunate) yet bears 20
 A deathless majesty, though now quite razed,
 Hurl'd down by wrath and lust of impious kings,
 So that, where holy Flamens wont to sing
 Sweet hymns to heaven, there the daw, and crow,
 The ill-voic'd raven, and still-chattering pie,
 Send out ungrateful sounds and loathsome filth ;
 Where statues and Jove's acts were vively * limn'd,
 Boys with black coals draw the veil'd parts of nature
 And lecherous actions of imagin'd lust ;
 Where tombs and beauteous urns of well-dead men 30
 Stood in assured rest, the shepherd now
 Unloads his belly, corruption most abhor'd
 Mingling itself with their renowned ashes :
 There once a charnel-house, now a vast cave,
 Over whose brow a pale and untrod grove
 Throws out her heavy shade, the mouth thick arms
 Of darksome yew, sun-proof, for ever choke ;
 Within, rests barren darkness, fruitless drought
 Pines in eternal night ; the steam of hell
 Yields not so lazy air : there, that's her Cell. 40

* Livellly.

LVII.

WHAT YOU WILL: A COMEDY.
BY THE SAME.*Venetian Merchant.*

No knight,

But one (that title off) was even a prince
 A sultan Solyman : thrice was he made,
 In dangerous arms, Venice' Providetore.
 He was merchant, but so bounteous,
 Valiant, wise, learned, all so absolute,
 That nought was valued praiseful excellent,
 But in 't was he most praiseful excellent.
 O I shall ne'er forget how he went clothed.
 He would maintain it a base ill-us'd fashion,
 To bind a merchant to the sullen habit
 Of precise black, chiefly in Venice state,
 Where merchants gilt the top.*
 And therefore should you have him pass the bridge
 Up the Rialto like a Soldier ;
 In a black beaver belt, ash-colour plain,
 A Florentine cloth-o'-silver jerkin, sleeves
 White satin cut on tinsel, then long stock ;
 French panes embroider'd, goldsmith's work : O God,
 Methinks I see him now, how he would walk,
 With what a jolly presence he would pace
 Round the Rialto.^f

10

20

* "Her whose merchant Sons were Kings."—COLLINS.

† To judge of the liberality of these notions of dress, we must advert to the days of Graham, and the consternation which a Phenomenon habited like the Merchant here described would have excited among the flat round caps, and cloth stockings, upon Change, when those "original arguments or tokens of a Citizen's vocation were in fashion not more for thrift and usefulness than for distinction and grace." The blank uniformity to which all professional distinctions in apparel have been long hastening, is one instance of the Decay of Symbols among us, which whether it has contributed or not to make us a more intellectual, has certainly made us a less imaginative people. Shakspeare knew the force of signs :—"a malignant and a turban'd Turk." "This meal-cap Miller" says the Author of "God's Revenge against Murder," to express his indignation at an atrocious outrage committed by the miller Pierot upon the person of the fair Marieta.

Scholar and his Dog.

I was a scholar : seven useful springs
 Did I deflower in quotations
 Of cross'd opinions 'bout the soul of man ;
 The more I learnt, the more I learn to doubt.
Delight my spaniel slept, whilst I baus'd leaves,
 Toss'd o'er the dunces, pored on the old print
 Of titled words : and still my spaniel slept.
 Whilst I wasted lamp-oil, baited my flesh,
 Shrunk up my veins : and still my spaniel slept.
 And still I held converse with Zabarell, 10
 Aquinas, Scotus, and the musty saw
 Of antic Donat : still my spaniel slept.
 Still on went I ; first, *an sit anima* ;
 Then, an it were mortal. O hold, hold ; at that
 They're at brain buffets, fell by the ears amain
 Pell-mell together ; still my spaniel slept.
 Then, whether 'twere corporeal, local, fixt,
Ex traduce ; but whether 't had free will
 Or no, hot philosophers
 Stood banding factions, all so strongly propt, 20
 I stagger'd, knew not which was firmer part,
 But thought, quoted, read, observ'd and pried,
 Stuff noting-books : and still my spaniel slept.
 At length he wak'd, and yawned ; and by yon sky,
 For aught I know he knew as much as I.

Preparations for Second Nuptials.

Now is Albano's* marriage-bed new hung
 With fresh rich curtains ; now are my valence up,
 Emboss'd with orient pearl, my grandsire's gift,
 Now are the lawn sheets fum'd with violets
 To fresh the pall'd lascivious appetite ; 30
 Now work the cooks, the pastry sweats with slaves,
 The march-panes glitter ; now, now the musicians
 Hover with nimble sticks o'er squeaking crowds,†
 Tickling the dried guts of a mewing cat :
 The tailors, starchers, sempsters, butchers, poulters,
 Mercers, all, all—none think on me.

* Albano, the first husband speaks; supposed dead. † Fiddles.

LVIII.

THE INSATIATE COUNTESS : A TRAGEDY.

BY THE SAME.

ISABELLA (the Countess), after a long series of crimes of infidelity to her husband and of murder, is brought to suffer on a scaffold. ROBERTO, her husband, arrives to take a last leave of her.

Roberto. Bear record all you blessed saints in heaven
 I come not to torment thee in thy death ;
 For of himself he's terrible enough.
 But call to mind a Lady like yourself,
 And think how ill in such a beauteous soul,
 Upon the instant morrow of her nuptials,
 Apostacy and wild revolt would show.
 Withal, imagine that she had a lord
 Jealous the air should ravish her chaste looks ;
 Doting, like the Creator in his models,
 Who views them every minute, and with care
 Mixt in his fear of their obedience to him.
 Suppose her sung through famous Italy,
 More common than the looser songs of Petrarch,
 To every several Zany's instrument :
 And he poor wretch, hoping some better fate
 Might call her back from her adulterate purpose,
 Lives an obscure and almost unknown life ;
 Till hearing that she is condemn'd to die,
 For he once lov'd her, lends his pined corpse 20
 Motion to bring him to her stage of honour,
 Where drown'd in woe at her so dismal chance,
 He clasps her : thus he falls into a trance.

Isabella. O my offended lord, lift up your eyes ;
 But yet avert them from my loathed sight.
 Had I with you enjoyed the lawful pleasure,
 To which belongs nor fear nor public shame,
 I might have liv'd in honour, died in fame.
 Your pardon on my faltering knees I beg ;
 Which shall confirm more peace unto my death 30
 Than all the grave instructions of the Church.

Roberto. Freely thou hast it. Farewell, my Isabella;
 Let thy death ransom thy soul, O die a rare example.

The kiss thou gav'st me in the church, here take :
As I leave thee, so thou the world forsake.— [*Exit.*

Executioner. Madam, tie up your hair.
Isabella. O these golden nets,
That have ensnared so many wanton youths !
Not one but has been held a thread of life,
And superstitiously depended on.
What else ?

Executioner. Madam, I must intreat you blind your [eyes.
Isabella. I have lived too long in darkness, my friend;
And yet mine eyes with their majestic light, 11
Have got new Muses in a Poet's sprite.
They've been more gaz'd at than the God of day ;
Their brightness never could be flattered :
Yet thou command'st a fixed cloud of lawn
To eclipse eternally these minutes of light.
I am prepared.—

Woman's inconstancy.

Who would have thought it ? She that could no more
Forsake my company, than can the day
Forsake the glorious presence of the sun ! 20
When I was absent, then her galled eyes
Would have shed April showers, and outwept
The clouds in that same o'er-passionate mood
When they drown'd all the world : yet now forsakes
me.
Women, your eyes shed glances like the sun ;
Now shines your brightness, now your light is done.
On the sweet'st flowers you shine, 'tis but by chance,
And on the basest weed you'll waste a glance.

LIX.

THE COMEDY OF OLD FORTUNATUS.

BY THOMAS DECKER.

The GODDESS FORTUNE appears to FORTUNATUS, and offers him the choice of six things. He chooses Riches.

FORTUNE. FORTUNATUS.

Fortune. Before thy soul at this deep lottery
Draw forth her prize, ordain'd by destiny, 30

Know that here's no recanting a first choice.
Choose then discreetly : (for the laws of fate,
Being grav'n in steel, must stand inviolate.)

Fortunat. Daughters of Jove and the unblemish'd
Night,

Most righteous Parcae, guide my genius right :
Wisdom, Strength, Health, Beauty, Long Life, and
Ritches.

Fortune. Stay, Fortunatus ; once more hear me
speak.

If thou kiss Wisdom's cheek and make her thine,
She'll breathe into thy lips divinity,
And thou (like Phebus) shalt speak oracle ; 10
Thy heav'n-inspired soul on Wisdom's wings
Shall fly up to the Parliament of Jove,
And read the Statutes of Eternity,
And see what's past, and learn what is to come.
If thou lay claim to Strength, armies shall quake
To see thee frown : as kings at mine do lie,
So shall thy feet trample on empery.
Make Health thine object, thou shalt be strong proof
'Gainst the deep searching darts of surfeiting,
Be ever merry, ever revelling. 20

Wish but for Beauty, and within thine eyes
Two naked Cupids amorously shall swim,
And on thy cheeks I'll mix such white and red,
That Jove shall turn away young Ganimede,
And with immortal arms shall circle thee.
Are thy desires Long Life ? thy vital thread
Shall be stretch'd out, thou shalt behold the change
Of monarchies, and see those children die
Whose great great grandires now in cradles lie.
If through Gold's sacred hunger thou dost pine, 30
Those gilded wantons which in swarms do run
To warm their slender bodies in the sun,
Shall stand for number of those golden piles
Which in rich pride shall swell before thy feet :
As those are, so shall these be infinite.

Fortunat. O whither am I wrapt beyond myself ?
More violent conflicts fight in every thought
Than his whose fatal choice Troy's downfall wrought.
Shall I contract myself to Wisdom's love ?
Then I lose Ritches ; and a wise man poor 40

Is like a sacred book that's never read ;
 To himself he lives and to all else seems dead.
 This age thinks better of a gilded fool,
 Than of a threadbare saint in Wisdom's school.
 I will be Strong : then I refuse Long Life ;
 And though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,
 There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors :
 The greatest Strength expires with loss of breath,
 The mightiest (in one minute) stoop to death.
 Then take Long Life, or Health ; should I do so, 10
 I might grow ugly, and that tedious scroll
 Of months and years, much misery might enroll :
 Therefore I'll beg for Beauty ; yet I will not :
 The fairest cheek hath oftentimes a soul
 Leprous as sin itself, than hell more foul.
 The Wisdom of this world is idiotism ;
 Strength a weak reed ; Health Sickness' enemy,
 And it at length will have the victory.
 Beauty is but a painting ; and Long Life
 Is a long journey in December gone, 20
 Tedious and full of tribulation.
 Therefore dread sacred Empress, make me rich ;
 My choice is Store of Gold ; the Rich are Wise.
 He that upon his back rich garments wears
 Is wise, though on his head grow Midas' ears.
 Gold is the Strength, the Sinews of the world,
 The Health, the Soul, the Beauty most divine ;
 A mask of gold hides all deformities ;
 Gold is heaven's physic, life's restorative ;
 Oh therefore make me Rich. 30

FORTUNE gives to FORTUNATUS a purse that is inexhaustible.
With this he puts on costly attire, and visits all the Asian Courts, where he is caressed and made much of for his infinite wealth. At Babylon he is shown by the Soldan a wondrous hat, which in a wish transports the wearer whithersoever he pleases, over land and sea. FORTUNATUS puts it on, wishes himself at home in Cyprus; where he arrives in a minute, as his sons AMPEDO and ANDELOCIA are talking of him: and tells his Travels.

FORTUNATUS. AMPEDO. ANDELOCIA.

Fort. Touch me not, boys, I am nothing but air ;
 Let none speak to me till you have marked me well.—
 Am I as you are, or am I transformed ?

And. Methinks, father, you look as you did, only
your face is more withered.

Fort. Boys, be proud ; your father hath the whole
world in this compass ; I am all felicity up to the
brims. In a minute am I come from Babylon ; I have
been this half hour in Famagosta.

And. How ! in a minute, father ? I see travellers
must lie. 8

Fort. I have cut through the air like a falcon. I
would have it seem strange to you. But 'tis true. I
would not have you believe it neither. But 'tis mirac-
ulous and true. Desire to see you brought me to
Cyrus. I'll leave you more gold, and go visit
more countries.

Amp. The frosty hand of age now nips your blood,
And strews her snowy flowers upon your head,
And gives you warning that within few years
Death needs must marry you : those short lives,
minutes,

That dribble out your life, must needs be spent
In peace, not travel ; rest in Cyprus then. 20
Could you survey ten worlds, yet you must die ;
And bitter is the sweet that's reapt thereby.

And. Faith, father, what pleasure have you met
by walking your stations ?

Fort. What pleasure, boy ? I have revelled with
Kings, danced with Queens, dallied with Ladies ;
worn strange attires ; seen Fantasticoes ; conversed
with Humorists ; been ravished with divine raptures
of Doric, Lydian, and Phrygian harmonies ; I
have spent the day in triumphs, and the night in
banqueting. 31

And. O rare : this was heavenly.—He that would
not be an Arabian Phoenix to burn in these sweet fires,
let him live like an owl for the world to wonder at.

Amp. Why, brother, are not all these Vanities ?

Fort. Vanities ! Ampedo, thy soul is made of lead,
too dull, too ponderous, to mount up to the incom-
prehensible glory that travel lifts men to.

And. Sweeten mine ears, good father, with some
more. 40

Fort. When in the warmth of mine own country's
arms

We yawn'd like sluggards, when this small horizon
 Imprison'd up my body, then mine eyes
 Worshipp'd these clouds as brightest : but, my boys,
 The glist'ring beams which do abroad appear,
 In other heavens, fire is not half so clear.
 For still in all the regions I have seen,
 I scorn'd to crowd among the muddy throng
 Of the rank multitude, whose thicken'd breath
 (Like to condensed fogs) do choke that beauty,
 Which else would dwell in every kingdom's cheek. 10
 No ; I still boldly stept into their courts :
 For there to live 'tis rare, O 'tis divine ;
 There shall you see faces angelical ;
 There shall you see troops of chaste goddesses,
 Whose star-like eyes have power (might they still
 shine)

To make night day, and day more crystalline.
 Near these you shall behold great heroes,
 White-headed councillors, and jovial spirits,
 Standing like fiery cherubim to guard
 The monarch, who in god-like glory sits 20
 In midst of these, as if this deity
 Had with a look created a new world,
 The standers by being the fair workmanship.

And. Oh how my soul is rapt to a third heaven !
 I'll travel sure, and live with none but kings.

Amp. But tell me, father, have you in all Courts
 Beheld such glory, so majestical,
 In all perfection, no way blemished ?

Fort. In some Courts shall you see Ambition 80
 Sit, piecing Daedalus's old waxen wings ;
 But being clapt on, and they about to fly,
 Even when their hopes are busied in the clouds,
 They melt against the sun of Majesty,
 And down they tumble to destruction.
 By travel, boys, I have seen all these things.
 Fantastic Compliment stalks up and down,
 Tricked in outlandish feathers ; all his words,
 His looks, his oaths, are all ridiculous,
 All apish, childish, and Italianate. * * *

ORLEANS to his friend GALLOWAY defends the passion
 with which (being a prisoner in the English king's

court) he is enamoured to frenzy of the king's daughter
AGRIPYNA.

ORLEANS. GALLOWAY.

Orl. This music makes me but more out of tune.
O Agripyna.

Gall. Gentle friend, no more.
 Thou say'st Love is a madness : hate it then,
 Even for the name's sake.

Orl. O I love that madness,
 Even for the name's sake.

Gall. Let me tame this frenzy,
 By telling thee thou art a prisoner here,
 By telling thee she 's daughter to a King,
 By telling thee the King of Cyprus' son 10
 Shines like a sun between her looks and thine,
 Whilst thou seem'st but a star to Agripyne.
 He loves her.

Orl. If he do, why so do I.
Gall. Love is ambitious and loves Majesty.
Orl. Dear friend, thou art deceiv'd : Love's voice
 doth sing

As sweetly in a beggar as a king.
Gall. Dear friend, thou art deceiv'd : O bid thy soul
 Lift up her intellectual eyes to heaven, 20
 And in this ample book of wonders read,
 Of what celestial mould, what sacred essence,
 Herself is form'd : the search whereof will drive
 Sounds musical among the jarring spirits,
 And in sweet tune set that which none inherits.

Orl. I'll gaze on heaven if Agripyne be there.
 If not : fa, la, la, Sol, la, &c.
Gall. O call this madness in : see, from the window
 Of every eye Derision thrusts out cheeks
 Winkled with idiot laughter ; every finger 30
 Is like a dart shot from the hand of Scorn,
 By which thy name is hurt, thy honour torn.

Orl. Laugh they at me, sweet Galloway !
Gall. Even at thee.
Orl. Ha, ha, I laugh at them : are they not mad,
 That let my true true sorrow make them glad ?
 I dance and sing only to anger Grief,
 That in his anger he might smite life down
 With his iron fist : good heart ! it seemeth then,

They laugh to see grief kill me : O fond men,
 You laugh at others' tears ; when others smile,
 You tear yourselves in pieces ; vile, vile, vile.
 Ha, ha, when I behold a swarm of fools
 Crowding together to be counted wise,
 I laugh because sweet Agripyne's not there,
 But weep because she is not any where ;
 And weep because (whether she be or not)
 My love was ever and is still forgot ; forgot, forgot,
 forgot.

Gall. Draw back this stream : why should my
 Orleans mourn ? 10

Orl. Look yonder, Galloway, dost thou see that sun ?
 Nay, good friend, stare upon it, mark it well :
 Ere he be two hours elder, all that glory
 Is banish'd heaven, and then, for grief, this sky
 (That's now so jocund) will mourn all in black.
 And shall not Orleans mourn ? alack, alack :
 O what a savage tyranny it were
 To enforce Care laugh, and Woe not shed a tear !
 Dead is my Love ; I am buried in her scorn :
 That is my sunset ; and shall I not mourn ! 20
 Yes by my troth I will.

Gall. Dear friend, forbear ;
 Beauty (like Sorrow) dwelleth everywhere.
 Rase out this strong idea of her face :
 As fair as hers shineth in any place.

Orl. Thou art a Traitor to that White and Red,
 Which sitting on her cheeks (being Cupid's throne)
 Is my heart's Sovereign : O when she is dead,
 This wonder (beauty) shall be found in none.
 Now Agripyne's not mine, I vow to be 30
 In love with nothing but deformity.
 O fair Deformity, I muse all eyes
 Are not enamour'd of thee : thou didst never
 Murder men's hearts, or let them pine like wax
 Melting against the sun of thy destiny ;
 Thou art a faithful nurse to Chastity ;
 Thy beauty is not like to Agripyne's,
 For cares, and age, and sickness hers deface,
 But thine's eternal : O Deformity,
 Thy fairness is not like to Agripyne's, 40
 For (dead) her beauty will no beauty have,
 But thy face looks most lovely in the grave.

[The humour of a frantic Lover is here done to the life. Orleans is as passionate an Inamorato as any which Shakspeare ever drew. He is just such another adept in Love's reasons. The sober people of the world are with him

a swarm of fools
Crowding together to be counted wise.

He talks "pure Biron and Romeo," he is almost as poetical as they, quite as philosophical, only a little madder. After all, Love's Sectaries are a "reason unto themselves." We have gone retrograde in the noble Heresy since the days when Sidney proselyted our nation to this mixed health and disease; the kindliest symptom yet the most alarming crisis in the ticklish state of youth; the nourisher and the destroyer of hopeful wits; the mother of twin-births, wisdom and folly, valour and weakness; the servitude above freedom; the gentle mind's religion; the liberal superstition.]

LX.

**SATIRO-MASTIX ; OR, THE UNTRUSSING
OF THE HUMOROUS POET.**

BY THE SAME.

The KING exacts an oath from SIR WALTER TERILL to send his Bride CÆLESTINA to Court on the marriage night. Her Father, to save her honour, gives her a poisonous mixture which she swallows.

TERILL. CÆLESTINA. FATHER.

Cœl. Why didst thou swear?

Ter. The King

Sat heavy on my resolution,

Till (out of breath) it panted out an oath.

Cœl. An oath! why, what's an oath? 'tis but the smoke

Of flame and blood; the blister of the spirit
Which riseth from the steam of rage, the bubble
That shoots up to the tongue and scalds the voice;
(For oaths are burning words). Thou swor'st but one;

'Tis frozen long ago : if one be number'd,
What countrymen are they, where do they dwell,
That speak nought else but oaths ?

Ter. They're Men of Hell.

An oath ! why 'tis the traffic of the soul,
'Tis law within a man ; the seal of faith,
The bond of every conscience ; unto whom
We set our thoughts like hands : yea, such a one
I swore, and to the King ; a King contains
A thousand thousand ; when I swore to him, 10
I swore to them : the very hairs that guard
His head will rise up like sharp witnesses
Against my faith and loyalty : his eye
Would straight condemn me : argue oaths no more ;
My oath is high, for to the King I swore.

Cæl. Must I betray my chastity, so long
Clean from the treason of rebelling lust ?
O husband, O my father, if poor I
Must not live chaste, then let me chastely die.

Fath. Aye, here's a charm shall keep thee chaste.
Old time hath left us but an hour to play 21
Our parts ; begin the scene ; who shall speak first ?
come, come,

Oh I, I play the King, and Kings speak first :
Daughter, stand thou here, thou son Terill there ;
We need no prologue, the King entering first,
He's a most gracious Prologue : marry, then
For the catastrophe or Epilogue,
There's one in cloth of silver, which no doubt
Will please the hearers well when he steps out ; 29
His mouth is filled with words : see where he stands :
He'll make them clap their eyes besides their hands.
But to my part : suppose who enters now,
A King whose eyes are set in silver ; one
That blusheth gold, speaks music, dancing walks,
Now gathers nearer, takes thee by the hand,
When straight thou think'st the very orb of heaven
Moves round about thy fingers ; then he speaks,
Thus—thus—I know not how.

Cæl. Nor I to answer him.

Fath. No, girl, know'st thou not how to answer
him ? 40
Why, then, the field is lost, and he rides home

Like a great conqueror : not answer him !
 Out of thy part already ! foil'd the scene !
 Disrank'd the lines ! disarm'd the action !

Ter. Yes, yes, true chastity is tongued so weak
 'Tis overcome ere it know how to speak.

Fath. Come, come, thou happy close of every
 wrong,

'Tis thou that canst dissolve the hardest doubt ;
 'Tis time for thee to speak, we all are out.
 Daughter, and you the man whom I call son,
 I must confess I made a deed of gift 10
 To heaven and you, and gave my child to both ;
 When on my blessing I did charm her soul
 In the white circle of true chastity,
 Still to run true till death : now, sir, if not,
 She forfeits my rich blessing, and is fined
 With an eternal curse ; then I tell you,
 She shall die now, now whilst her soul is true.

Ter. Die !

Cael. Aye, I am death's echo.

Fath. O my son : 20

I am her father ; every tear I shed
 Is threescore ten years old ; I weep and smile
 Two kinds of tears ; I weep that she must die,
 I smile that she must die a virgin : thus
 We joyful men mock tears, and tears mock us.

Ter. What speaks that cup ?

Fath. White wine and poison.

Ter. Oh :

That very name of poison poisons me.
 Thou winter of a man, thou walking grave, 30
 Whose life is like a dying taper : how
 Canst thou define a lover's labouring thoughts ?
 What scent hast thou but death ? what taste but
 earth ?

The breath that purls from thee is like the steam
 Of a new-opened vault : I know thy drift ;
 Because thou 'rt travelling to the land of graves,
 Thou covet'st company, and hither bring'st
 A health of poison to pledge death : a poison
 For this sweet spring ; this element is mine,
 This is the air I breathe ; corrupt it not : 40
 This heaven is mine, I bought it with my soul

Of him that sells a heaven to buy a soul.

Fath. Well, let her go ; she's thine, thou call'st her
thine,

Thy element, the air thou breath'st ; thou know'st
The air thou breath'st is common ; make her so.
Perhaps thou 'lt say, none but the King shall wear
Thy night-gown, she that laps thee warm with love ;
And that Kings are not common ; then to shew
By consequence he cannot make her so.

Indeed she may promote her shame and thine, 9
And with your shames, speak a good word for mine.
The King shining so clear, and we so dim,
Our dark disgraces will be seen through him.

Imagine her the cup of thy moist life,
What man would pledge a King in his own Wife ?

Ter. She dies : that sentence poisons her : O life !
What slave would pledge a King in his own Wife ?

Cæl. Welcome, O poison, physic against lust,
Thou wholesome medicine to a constant blood ;
Thou rare apothecary that canst keep
My chastity preserv'd within this box 20
Of tempting dust, this painted earthen pot
That stands upon the stall of the white soul,
To set the shop out like a flatterer,
To draw the customers of sin : come, come,
Thou art no poison, but a diet-drink
To moderate my blood : white-innocent wine,
Art thou made guilty of my death ? oh no,
For thou thyself art poisoned : take me hence,
For Innocence shall murder Innocence. [Drinks.]

Ter. Hold, hold, thou shalt not die, my bride, my
wife, 30

O stop that speedy messenger of death ;
O let him not run down that narrow path
Which leads unto thy heart, nor carry news
To thy removing soul that thou must die.

Cæl. 'Tis done already, the Spiritual Court
Is breaking up, all offices discharg'd,
My Soul removes from this weak Standing-house
Of frail mortality. Dear father, bless
Me now and ever : Dearer man, farewell ;
I jointly take my leave of thee and life ; 40
Go tell the King thou hast a constant wife.

Fath. Smiles on my cheeks arise,
To see how sweetly a true virgin dies.

[The beauty and force of this scene are much diminished to the reader of the entire play, when he comes to find that this solemn preparation is but a sham contrivance of the father's, and the potion which Cœlestina swallows nothing more than a sleeping draught; from the effects of which she is to awake in due time, to the surprise of her husband, and the great mirth and edification of the King and his courtiers. As Hamlet says, they do but "poison in jest." The sentiments are worthy of a real martyrdom, and an Appian sacrifice in earnest.]

LXI. (G.)

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM THE SAME.
BY THE SAME.

Horace. What could I do, out of a just revenge,
But bring them to the Stage? they envy me,
Because I hold more worthy company.

Demetrius. Good Horace, no; my cheeks do blush
for thine,
As often as thou speak'st so. Where one true
And nobly-virtuous spirit for thy best part
Loves thee, I wish one ten e'en from my heart.
I make account I put up as deep share 10
In any good man's love, which thy worth owns,
As thou thyself; we envy not to see
Thy friends with bays to crown thy Poesy.
No, here the gall lies; we that know what stuff
Thy very heart is made of, know the stalk
On which thy learning grows, and can give life
To thy (once dying) baseness, yet must we
Dance antics on thy paper.

Crispinus. This makes us angry, but not envious.
No; were thy warpt soul put in a new mould, 20
I'd wear thee as a jewel set in gold.

[In this Comedy, Ben Jonson, under the name of Horace, is reprehended, in retaliation of his "Poetaster;" in which he had attacked two of his Brother Dramatists, probably Marston and Decker, under the names of Crispinus and Demetrius.]

LXIL

THE HONEST WHORE: A COMEDY.

BY THE SAME.

Hospital for Lunatics.

There are of mad-men, as there are of tame,
 All humour'd not alike. We have here some
 So apish and fantastic, play with a feather,
 And, though 'twould grieve a soul to see God's image
 So blemish'd and defac'd, yet do they act
 Such antic and such pretty lunacies,
 That, spite of sorrow, they will make you smile.
 Others again we have, like hungry lions,
 Fierce as wild bulls, untameable as flies.—

Patience.

Patience ! why, 'tis the soul of peace : 10
 Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest kin to heaven ;
 It makes men look like gods.—The best of men
 That e'er wore earth about him was a Sufferer,
 A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit ;
 The first true gentleman that ever breath'd.

LXIII.

THE SECOND PART OF THE HONEST
WHORE.

BY THE SAME.

BELLAFRONT, a reclaimed Harlot, recounts some of the miseries of her profession.

Like an ill husband, though I knew the same
 To be my undoing, follow'd I that game.
 Oh when the work of lust had earn'd my bread,
 To taste it how I trembled, lest each bit
 Ere it went down should choke me chewing it. 20
 My bed seem'd like a cabin hung in hell,
 The bawd, hell's porter, and the liquorish wine
 The pandar fetch'd, was like an easy fine

For which methought I leas'd away my soul,
 And oftentimes, e'en in my quaffing-bowl,
 Thus said I to myself : I am a Whore,
 And have drunk down thus much confusion more.

— when in the street

A fair young modest damsel * I did meet,
 She seem'd to all a dove, when I pass'd by,
 And I to all a raven ; every eye
 That follow'd her, went with a bashful glance ;
 At me each bold and jeering countenance 10
 Darted forth scorn : to her, as if she had been
 Some tower unvanquished, would they vail ;
 'Gainst me swoln rumour hoisted every sail :
 She crown'd with reverend praises pass'd by them,
 I, though with face mask'd, could not 'scape the hem ;
 For, as if heaven had set strange marks on whores,
 Because they should be pointing stocks to man,
 Drest up in civilest shape a courtezan ;
 Let her walk saint-like, noteless, and unknown,
 Yet she's betray'd by some trick of her own. 20

The Happy Man.

He that makes gold his wife, but not his whore,
 He that at noon-day walks by a prison door,
 He that in the sun is neither beam nor mote,
 He that's not mad after a petticoat,

* This simple picture of Honour and Shame, contrasted without violence, and expressed without immodesty, is worth all the *strong lines* against the Harlot's Profession, with which both Parts of this play are offensively crowded. A Satirist is always to be suspected, who, to make vice odious, dwells upon all its acts and minutest circumstances with a sort of relish and retrospective gusto. But so near are the boundaries of panegyric and invective, that a worn-out Sinner is sometimes found to make the best Disclaimer against Sin. The same high-seasoned descriptions which in his unregenerate state served to inflame his appetites, in his new province of a Moralist will serve him (a little turned) to expose the enormity of those appetites in other men. No one will doubt, who reads Marston's Satires, that the author in some part of his life must have been something more than a theorist in vice. Have we never heard of an old preacher in the pulpit display such an insight into the mystery of ungodliness, as made us wonder with reason how a good man came by it? When Cervantes with such proficiency of fondness dwells upon the Don's library, who sees not that he has been a great reader of books of Knight-Errantry? perhaps was at some time of his life in danger of falling into those very extravagances which he ridicules so happily in his Hero?

He for whom poor men's curses dig no grave,
 He that is neither Lord's nor Lawyer's slave,
 He that makes This his sea and That his shore,
 He that in 's coffin is richer than before,
 He that counts Youth his sword and Age his staff,
 He whose right hand carves his own epitaph,
 He that upon his death-bed is a Swan,
 And dead, no Crow ; he is a Happy man.*

LXIV.

WESTWARD HOE : A COMEDY.

BY THOMAS DECKER AND JOHN WEBSTER.

Pleasure, the general pursuit.

Sweet Pleasure !
 Delicious Pleasure ! earth's supremest good, 10
 The spring of blood, though it dry up our blood.
 Rob me of that (though to be drunk with pleasure,
 As rank excess even in best things is bad,
 Turns man into a beast) yet, that being gone,
 A horse, and this (the goodliest shape) all one.
 We feed ; wear rich attires ; and strive to cleave
 The stars with marble towers ; fight battles ; spend
 Our blood, to buy us names ; and in iron hold
 Will we eat roots t' imprison fugitive gold :
 But to do thus what spell can us excite ? 20
 This ; the strong magic of our appetite :
 To feast which richly, life itself undoes.
 Who'd not die thus ?
 Why even those that starve in voluntary wants,
 And, to advance the mind, keep the flesh poor,
 The world enjoying them, they not the world ;
 Would they do this, but that they are proud to suc
 A sweetness from such sourness ?

Music.

Let music

Charm with her excellent voice an awful silence 30

* The turn of this is the same with Iago's definition of a Deserving Woman : " She that was ever fair and never proud," &c. The matter is superior.

Through all this building, that her sphery soul
 May (on the wings of air) in thousand forms
 Invisibly fly, yet be enjoy'd.

LXV.

A WOMAN KILL'D WITH KINDNESS:
 A TRAGEDY.

BY THOMAS HEYWOOD.

*MR FRANKFORD discovers that his Wife has been
 unfaithful to him.*

Mrs Fra. O by what words, what title, or what
 name
 Shall I entreat your pardon? Pardon! oh!
 I am as far from hoping such sweet grace,
 As Lucifer from heaven. To call you husband!
 (O me most wretched!) I have lost that name,
 I am no more your wife.

Fran. Spare thou thy tears, for I will weep for
 thee, 10
 And keep thy countenance, for I'll blush for thee.
 Now, I protest, I think, 'tis I am tainted,
 For I am most ashamed; and 'tis more hard,
 For me to look upon thy guilty face,
 Than on the sun's clear brow: what wouldest thou
 speak?

Mrs Fra. I would I had no tongue, no ears, no
 eyes,
 No apprehension, no capacity.
 When do you spurn me like a dog? when tread me
 Under your feet? when drag me by the hair?
 Tho' I deserve a thousand thousand fold 20
 More than you can inflict: yet, once my husband,
 For womanhood, to which I am a shame,
 Though once an ornament; even for his sake
 That hath redeemed our souls, mark not my face,
 Nor hack me with your sword: but let me go
 Perfect and undeform'd to my tomb.
 I am not worthy that I should prevail |

In the least suit ; no, not to speak to you,
Nor look on you, nor to be in your presence :
Yet as an abject this one suit I crave,
This granted, I am ready for my grave.

Fran. My God, with patience arm me ! rise, nay
rise,
And I 'll debate with thee. Was it for want
Thou play'dst the strumpet ! Wast thou not supply'd
With every pleasure, fashion, and new toy ;
Nay even beyond my calling ?

Mrs Fra. I was.

10

Fran. Was it then disability in me ?
Or in thine eye seem'd he a properer man ?

Mrs Fra. O no.

Fran. Did not I lodge thee in my bosom ?
Wear thee in my heart ?

Mrs Fra. You did.

Fran. I did indeed, witness my tears I did.
Go bring my infants hither. O Nan, O Nan ;
If neither fear of shame, regard of honour,
The blemish of my house, nor my dear love, 20
Could have with-held thee from so lewd a fact,
Yet for these infants, these young harmless souls,
On whose white brows thy shame is character'd,
And grows in greatness as they wax in years ;
Look but on them, and melt away in tears.
Away with them ; lest as her spotted body
Hath stain'd their names with stripe of bastardy,
So her adulterous breath may blast their spirits
With her infectious thoughts. Away with them.

Mrs Fra. In this one life I die ten thousand
deaths.

30

Fran. Stand up, stand up, I will do nothing
rashly.

I will retire awhile into my study,
And thou shalt hear thy sentence presently. [Exit.

*He returns with CRANWELL his friend. She falls on her
knees.*

Fran. My words are register'd in heaven already.
With patience hear me. I 'll not martyr thee,
Nor mark thee for a strumpet ; but with usage
Of more humility torment thy soul,

And kill thee e'en with *kindness*.

Cran. Mr Frankford.

Fran. Good Mr Cranwell. — Woman, hear thy judgment;

Go make thee ready in thy best attire ;
 Take with thee all thy gowns, all thy apparel :
 Leave nothing that did ever call thee mistress,
 Or by whose sight, being left here in the house,
 I may remember such a woman was.
 Choose thee a bed and hangings for thy chamber ;
 Take with thee every thing which hath thy mark, 10
 And get thee to my manor seven miles off ;
 Where live ; 'tis thine, I freely give it thee ;
 My tenants by shall furnish thee with wains
 To carry all thy stuff within two hours ;
 No longer will I limit thee my sight.
 Choose which of all my servants thou lik'st best,
 And they are thine to attend thee.

Mrs Fra. A mild sentence.

Fran. But as thou hop'st for heaven, as thou believ'st

Thy name's recorded in the book of life, 20
 I charge thee never after this sad day
 To see me or to meet me ; or to send
 By word, or writing, gift, or otherwise,
 To move me, by thyself, or by thy friends ;
 Nor challenge any part in my two children.
 So farewell, Nan ; for we will henceforth be
 As we had never seen, ne'er more shall see.

Mrs Fra. How full my heart is, in mine eyes
 appears ;
 What wants in words, I will supply in tears.

Fran. Come, take your coach, your stuff ; all must
 along : 30
 Servants and all make ready, all be gone.
 It was thy hand cut two hearts out of one.

CRANWELL, FRANKFORD, and NICHOLAS, a Servant.

Cran. Why do you search each room about your house,
 Now that you have dispatch'd your wife away ?
Fran. O sir, to see that nothing may be left
 That ever was my wife's : I lov'd her dearly

And when I do but think of her unkindness,
 My thoughts are all in hell ; to avoid which torment,
 I would not have a bokkin nor a cuff,
 A bracelet, necklace, or rebato wire,
 Nor anything that ever was call'd hers,
 Left me, by which I might remember her.
 Seek round about.

Nic. Here's her lute flung in a corner.

Fran. Her lute ! Oh God ! upon this instrument
 Her fingers have ran quick division, 10
 Swifter than that which now divides our hearts.
 These frets have made me pleasant, that have now
 Frets of my heart-strings made. O master Cranwell,
 Oft hath she made this melancholy wood
 (Now mute and dumb for her disastrous chance)
 Speak sweetly many a note, sound many a strain
 To her own ravishing voice, which being well strung,
 What pleasant strange airs have they jointly rung !
 Post with it after her ; now nothing's left ;
 Of her and hers I am at once bereft. 20

NICHOLAS overtakes MRS FRANKFORD on her journey, and
 delivers the lute.

Mrs Fra. I know the lute ; oft have I sung to thee :
 We both are out of tune, both out of time.

Nic. My master commands him unto ye ;
 There's all he can find that was ever yours.
 He prays you to forget him, and so he bids you
 farewell.

Mrs Fra. I thank him, he is kind, and ever was.
 All you that have true feeling of my grief,
 That know my loss, and have relenting hearts,
 Gird me about ; and help me with your tears
 To wash my spotted sins : my lute shall groan ; 30
 It cannot weep, but shall lament my moan.
 If you return unto your master, say
 (Tho' not from me, for I am unworthy
 To blast his name so with a strumpet's tongue),
 That you have seen me weep, wish myself dead.
 Nay you may say too (for my vow is past)
 Last night you saw me eat and drink my last.
 This to your master you may say and swear :
 For it is writ in heaven, and decreed here.

Go break this lute on my coach's wheel,
As the last music that I e'er shall make ;
Not as my husband's gift, but my farewell
To all earth's joy ; and so your master tell.

Nic. I'll do your commendations.

Mrs Fra. O no :

I dare not so presume ; nor to my children :
I am disclaim'd in both, alas, I am.
O never teach them, when they come to speak,
To name the name of mother ; chide their tongue 10
If they by chance light on that hated word ;
Tell them 'tis naught, for when that word they name
(Poor pretty souls) they harp on their own shame.
So, now unto my coach, then to my home,
So to my death-bed ; for from this sad hour,
I never will nor eat, nor drink, nor taste
Of any eates that may preserve my life :
I never will nor smile, nor sleep, nor rest.
But when my tears have wash'd my black soul white,
Sweet Saviour to Thy hands I yield my sprite. 20

MRS FRANKFORD (*dying*). SIR FRANCIS ACTON (*her brother*). SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD. MR MALBY,
and other of her husband's friends.

Mal. How fare you, Mrs Frankford ?

Mrs Fra. Sick, sick, O sick : give me some air. I
pray

Tell me, oh tell me, where is Mr Frankford.
Will he not deign to see me ere I die ?

Mal. Yes, Mrs Frankford : divers gentlemen,
Your loving neighbours, with that just request
Have mov'd and told him of your weak estate :
Who, tho' with much ado to get belief,
Examining of the general circumstance,
Seeing your sorrow and your penitence, 30
And hearing therewithal the great desire
You have to see him ere you left the world,
He gave to us his faith to follow us ;
And sure he will be here immediately.

Mrs Fra. You have half reviv'd me with the
pleasing news :
Raise me a little higher in my bed.
Blush I not, brother Acton ! blush I not, sir Charles ?

Can you not read my fault writ in my cheek ?
Is not my crime there ? tell me, gentlemen.

Char. Alas ! good mistress, sickness hath not left
you
Blood in your face enough to make you blush.

Mrs Fra. Then sickness like a friend my fault
would hide.

Is my husband come ? my soul but tarries
His arrival, then I am fit for heaven.

Action. I came to chide you, but my words of hate
Are turn'd to pity and compassionate grief.
I came to rate you, but my brawls, you see, 10
Melt into tears, and I must weep by thee.
Here's Mr Frankford now.

MR FRANKFORD enters.

Fran. Good-morrow, brother ; morrow, gentlemen :
God, that hath laid this cross upon our heads,
Might (had he pleas'd) have made our cause of
meeting

On a more fair and more contented ground :
But he that made us, made us to this woe.

Mrs Fra. And is he come ? methinks that voice I
know.

Fran. How do you, woman ?

Mrs Fra. Well, Mr Frankford, well ; but shall be
better 20

I hope within this hour. Will you vouchsafe
(Out of your grace, and your humanity)
To take a spotted strumpet by the hand ?

Fran. This hand once held my heart in faster
bonds
Than now 'tis grip'd by me. God pardon them
That made us first break hold.

Mrs Fra. Amen, amen.

Out of my zeal to heaven, whither I'm now bound,
I was so impudent to wish you here ;
And once more beg your pardon. Oh ! good man, 30
And father to my children, pardon me.
Pardon, O pardon me : my fault so heinous is,
That if you in this world forgive it not,
Heaven will not clear it in the world to come.
Faintness hath so usurped upon my knees

That kneel I cannot : but on my heart's knees
 My prostrate soul lies thrown down at your feet
 To beg your gracious pardon. Pardon, O pardon me !

Fran. As freely from the low depth of my soul
 As my Redeemer hath forgiven His death,
 I pardon thee ; I will shed tears for thee ;
 Pray with thee :
 And, in mere pity of thy weak estate,
 I'll wish to die with thee.

All. So do we all.

10

Fran. Even as I hope for pardon at that day,
 When the great judge of heaven in scarlet sits,
 So be thou pardon'd. Tho' thy rash offence
 Divorc'd our bodies, thy repentant tears
 Unite our souls.

Char. Then comfort, mistress Frankford ;
 You see your husband hath forgiven your fall ;
 Then rouse your spirits, and cheer your fainting soul.

Susan. How is it with you ?

Acton. How d'ye feel yourself ?

20

Mrs Fra. Not of this world.

Fran. I see you are not, and I weep to see it.
 My wife, the mother to my pretty babes ;
 Both those lost names I do restore thee back,
 And with this kiss I wed thee once again :
 Tho' thou art wounded in thy honour'd name,
 And with that grief upon thy death-bed liest ;
 Honest in heart, upon my soul, thou diest.

Mrs Fra. Pardon'd on earth, soul, thou in heaven
 art free
 Once more. Thy wife dies thus embracing thee. 30

[Heywood is a sort of prose Shakspeare. His scenes are to the full as natural and affecting. But we miss the Poet, that which in Shakspeare always appears out and above the surface of *the nature*. Heywood's characters, his Country Gentlemen, &c. are exactly what we see (but of the best kind of what we see) in life. Shakspeare makes us believe, while we are among his lovely creations, that they are nothing but what we are familiar with, as in dreams new things seem old : but we awake, and sigh for the difference.]

LXVI. (G.)

THE FAIR MAID OF THE EXCHANGE:
A COMEDY.

BY THE SAME.

*CRIPPLE offers to fit FRANK GOLING with ready-made
Love Epistles.*

Frank. Of thy own writing ?

Crip. My own, I assure you, Sir.

Frank. Faith, thou hast robb'd some sonnet-book
or other,

And now wouldst make me think they are thine own.

Crip. Why, think'st thou that I cannot write a
Letter,

Ditty, or Sonnet, with judicial phrase,
As pretty, pleasing, and pathetical,
As the best Ovid-imitating dunce
In the whole town ?

Frank. I think thou canst not.

10

Crip. Yea, I'll swear I cannot.

Yet, Sirrah, I could coney-catch the world,
Make myself famous for a sudden wit,
And be admired for my dexterity,
Were I disposed.

Frank. I prithee, how ?

Crip. Why, thus, There lived a Poet in this town
(If we may term our modern writers Poets),
Sharp-witted, bitter-tongued ; his pen, of steel ;
His ink was temper'd with the biting juice 20
And extracts of the bitterest weeds that grew ;

He never wrote but when the elements

Of fire and water tilted in his brain.

This fellow, ready to give up his ghost

To Lucia's bosom, did bequeath to me

His library, which was just nothing

But rolls, and scrolls, and bundles of cast wit,

Such as durst never visit Paul's Church Yard.

Amongst 'em all I lighted on a quire

Or two of paper, fill'd with Songs and Ditties.

30

And here and there a hungry Epigram ;

These I reserve to my own proper use,
 And Pater-noster-like have conn'd them all.
 I could now, when I am in company,
 At ale-house, tavern, or an ordinary,
 Upon a theme make an extemporal ditty
 (Or one at least should seem extemporal),
 Out of the abundance of this legacy,
 That all would judge it, and report it too,
 To be the infant of a sudden wit,
 And then were I an admirable fellow.

Frank. This were a piece of cunning.

10

Crip. I could do more ; for I could make enquiry,
 Where the best-witted gallants use to dine,
 Follow them to the tavern, and there sit
 In the next room with a calf's head and brimstone,
 And over-hear their talk, observe their humours,
 Collect their jests, put them into a play,
 And tire them too with payment to behold
 What I have filch'd from them. This I could do.
 But O for shame that man should so arraign 20
 Their own fee-simple wits for verbal theft !
 Yet men there be that have done this and that,
 And more by much more than the most of them.*

[After this specimen of the pleasanter vein of Heywood, I am tempted to extract some lines from his "Hierarchie of Angels, 1634 :" not strictly as a Dramatic Poem, but because the passage contains a string of names, all but that of *Watson*, his contem-

* The full title of this Play is "The Fair Maid of the Exchange, with the Humours of the Cripple of Fenchurch." The above Satire against some Dramatic Plagiarists of the time, is put into the mouth of the Cripple, who is an excellent fellow, and the Hero of the Comedy. Of his humour this extract is a sufficient specimen ; but he is described (albeit a tradesman, yet wealthy withal), with heroic qualities of mind and body ; the latter of which he evinces by rescuing his Mistress (the Fair Maid) from three robbers by the main force of one crutch lustily applied ; and the former by his foregoing the advantages which this action gained him in her good opinion, and bestowing his wit and fineesse in procuring for her a husband, in the person of his friend Golding, more worthy of her beauty, than he could conceive his own maimed and halting limbs to be. It would require some boldness in a dramatist now-a-days to exhibit such a Character ; and some lack in finding a sufficient Actor, who would be willing to personate the infirmities, together with the virtues, of the Noble Cripple.

porary Dramatists. He is complaining in a mood half serious, half comic, of the disrespect which Poets in his own times meet with from the world, compared with the honours paid them by Antiquity. *Then* they could afford them three or four sonorous names, and at full length ; as to Ovid, the addition of *Publius Naso Sulmensis* ; to Seneca, that of *Lucius Annaeus Cordubensis* ; and the like. *Now*, says he,

Our modern Poets to that pass are driven,
 Those names are curtail'd which they first had given ;
 And, as we wish'd to have their memories drown'd,
 We scarcely can afford them half their sound.
 Greene, who had in both Academies ta'en
 Degree of Master, yet could never gain
 To be call'd more than Robin : who, had he
 Profest ought save the Muse, served, and been free
 After a sev'n years 'prenticeship, might have
 (With credit too) gone Robert to his grave. 10
 Marlowe, renown'd for his rare art and wit,
 Could ne'er attain beyond the name of Kit ;
 Although his Hero and Leander did
 Merit addition rather. Famous Kid
 Was call'd but Tom. Tom Watson ; though he
 wrote
 Able to make Apollo's self to dote
 Upon his Muse ; for all that he could strive,
 Yet never could to his full name arrive.
 Tom Nash (in his time of no small esteem)
 Could not a second syllable redeem. 20
 Excellent Beaumont, in the foremost rank
 Of the rarest wits, was never more than Frank.
 Mellifluous SHAKSPEARE, whose enchanting quill
 Commanded mirth or passion, was but WILL ;
 And famous Jonson, though his learned pen
 Be dipt in Castaly, is still but Ben.
 Fletcher, and Webster, of that learned pack
 None of the meanest, neither was but Jack ;
 Decker but Tom ; nor May, nor Middleton ;
 And he 's now but Jack Ford, that once were John. 30

[Possibly our Poet was a little sore, that this contemptuous curtailment of their Baptismal Names was chiefly exercised upon his Poetical Brethren of the Drama. We hear nothing about Sam Daniel, or Ned

Spenser, in his catalogue. The familiarity of common discourse might probably take the greater liberties with the Dramatic Poets, as conceiving of them as more upon a level with the Stage Actors. Or did their greater publicity, and popularity in consequence, fasten these diminutives upon them out of a feeling of love and kindness, as we say Harry the Fifth, rather than Henry, when we would express good-will!—as himself says, in those reviving words put into his mouth by Shakspeare, where he would comfort and confirm his doubting brothers:—

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry, Harry!

And doubtless Heywood had an indistinct conception of this truth, when (coming to his own name), with that beautiful *retracting* which is natural to one that, not satirically given, has wandered a little out of his way into something recriminative, he goes on to say:—

Nor speak I this, that any here exprest
Should think themselves less worthy than the rest
Whose names have their full syllables and sound;
Or that Frank, Kit, or Jack, are the least wound
Unto their fame and merit. I for my part
(Think others what they please) accept that heart,
Which courts my love in most familiar phrase;
And that it takes not from my pains or praise,
If any one to me so bluntly come:
I hold he loves me best that calls me Tom. 10

LXVII. (G.)

THE GOLDEN AGE: AN HISTORICAL PLAY.

BY THE SAME.

SIBILLA, the wife of SATURN, is by him enjoined to slay the new-born JUPITER. None can do it for his smiles.

SIBILLA. VESTA. NURSE.

Sib. Mother, of all that ever mothers were
Most wretched! Kiss thy sweet babe ere he die
That hath life only lent to suffer death.

Sweet lad, I would thy father saw thee smile.
 Thy beauty, and thy pretty infancy,
 Would mollify his heart, were 't hew'd from flint,
 Or carved with iron tools from Corsic rock.
 Thou laugh'st to think thou must be kill'd in jest.
 Oh ! if thou need'st must die, I'll be thy murtheress,
 And kill thee with my kisses, pretty knave.—
 And canst thou laugh to see thy mother weep ?
 Or art thou in thy cheerful smiles so free,
 In scorn of thy rude father's tyranny ! . . . 10
 I'll kiss thee ere I kill thee : for my life
 The lad so smiles, I cannot hold the knife.

Vest. Then give him me ; I am his Grandmother,
 And I will kill him gently : this sad office
 Belongs to me, as to the next of kin.

Sib. For heaven's sake, when you kill him, hurt
 him not.

Vest. Come, little knave, prepare your naked throat
 I have not heart to give thee many wounds,
 My kindness is to take thy life at once. 20

Now—
 Alack, my pretty Grandchild, smildest thou still ?
 I have lust to kiss, but have no heart to kill.

Nurse. You may be careless of the King's command,
 But it concerns me ; and I love my life
 More than I do a suckling's. Give him me,
 I'll make him sure ; a sharp weapon lend,
 I'll quickly bring the youngster to his end.—
 Alack, my pretty knave, 'twere more than sin
 With a sharp knife to touch thy tender skin.

O Madam, he 's so full of angel grace, 30
 I cannot strike, he smiles so in my face.

Sib. I'll wink, and strike ; come, once more reach
 him hither ;
 For die he must, so Saturn hath decreed :
 'Las for a world I would not see him bleed.

Vest. Ne shall he do. But swear me secrecy ;
 The Babe shall live, and we be dangerless.

LXVIII. (G.)

THE SILVER AGE: AN HISTORICAL
PLAY.

BY THE SAME.

PROSERPINE seeking Flowers.

Pros. O may these meadows ever barren be,
 That yield of flowers no more variety !
 Here neither is the White nor Sanguine Rose,
 The Strawberry Flower, the Paunce, nor Violet ;
 Methinks I have too poor a meadow chose :
 Going to beg, I am with a beggar met,
 That wants as much as I. I should do ill
 To take from them that need.—

CERES, after the Rape of her Daughter.

Cer. Where is my fair and lovely Proserpine ?
 The feast is done, and she not yet returned. 10
 Speak, Jove's fair Daughter, whither art thou stray'd ?
 I've sought the meadows, glebes, and new-reap'd fields,
 Yet cannot find my Child. Her scatter'd flowers,
 And garland half made up, I've lit upon ;
 But her I cannot spy. Behold the trace
 Of some strange waggon, * that hath scorched the fields,
 And singed the grass : these ruts the sun ne'er sear'd.
 Where art thou, Love, where art thou, Proserpine ?—

She questions TRITON for her Daughter.

Cer. — thou that on thy shelly trumpet
 Summons the sea-god, answer from the depth. 20

Trit. On Neptune's sea-horse with my concave
 trump,
 Thro' all the abyss I've shrill'd thy daughter's loss.
 The channels clothed in waters, the low cities
 In which the water-gods and sea-nymphs dwell,
 I have perused ; sought thro' whole woods and forests
 Of leafless coral, planted in the deeps ;
 Toss'd up the beds of pearl ; roused up huge whales,
 And stern sea-monsters, from their rocky dens ;
 Those bottoms, bottomless ; shallows and shelves ;

* The Car of Dis.

And all those currents where th' earth's springs
break in ;
Those plains where Neptune feeds his porpoises ;
Sea-morses, seals, and all his cattle else :
Thro' all our ebbs and tides my trump hath blazed her,
Yet can no cavern shew me Proserpine.

She questions the EARTH.

Cer. Fair sister Earth, for all these beauteous fields,
Spread o'er thy breast ; for all these fertile crops,
With which my plenty hath enrich'd thy bosom ;
For all those rich and pleasant wreaths of grain,
With which so oft thy temples I have crowned ; 10
For all the yearly liveries, and fresh robes,
Upon thy summer beauty I bestow—
Shew me my Child !

Earth. Not in revenge, fair Ceres,
That your remorseless ploughs have rack't my breast,
Nor that your iron-toothed harrows print my face
So full of wrinkles ; that you dig my sides
For marle and soil, and make me bleed my springs
Thro' all my open'd veins to weaken me—
Do I conceal your daughter. I have spread 20
My arms from sea to sea, look'd o'er my mountains,
Examin'd all my pastures, groves, and plains,
Marshes and wolds, my woods and champain fields,
My dens and caves—and yet, from foot to head,
I have no place on which the Moon* doth tread.

Cer. Then, Earth, thou'st lost her ; and for Proser-
pine,
I 'll strike thee with a lasting barrenness.
No more shall plenty crown thy fertile brows ;
I 'll break thy ploughs, thy oxen murrain strike :
With idle agues I 'll consume thy swains ; 30
Sow tares and cockles in thy lands of wheat,
Whose spikes the weed and cooch-grass shall outgrow,
And choke it in the blade. The rotten showers
Shall drown thy seed, which the hot sun shall parch,
Or mildews rot ; and what remains, shall be
A prey to ravenous birds.—Oh Proserpine !—
You Gods that dwell above, and you below,
Both of the woods and gardens, rivers, brooks,

* Proserpine ; who was also Luna in Heaven, Diana on Earth.

Fountains and wells, some one among you all
Shew me her self or grave : to you I call.

ARETHUSA riseth.

Arc. That can the river Arethusa do.
My streams you know, fair Goddess, issue forth
From Tartary by the Tenarian isles :
My head's in Hell where Stygian Pluto reigns,
There did I see the lovely Proserpine,
Whom Pluto hath rapt hence : behold her girdle,
Which on her way dropped from her lovely waist,
And scatter'd in my streams.—Fair Queen, adieu ! 10
Crown you my banks with flowers, as I tell true,

LXIX. (G.)

THE BRAZEN AGE : AN HISTORICAL
PLAY.

BY THE SAME.

VENUS courts ADONIS.

Ven. Why doth Adonis fly the Queen of Love,
And shun this ivory girdle of my arms ?
To be thus scarf'd the dreadful God of War
Would give me conquer'd kingdoms. For a kiss
But half like this, I could command the Sun
Rise 'fore his hour, to bed before his time ;
And, being love-sick, change his golden beams
And make his face pale as his sister Moon.
Look on me, Adon, with a steadfast eye, 20
That in these crystal glasses I may see
My beauty that charms Gods, makes Men amaz'd
And stown'd with wonder. Doth this roseate pillow
Offend my Love ?
With my white fingers will I clap thy cheek ;
Whisper a thousand pleasures in thy ear.
Adon. Madam, you are not modest. I affect
The unseen beauty that adorns the mind :
This looseness makes you foul in Adon's eye.
If you will tempt me, let me in your face
Read blushfulness and fear ; a modest blush 30
Would make your cheek seem much more beautiful.

Ven. ——— wert thou made of stone,
 I have heat to melt thee ; I am Queen of Love.
 There is no practiced art of dalliance
 Of which I am not mistress, and can use.
 I have kisses that can murder unkind words,
 And strangle hatred that the gall sends forth ;
 Touches to raise thee, were thy spirits half-dead ;
 Words that can pour affection down thy ears.
 Love me ! thou canst not choose ; thou shalt not
 choose. 9

Adon. Madam, you woo not well. Men covet not
 These proffer'd pleasures, but love sweets denied.
 These prostituted pleasures surfeit still ;
 Where's fear, or doubt, men sue with best good will.

Ven. Thou canst instruct the Queen of Love in
 love.

Thou shalt not, Adon, take me by the hand ;
 Yet, if thou needs will force me, take my palm.
 I'll frown on him : alas ! my brow's so smooth,
 It will not bear a wrinkle.—Hie thee hence
 Unto the chace, and leave me ; but not yet :
 I'll sleep this night upon Endymion's bank, 20
 On which the Swain was courted by the Moon.
 Dare not to come ; thou art in our disgrace :
 Yet, if thou come, I can afford thee place !

PHÆBUS jeers VULCAN.

Vul. Good morrow, Phœbus ; what's the news
 abroad ?—
 For thou seest all things in the world are done,
 Men act by day-light, or the sight of sun.

Phæb. Sometime I cast my eye upon the sea,
 To see the tumbling seal or porpoise play.
 There see I merchants trading, and their sails
 Big-bellied with the wind ; sea fights sometimes 30
 Rise with their smoke-thick clouds to dark my
 beams ;
 Sometimes I fix my face upon the earth,
 With my warm fervour to give metals, trees,
 Herbs, plants and flowers, life. Here in gardens
 walk
 Loose ladies with their lovers arm in arm.
 Yonder the laboring plowman drives his team.

Further I may behold main battles pitched ;
 And whom I favour most (by the wind's help)
 I can assist with my transparent rays.
 Here spy I cattle feeding ; forests there
 Stored with wild beasts ; here shepherds with their
 lasses,
 Piping beneath the trees while their flocks graze.
 In cities I see trading, walking, bargaining,
 Buying and selling, goodness, badness, all things—
 And shine alike on all.

Vul. Thrice happy Phœbus, 10
 That, whilst poor Vulcan is confin'd to Lemnos,
 Hast every day these pleasures. What news else ?

Phœb. No emperor walks forth, but I see his state ;
 Nor sports, but I his pastimes can behold.
 I see all coronations, funerals,
 Marts, fairs, assemblies, pageants, sights and shows.
 No hunting, but I better see the chace
 Than they that rouse the game. What see I not ?
 There's not a window, but my beams break in ;
 No chink or cranny, but my rays pierce through ; 20
 And there I see, O Vulcan, wond'rous things :
 Things that thyself, nor any God besides,
 Would give belief to.
 And, shall I tell thee, Vulcan, t'other day
 What I beheld !—I saw the great God Mars—

Vul. God Mars—

Phœb. As I was peeping through a cranny, abed—

Vul. Abed ! with whom !—some pretty wench, I
 warrant.

Phœb. She was a pretty wench.

Vul. Tell me, good Phœbus, 30
 That, when I meet him, I may flout God Mars ;
 Tell me, but tell me truly, on thy life.

Phœb. Not to disseminate, Vulcan, 'twas thy wife !

*The Peers of Greece go in quest of HERCULES and find him
 in woman's weeds, spinning with OMPHALE.*

Jason. Our business was to Theban Hercules.
 'Twas told us, he remain'd with Omphale,
 The Theban Queen.

Telamon. Speak, which is Omphale ? or which
 Alcides ?

Pollux. Lady, our purpose was to Hercules ;
Shew us the man.

Omp. Behold him there.

Atreus. Where ?

Omph. There, at his task.

Jas. Alas, *this* Hercules !

This is some base effeminate Groom, not he
That with his puissance frightened all the earth.

Her. Hath Jason, Nestor, Castor, Telamon,
Astreus, Pollux, all forgot their friend ?

10

We are the man.

Jas. Woman, we know thee not :
We came to seek the Jove-born Hercules,
That in his cradle strangled Juno's snakes,
And triumph'd in the brave Olympic games.
He that the Cleonean lion slew,
Th' Erimanthian bear, the bull of Marathon,
The Lernean hydra, and the winged hart.

Tel. We would see the Theban
That Caucas slew, Busiris sacrificed,
And to his horses hurl'd stern Diomed
To be devour'd.

Pol. That freed Hesione
From the sea whale, and after ransack'd Troy,
And with his own hand slew Laomedon.

Nes. He by whom Dercillus and Albion fell ;
He that Ecalia and Betricia won.

Atr. That monstrous Geryon with his three heads
vanquished,
With Linus, Lichas that usurped in Thebes,
And captived there his beauteous Megara.

30

Pol. That Hercules by whom the Centaurs fell,
Great Achelous, the Stymphalides,
And the Cremona giants : where is he ?

Tel. That trait'rous Nessus with a shaft transfixt,
Strangled Antheus, purged Augeus' stalls,
Won the bright apples of th' Hesperides.

Jas. He that the Amazonian baldrick won ;
That Achelous with his club subdued,
And won from him the Pride of Caledon,
Fair Deianeira, that now mourns in Thebes
For absence of the noble Hercules !

40

Atr. To him we came ; but, since he lives not
here,

Come, Lords ; we will return these presents back
Unto the constant Lady, whence they came.

Her. Stay, Lords—

Jas. 'Mongst women ?—

Her. For that Theban's sake,
Whom you profess to love, and came to seek,
Abide awhile ; and by my love to Greece,
I'll bring before you that lost Hercules,
For whom you come to enquire.

Tel. It works, it works—

10

Her. How have I lost myself !
Did we all this ? Where is that spirit become,
That was in us ? no marvel, Hercules,
That thou be'st strange to them, that thus disguised
Art to thyself unknown !—hence with this distaff,
And base effeminate chores ; hence, womanish tires ;
And let me once more be myself again.
Your pardon, Omphale !

[I cannot take leave of this Drama without noticing a touch of the truest pathos, which the writer has put into the mouth of Meleager, as he is wasting away by the operation of the fatal brand, administered to him by his wretched Mother.

My flame increaseth still—Oh, Father Æneus ;
And you, Althea, whom I would call Mother, 20
But that my genius prompts me thou 'rt unkind :
And yet farewell !

What is the boasted “Forgive me, but forgive me !”
of the dying wife of Shore in Rowe, compared with
these three little words !]

LXX.

THE ROYAL KING AND THE LOYAL SUBJECT.

BY THE SAME.

Noble Traitor.

A Persian History
I read of late, how the great Sophy once
Flying a noble Falcon at the Herne,

I.

P

In comes by chance an eagle sousing by :
 Which when the Hawk espies leaves her first game,
 And boldly ventures on the King of Birds ;
 Long tugg'd they in the air, till at the length
 The Falcon (better breath'd) seized on the Eagle
 And struck it dead. The barons prais'd the bird,
 And for her courage she was peerless held.
 The Emperor, after some deliberate thoughts,
 Made her no less ; he caus'd a crown of gold
 To be new fram'd, and fitted to her head, 10
 In honour of her courage : then the bird,
 With great applause, was to the market place
 In triumph borne ; where, when her utmost worth
 Had been proclaim'd, the common executioner
 First by the King's command took off her crown,
 And after with a sword struck off her head,
 As one no better than a noble traitor
 Unto the King of Birds.

LXXI. (G.)

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM THE SAME.

BY THE SAME.

In the Prologue to this Play, Heywood descants upon the variety of topics which had been introduced upon the English stage in that age,—the rich Shaksperian epoch.

To give content to this most curious age,
 The Gods themselves we've brought down to the
 stage, 20
 And figured them in Planets ; made ev'n Hell
 Deliver up the Furies, by no spell
 Saving the Muses' raptures : further we
 Have trafficked by their help ; no History
 We've left unrifled ; our pens have been dipt
 As well in opening each hid manuscript,
 As tracts more vulgar, whether read or sung,
 In our domestic or more foreign tongue.
 Of Fairy elves, Nymphs of the Sea and Land,
 The Lawns and Groves, no number can be scann'd, 30

Which we've not given feet to. Nay, 'tis known
 That when our Chronicles have barren grown
 Of story, we have all Invention stretcht ;
 Dived low as to the centre, and then reacht
 Unto the Primnum Mobile above,
 (Nor 'scaped Things Intermediate), for your love
 These have been acted often ; all have past
 Censure : of which some live, and some are cast.
 For this* in agitation, stay the end ;
 Tho' nothing please, yet nothing can offend. 10

LXXII.

THE ENGLISH TRAVELLER.

BY THE SAME.

Young GERALDINE comes home from his Travels, and finds his Playfellow, that should have been his Wife, married to old WINCOTT. The old Gentleman receives him hospitably, as a Friend of his Father's; takes delight to hear him tell of his Travels, and treats him in all respects like a second Father; his House being always open to him. Young GERALDINE and the Wife agrees not to wrong the old Gentleman.

WIFE. GERALDINE.

Ger. We now are left alone.

Wife. Why, say we be ; who should be jealous of This is not first of many hundred nights, [us ? That we two have been private, from the first Of our acquaintance ; when our tongues but clipt Our mother's tongue, and could not speak it plain We knew each other : as in stature, so Increased our sweet society. Since your travel, And my late marriage, through my husband's love, Mid-night has been as mid-day, and my bed-chamber As free to you, as your own father's house, 21 And you as welcome to it.

Ger. I must confess, It is in you, your noble courtesy ;

* His own Play.

In him, a more than common confidence,
And, in this age, can scarce find precedent.

Wife. Most true : it is withal an argument,
That both our virtues are so deep impressed
In his good thoughts, he knows we cannot err.

Ger. A villain were he, to deceive such trust,
Or (were there one) a much worse character.

Wife. And she no less, whom either beauty, youth,
Time, place, or opportunity could tempt
To injure such a husband. 10

Ger. You deserve,
E'en for his sake, to be for ever young ;
And he, for yours, to have his youth renew'd :
So mutual is your true conjugal love.
Yet had the fates so pleas'd—

Wife. I know your meaning.
It was once voic'd, that we two should have matched ;
The world so thought and many tongues so spake ;
But heaven hath now dispos'd us other ways :
And being as it is (a thing in me 20
Which I protest was never wished nor sought)
Now done, I not repent it.

Ger. In those times
Of all the treasures of my hopes and love
You were th' Exchequer, they were stored in you ;
And had not my unfortunate travel cross'd them,
They had been here reserv'd still.

Wife. Troth they had,
I should have been your trusty Treasurer.
Ger. However, let us love still, I entreat ; 30
That, neighbourhood and breeding will allow ;
So much, the laws divine and human both
Twixt brother and a sister will approve :
Heaven then forbid that they should limit us
Wish well to one another.

Wife. If they should not,
We might proclaim they were not charitable,
Which were a deadly sin but to conceive.

Ger. Will you resolve me one thing ?

Wife. As to one,
That in my bosom hath a second place,
Next my dear husband.

Ger. That's the thing I crave,

40

And only that ; to have a place next him.

Wife. Presume on that already, but perhaps
You mean to stretch it further.

Ger. Only thus far :
Your husband's old ; to whom my soul does wish
A Nestor's age, so much he merits from me ;
Yet if (as proof and nature daily teach,
Men cannot always live, especially
Such as are old and crazed,) he be called hence,
Fairly, in full maturity of time, 10
And we two be reserv'd to after life,
Will you confer your widow-hood on me ?

Wife. You ask the thing I was about to beg ;
Your tongue hath spoke mine own thoughts.

Ger. 'Tis enough, that word
Alone instates me happy : now, so please you,
We will divide ; you to your private chamber,
I to find out my friend.

Wife. You are now my brother ;
But then, my second husband. [They part. 20]

Young GERALDINE absents himself from the house of MR WINCOTT longer than is usual to him. The old Gentleman sends for him, to find out the reason.—He pleads his Father's commands.

WINCOTT. GERALDINE.

Ger. With due acknowledgment
Of all your more than many courtesies :
You've been my second father, and your wife
My noble and chaste mistress ; all your servants
At my command ; and this your bounteous table
As free and common as my father's house :
Neither 'gainst any or the least of these
Can I commence just quarrel.

Win. What might then be
The cause of this constraint, in thus absenting 30
Yourself from such as love you ?

Ger. Out of many,
I will propose some few : the care I have
Of your (as yet unblemish'd) renown ;
The untouched honour of your virtuous wife ;
And (which I value least, yet dearly too)
My own fair reputation.

Win. How can these
In any way be question'd ?

Ger. Oh, dear sir,
Bad tongues have been too busy with us all ;
Of which I never yet had time to think,
But with sad thoughts and griefs unspeakable.
It hath been whisper'd by some wicked ones,
But loudly thunder'd in my father's ears,
By some that have malign'd our happiness ;
(Heaven, if it can brook slander, pardon them) 10
That this my customary coming hither,
Hath been to base and sordid purposes ;
To wrong your bed, injure her chastity,
And be mine own undoer : which, how false—

Win. As heaven is true, I know it—

Ger. Now this calumny
Arriving first unto my father's ears,
His easy nature was induced to think
That these things might perhaps be possible :
I answer'd him, as I would do to heaven, 20
And clear'd myself in his suspicious thoughts
As truly, as the high all-knowing Judge
Shall of these stains acquit me ; which are merely
Aspersions and untruths. The good old man
Possessed with my sincerity, and yet careful
Of your renown, her honour, and my fame,
To stop the worst that scandal could inflict,
And to prevent false rumours, charges me,
The cause remov'd, to take away th' effect ;
Which only could be, to forbear your house : 30
And this upon his blessing. You hear all.

Win. And I of all acquit you : this your absence,
With which my love most cavill'd, orators
In your behalf. Had such things pass'd betwixt you,
Not threats nor chidings could have driv'n you hence ;
It pleads in your behalf, and speaks in hers ;
And arms me with a double confidence
Both of your friendship and her loyalty.
I am happy in you both, and only doubtful
Which of you two doth most impart my love. 40
You shall not hence to-night.

Ger. Pray, pardon sir.

Win. You are in your lodg~~ing~~.

Ger. But my father's charge.

Win. My conjuration shall dispense with that ;
You may be up as early as you please,
But hence to-night you shall not.

Ger. You are powerful.

Traveller's Stories.

Sir, my husband
Hath took much pleasure in your strange discourse
About Jerusalem and the Holy Land ;
How the new city differs from the old ;
What ruins of the Temple yet remain ; 10
And whether Sion, and those hills about,
With these adjacent towns and villages,
Keep that proportioned distance as we read :
And then in Rome, of that great Pyramis
Rear'd in the front, on four lions mounted ;
How many of those Idol temples stand,
First dedicated to their heathen gods,
Which ruin'd, which to better use repair'd ;
Of their Pantheon, and their Capitol ;
What structures are demolish'd, what remain. 20
— And what more pleasure to an old man's ear,
That never drew save his own country's air,
Than hear such things related ?

Shipwreck by Drink.

This Gentleman and I
Passed but just now by your next neighbour's house,
Where, as they say, dwells one young Lionel,
An unthrift youth : his father now at sea.

— There this night
Was a great feast.
In the height of their carousing, all their brains 30
Warm'd with the heat of wine, discourse was offer'd
Of ships and storms at sea : when suddenly,
Out of his giddy wildness, one conceives
The room wherein they quaff'd to be a pinnace,
Moving and floating, and the confus'd noise
To be the murmuring winds, gusts, mariners ;
That their unsteadfast footing did proceed
From rocking of the vessel : this conceiv'd,
Each one begins to apprehend the danger,

And to look out for safety. Fly, saith one
Up to the maintop, and discover. He
Climbs up the bed-post to the tester there,
Reports a turbulent sea and tempest towards ;
And wills them, if they 'll save their ship and lives,
To cast their lading over-board. At this
All fall to work, and hoist into the street,
As to the sea, what next came to their hand,
Stools, tables, tressels, trenchers, bed-steds, cups,
Pots, plate, and glasses. Here a fellow whistles ; 10
They take him for the boatswain : one lies struggling
Upon the floor, as if he swam for life :
A third takes the base-viol for the cock-boat,
Sits in the belly on 't, labours, and rows ;
His oar, the stick with which the fiddler played :
A fourth bestrides his fellow, thinking to 'scape
(As did Arion) on the dolphin's back,
Still fumbling on a gittern.—The rude multitude,
Watching without and gaping for the spoil
Cast from the windows, went by th' ears about it ; 20
The constable is call'd t' atone the broil ;
Which done, and hearing such a noise within
Of eminent ship-wreck, enters th' house, and finds
them
In this confusion : they adore his staff,
And think it Neptune's trident ; and that he
Comes with his Tritons (so they call'd his watch)
To calm the tempest and appease the waves :
And at this point we left them.

[This piece of pleasant exaggeration (which, for its life and humour might have been told or acted by Petruchio himself) gave rise to the title of Cowley's Latin Play, *Naufragium Joculare*, and furnished the idea of the best scene in it.—Heywood's preface to this Play is interesting, as it shows the heroic indifference about posterity, which some of these great writers seem to have felt. There is a magnanimity in Authorship as in everything else.

" If Reader thou hast of this play been an Auditor, there is less apology to be used by entreating thy patience. This Tragi-comedy (being one reserved amongst 220 in which I have had either an entire hand, or at the least a main finger) coming accidentally to the

press, and I having intelligence thereof, thought it not fit that it should pass as *filius populi*, a Bastard without a father to acknowledge it: true it is that my plays are not exposed to the world in volumes, to bear the title of works (as others*): one reason is, that many of them by shifting and change of companies, have been negligently lost. Others of them are still retained in the hands of some actors, who think it against their peculiar profit to have them come in print, and a third that it never was any great ambition in me to be in this kind voluminously read. All that I have further to say at this time is only this: censure I entreat as favourably as it is exposed to thy view freely.

“Ever
“Studioſus of thy Pleaſure and Profit,
“TH. HEYWOOD.”

Of the 220 pieces which he here speaks of having been concerned in, only 25, as enumerated by Dodsley, have come down to us, for the reasons assigned in the preface. The rest have perished, exposed to the casualties of a theatre. Heywood's ambition seems to have been confined to the pleasure of hearing the Players speak his lines while he lived. It does not appear that he ever contemplated the possibility of being read by after ages. What a slender pittance of fame was motive sufficient to the production of such Plays as the English Traveller, the Challenge for Beauty, and the Woman Killed with Kindness! Posterity is bound to take care that a Writer loses nothing by such a noble modesty.]

LXXXIII.

A CHALLENGE FOR BEAUTY.

BY THE SAME.

PETROCELLA a fair Spanish Lady loves MONTFERRERS, an English Sea Captain, who is Captive to VALLADAURA, a noble Spaniard.—VALLADAURA loves the Lady, and employs MONTFERRERS to be the Messenger of his love to her.

PETROCELLA. MONTFERRERS.

Pet. What art thou in thy country?
Mont. There, a man.

* He seems to glance at Ben Jonson.

Pet. What here ?

Mont. No better than you see : a slave.

Pet. Whose ?

Mont. His that hath redeem'd me.

Pet. Valladaura's ?

Mont. Yes, I proclaim 't ; I that was once mine
own,

Am now become his creature.

Pet. I perceive,

Your coming is to make me think you noble.

Would you persuade me deem your friend a God ? 10
For only such make men. Are you a gentleman ?

Mont. Not here ; for I am all dejectedness,

Captive to fortune, and a slave to want ;

I cannot call these clothes I wear mine own,

I do not eat but at another's cost,

This air I breathe is borrow'd ; ne'er was man

So poor and abject. I have not so much

In all this universe as a thing to leave,

Or a country I can freely boast is mine.

My essence and my being is another's.

20

What should I say ? I am not any thing ;

And I possess as little.

Pet. Tell me that ?

Come, come, I know you to be no such man.

You are a soldier valiant and renown'd ;

Your carriage tried by land, and prov'd at sea ;

Of which I have heard such full expression,

No contradiction can persuade you less ;

And in this faith I am constant.

Mont. A mere worm,

30

Trod on by every fate.

Pet. Rais'd by your merit

To be a common argument through Spain,

And speech at princes' tables, for your worth ;

Your presence when you please to expose 't abroad

Attracts all eyes, and draws them after you ;

And those that understand you, call their friends,

And pointing through the street, say, "This is he,

This is that brave and noble Englishman,

Whom soldiers strive to make their precedent, 40

And other men their wonder."

Mont. Th'

Makes me appear more abject to myself,
Than all diseases I have tasted yet
Had power to asperse upon me ; and yet, lady,
I could say something, durst I.

Pet. Speak 't at once.

Mont. And yet—

Pet. Nay, but we'll admit no pause.

Mont. I know not how my phrase may relish you,
And loth I were to offend ; even in what's past
I must confess I was too bold. Farewell ; 10
I shall no more distaste you.

Pet. Sir, you do not ;
I do proclaim you do not. Stay, I charge you ;
Or, as you say you have been fortune's scorn,
So ever prove to woman.

Mont. You charge deeply,
And yet now I bethink me—

Pet. As you are a soldier,
And Englishman, have hope to be redeem'd
From this your scorned bondage you sustain, 20
Have comfort in your mother and fair sister,
Renown so blazed in the ears of Spain,
Hope to rebreathe that air you tasted first,
So tell me—

Mont. What ?

Pet. Your apprehension catch'd,
And almost was in sheaf—

Mont. Lady, I shall.

Pet. And in a word.

Mont. I will.

Pet. Pronounce it then.

Mont. I love you.

Pet. Ha, ha, ha.

Mont. Still it is my misery
Thus to be mock'd in all things.

Pet. Pretty, faith.

Mont. I look'd thus to be laughed at ; my estate
And fortunes, I confess, deserve no less,
That made me so unwilling to denounce
Mine own derisions : but alas ! I find 40
No nation, sex, complexion, birth, degree,
But jest at want, and mock at misery.

Pet. Love me ?

Mont. I do, I do ; and maugre Fate,
 And spite of all sinister evil, shall.
 And now I charge you, by that filial zeal
 You owe your father, by the memory
 Of your dear mother, by the joys you hope
 In blessed marriage, by the fortunate issue
 Stored in your womb, by these and all things else
 That you can style with goodness ; instantly
 Without evasion, trick, or circumstance,
 Nay, least premeditation, answer me,
 Affect you me, or no ?

10

Pet. How speak you that ?

Mont. Without demur or pause.

Pet. Give me but time
 To sleep upon't.

Mont. I pardon you no minute ; not so much,
 As to apparel the least phrase you speak.
 Speak in the shortest sentence.

Pet. You have vanquish'd me
 At mine own weapon : noble sir, I love you : 20
 And what my heart durst never tell my tongue,
 Lest it should blab my thoughts, at last I speak,
 And iterate ; I love you.

Mont. Oh, my happiness !
 What wilt thou feel me still ? art thou not weary
 Of making me thy May-game, to possess me
 Of such a treasure's mighty magazine,
 Not suffer me to enjoy it ; tame with this hand,
 With that to give't another !

Pet. You are sad, sir ; 30
 Be so no more : if you have been dejected,
 It lies in me to mount you to that height
 You could not aim at greater. I am yours.
 These lips, that only witness it in air,
 Now with this truth confirm it. [Kisses him.]

Mont. I was born to 't ;
 And it shall out at once.

Pet. Sir, you seem passionate ;
 As if my answer pleas'd not.

Mont. Now my death ; 40
 For mine own tongue must kill me : noble lady,
 You have endear'd me to you, but my vow
 Was, ne'er to match with any, of what state

Or birth soever, till before the contract
Some one thing I impose her.

Pet. She to do it?

Mont. Or, if she fail me in my first demand,
I to abjure her ever.

Pet. I am she,
That beg to be employ'd so : name a danger,
Whose very face would fright all womanhood,
And manhood put in trance, nay, whose aspect
Would ague such as should but hear it told ;
But to the sad beholder, prove like those
That gaz'd upon Medusa's snaky locks,
And turn'd them into marble : these and more
Should you but speak't, I'd do.

10

Mont. And swear to this ?

Pet. I vow it by my honour, my best hopes,
And all that I wish gracious : name it then,
For I am in a longing in my soul,
To shew my love's expression.

20

Mont. You shall then—

Pet. I'll do it, as I am a Virgin :
Lie it within mortality, I'll do it.

Mont. You shall—

Pet. I will : that which appears in you
So terrible to speak, I'll joy to act ;
And take pride in performance.

Mont. Then you shall—

Pet. What soldier, what ?

Mont. —love noble Valladaura ;
And at his soonest appointment marry him.

30

Pet. Then I am lost.—

Miracle of Beauty.

I remember,*
There lived a Spanish Princess of our name,
An Isabella too, and not long since,
Who from her palace windows steadfastly
Gazing upon the Sun, her hair took fire.
Some augurs held it as a prodigy :
I rather think she was Latona's brood,
And that Apollo courted her bright hair ;

* A proud Spanish Princess relates this.

Else, envying that her tresses put down his,
He scorched them off in envy : nor dare I
(From her deriv'd) expose me to his beams ;
Lest, as he burns the Phœnix in her nest,
Made of the sweetest aromatic wood,
Either in love, or envy, he agree
To use the like combustion upon me.

LXXIV. (g.)

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM THE SAME.

BY THE SAME.

Appeal for Innocence against a false accusation.

Helena. Both have sworn :
And, princes, as you hope to crown your heads
With that perpetual wreath which shall last ever, 10
Cast on a poor dejected innocent virgin
Your eyes of grace and pity. What sin is it,
Or who can be the patron to such evil ?—
That a poor innocent maid, spotless in deed,
And pure in thought, both without spleen and gall,
That never injured creature, never had heart
To think of wrong, or ponder injury ;
That such a one in her white innocence,
Striving to live peculiar in the compass
Of her own virtues ; notwithstanding these, 20
Should be sought out by strangers, persecuted,
Made infamous ev'n there, where she was made
For imitation ; hiss'd at in her country ;
Abandon'd of her mother, kindred, friends ;
Depraved in foreign climes, scorn'd every where.
And ev'n in princes' courts reputed vile :
O pity, pity this !

LXXV. (G.)

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM THE SAME.

BY THE SAME.

In the Prologue to this Play, Heywood commends the English Plays; not without a censure of some writers who in his time had begun to degenerate.

The Roman and Athenian Dramas far
 Differ from us: and those that frequent are
 In Italy and France, ev'n in these days,
 Compared with ours, are rather Jigs than Plays.
 Like of the Spanish may be said, and Dutch;
 None, versed in language, but confess them such.
 They do not build their projects on that *ground*;
 Nor have their phrases half the weight and sound,
 Our labour'd Scenes have had. And yet our nation
 (Already too much tax'd for imitation, 10
 In seeking to ape others,) cannot 'quit
 Some of our Poets, who have sinn'd in it.
 For where, before, great Patriots, Dukes, and Kings,
 Presented for some high facinorous things,*
 Were the stage subject; now we strive to fly
 In their low pitch, who never could soar high:
 For now the common argument entreats
 Of puling Lovers, crafty Bawds, or Cheats.
 Nor blame I their quick fancies, who can fit
 These queasy times with humours flash'd in wit 20
 Whose art I both encourage and commend;
 I only wish that they would sometimes bend
 To memorise the valours of such men,
 Whose very names might dignify the pen
 And that our once-applauded Roscian strain
 In acting such might be revived again:
 Which you to count'nance might the Stage make
 proud,
 And poets strive to key their strings more loud.

* The foundations of the English Drama were laid deep in *tragedy* by Marlow and others—Marlow especially—while our *comedy* was yet in its lisping state. To this tragic preponderance (forgetting his own sweet Comedies, and Shakspeare's), Heywood seems to refer with regret; as in the "Roscian Strain" he evidently alludes to Alceyn, who was great in the "Jew of Malta," as Heywood elsewhere testifies, and in the principal tragic parts both of Marlow and Shakspeare.

LXXVI. (G.)

FORTUNE BY LAND AND SEA: A COMEDY.

BY T. HEYWOOD AND W. ROWLEY.

Old FOREST forbids his son to sup with some riotous gallants; who goes notwithstanding and is slain.

SCENE.—A Tavern.

RAINSWORTH, FOSTER, GOODWIN. To them enters FRANK FOREST.

Rain. Now, Frank, how stole you from your father's arms?
 You have been school'd, no doubt. Fie, fie upon it.
 Ere I would live in such base servitude
 To an old greybeard, 'sfoot I'd hang myself.
 A man cannot be merry and drink drunk,
 But he must be controlled by gravity.

Frank. O pardon him; you know, he is my father,
 And what he doth is but paternal love.
 Though I be wild, I'm not yet so past reason
 His person to despise, though I his counsel 10
 Cannot severely follow.

Rain. 'Sfoot, he's a fool.
Frank. A fool! you are a—
Fost. Nay, gentlemen—
Frank. Yet I restrain my tongue,
 Hoping you speak out of some spleenful rashness,
 And no deliberate malice; and it may be
 You are sorry that a word so unreverent,
 To wrong so good an aged gentleman,
 Should pass you unawares. 20

Rain. Sorry, Sir Boy! you will not take exceptions?

Frank. Not against you with willingness, whom I
 Have loved so long. Yet you might think me a
 Most dutiless and ungracious son to give
 Smooth countenance unto my father's wrong.
 Come, I dare swear
 'Twas not your malice, and I take it so.
 Let's frame some other talk. Hear, gentlemen—

Rain. But hear me, Boy ! it seems, Sir, you are angry—

Frank. Not thoroughly yet—

Rain. Then what would anger thee ?

Frank. Nothing from you.

Rain. Of all things under heaven

What would'st thou loathest have me do ?

Frank. I would

Not have you wrong my reverent father, and
I hope you will not.

Rain. Thy father's an old dotard.

10

Frank. I would not brook this at a monarch's
hand,

Much less at thine.

Rain. Aye, Boy, then take you that.

Frank. I was not born to brook this. Oh, I'm slain.

Good. Sweet Coz, what have you done ? Shift for
yourself.

Rain. Away.—

Exeunt.

Enter Two Drawers.

1st. Dr. Stay the gentlemen, they have killed a
man ! O sweet Mr Francis. One run to his father's.

2nd. Dr. Hark, hark ! I hear his father's voice
below, 'tis ten to one he is come to fetch him home
to supper, and now he may carry him home to his
grave.

22

Enter the Host, OLD FOREST, and SUSAN his daughter.

Host. You must take comfort, Sir.

For. Is he dead, is he dead, girl ?

Sus. O dead, Sir, Frank is dead.

For. Alas, alas, my boy ! I have not the heart
To look upon his wide and gaping wounds. . . .
Pray tell me, Sir, doth this appear to you
Fearful and pitiful—to you that are
A stranger to my dead boy ?

30

Host. How can it otherwise ?

For. O me most wretched of all wretched men !
If to a stranger his warm bleeding wounds
Appear so grisly and so lamentable,
How will they seem to me that am his father ?
Will they not hale my eye-brows from their rounds
And with an everlasting blindness strike them ?

I.

Q

Sus. O Sir, look here.

For. Dost long to have me blind ?
Then I 'll behold them, since I know thy mind.
Oh me !

Is this my son that doth so senseless lie,
And swims in blood ? my soul shall fly with his
Unto the land of rest. Behold I crave,
Being kill'd with grief, we both may have one
grave.

Sus. Alas, my father's dead, too ! gentle Sir,
Help to retire his spirits, over-travail'd 10
With age and sorrow.

Host. Mr Forest—

Sus. Father—

For. What says my girl ? good-morrow. What's
a clock,
That you are up so early ? call up Frank ;
Tell him he lies too long a bed this morning.
He was wont to call the sun up, and to raise
The early lark, and mount her 'mongst the clouds.
Will he not up ? rise, rise, thou sluggish boy.

Sus. Alas, he cannot, father.

20

For. Cannot, why ?

Sus. Do you not see his bloodless colour fail ?

For. Perhaps he's sickly, that he looks so pale.

Sus. Do you not feel his pulse no motion keep ?
How still he lies !

For. Then is he fast asleep.

Sus. Do you not see his fatal eye-lid close ?

For. Speak softly ; hinder not his soft repose.

Sus. Oh, see you not these purple conduits run ?
Know you these wounds ? 30

For. Oh me ! my murdered son !

Enter young MR FOREST.

Y. For. Sister !

Sus. O brother, brother !

Y. For. Father, how cheer you, Sir ? why, you
were wont
To store for others comfort, that by sorrow
Were any ways distress'd. Have you all wasted,

And spared none to yourself ?

O. For. O Son, Son, Son,

See, alas, see where thy brother lies.
 He dined with me to-day, was merry, merry,
 Aye, that corpse was ; he that lies here, see here,
 Thy murder'd brother and my son was. Oh see,
 Dost thou not weep for him ?

Y. For. I shall find time ;
 When you have took some comfort, I'll begin
 To mourn his death, and scourge the murderer's sin.
O. For. Oh, when saw father such a tragic sight,
 And did outlive it ? never, son, ah never. 10
 From mortal breast ran such a precious river.

Y. For. Come, father, and dear sister, join with
 me ;
 Let us all learn our sorrows to forget.
He owed a death, and he hath paid that debt.

[If I were to be consulted as to a reprint of our Old English Dramatists, I should advise to begin with the collected Plays of Heywood. He was a fellow Actor, and fellow Dramatist, with Shakspeare. He possessed not the imagination of the latter ; but in all those qualities which gained for Shakspeare the attribute of *gentle*, he was not inferior to him. Generosity, courtesy, temperance in the depths of passion ; sweetuess, in a word, and gentleness ; Christianism ; and true hearty Anglicism of feelings, shaping that Christianism ; shine throughout his beautiful writings in a manner more conspicuous than in those of Shakspeare, but only more conspicuous, inasmuch as in Heywood these qualities are primary, in the other subordinate to poetry. I love them both equally, but Shakspeare has most of my wonder. Heywood should be known to his countrymen, as he deserves. His plots are almost invariably English. I am sometimes jealous, that Shakspeare laid so few of his scenes at home. I laud Ben Jonson, for that in one instance having framed the first draught of his Every Man in his Humour in Italy, he changed the scene, and Anglicised his characters. The names of them in the First Edition, may not be unamusing.

Men.

Lorenzo, Sen.	Bobadilla (Bobadil).
Lorenzo, Jun.	Musco.
Prospero.	Cob (the same in English).
Thorello.	Peto.
Stephano (Master Stephen).	Pizo.
Dr Clement (Justice Cle- ment).	Matheo (Master Mathew).

Women.

Guilliana.	Hesperida.
Biancha.	Tib (the same in English).

How say you, Reader? Do not Master Kitely, Mistress Kitely, Master Knowell, Brainworm, &c. read better than these Cisalpines!]

LXXVII.

THE LATE LANCASHIRE WITCHES :
A COMEDY.

BY THOMAS HEYWOOD AND RICHARD BROOME.

MR GENEROUS by taking off a Bridle from a seeming Horse in his Stable, discovers it to be his WIFE who has transformed herself by Magical Practices, and is a Witch.

MR GENEROUS. WIFE. ROBIN, a groom.

Gen. My blood is turn'd to ice, and all my vitals
Have ceas'd their working. Dull stupidity
Surpriseth me at once, and hath arrested
That vigorous agitation, which till now
Expressed a life within me. I, methinks,
Am a mere marble statue, and no man.
Unweave my age, O time, to my first thread ;
Let me lose fifty years, in ignorance spent ;
That, being made an infant once again,
I may begin to know. What, or where am I, 10
To be thus lost in wonder ?

Wife. Sir.

Gen. Amazement still pursues me, how am I
chang'd,
Or brought ere I can understand myself,
Into this new world !

Rob. You will believe no witches ?

Gen. This makes me believe all, aye, anything ;
And that myself am nothing. Prithee, Robin,
Lay me to myself open ; what art thou,
Or this new transform'd creature ? 20

Rob. I am Robin ;

And this your wife, my mistress.

Gen. Tell me, the earth

Shall leave its seat, and mount to kiss the moon ;
 Or that the moon, enamour'd of the earth,
 Shall leave her sphere, to stoop to us thus low.
 What ? what's this in my hand, that at an instant
 Can from a four-legg'd creature make a thing
 So like a wife ?

Rob. A bridle ; a juggling bridle, Sir.

Gen. A bridle ! Hence, enchantment.

A viper were more safe within my hand,
 Than this charm'd engine — 10
 A witch ! my wife a witch !
 The more I strive to unwind
 Myself from this meander, I the more
 Therein am intricated. Prithee, woman,
 Art thou a witch ?

Wife. It cannot be denied,
 I am such a curst creature.

~~¶~~ *Gen.* Keep aloof :
 And do not come too near me. O my trust ;
 Have I, since first I understood myself,
 Been of my soul so chary, still to study
 What best was for its health, to renounce all
 The works of that black fiend with my best force,
 And hath that serpent twined me so about,
 That I must lie so often and so long
 With a devil in my bosom ?

Wife. Pardon, Sir. [She looks down.]

Gen. Pardon ! can such a thing as that be hoped !
 Lift up thine eyes, lost woman, to yon hills ;
 It must be thence expected : look not down 30
 Unto that horrid dwelling, which thou hast sought
 At such dear rate to purchase. Prithee, tell me,
 (For now I can believe) art thou a witch ?

Wife. I am.

Gen. With that word I am thunderstruck,
 And know not what to answer ; yet resolve me,
 Hast thou made any contract with that fiend,
 The enemy of mankind ?

Wife. O, I have.

Gen. What ? and how far ? 40

Wife. I have promis'd him my soul.

Gen. Ten thousand times better thy body had
 Been promis'd to the stake ; aye, and mine too,

To have suffer'd with thee in a hedge of flames,
Than such a compact ever had been made. Oh —
Resolve me, how far doth that contract stretch ?

Wife. What interest in this Soul myself could claim,
I freely gave him ; but His part that made it
I still reserve, not being mine to give.

Gen. O cunning devil : foolish woman, know,
Where he can claim but the least little part,
He will usurp the whole. Thou 'rt a lost woman.

Wife. I hope not so.

10

Gen. Why, hast thou any hope ?

Wife. Yes, sir, I have.

Gen. Make it appear to me.

Wife. I hope I never bargain'd for that fire,
Further than penitent tears have power to quench.

Gen. I would see some of them.

Wife. You behold them now

(If you look on me with charitable eyes)
Tinctur'd in blood, blood issuing from the heart.
Sir, I am sorry ; when I look towards heaven, 20
I beg a gracious pardon ; when on you,
Methinks your native goodness should not be
Less pitiful than they ; 'gainst both I have err'd ;
From both I beg atonement.

Gen. May I presume 't ?

Wife. I kneel to both your mercies.

Gen. Knowest thou what

A witch is ?

Wife. Alas, none better ;
Or after mature recollection can be 30
More sad to think on 't.

Gen. Tell me, are those tears
As full of true-hearted penitence,
As mine of sorrow to behold what state,
What desperate state, thou 'rt fallen in ?

Wife. Sir, they are.

Gen. Rise ; and, as I do you, so heaven pardon me ;
We all offend, but from such falling off
Defend us ! Well, I do remember, wife,
When I first took thee, 'twas *for good and bad* : 40
O change thy bad to good, that I may keep thee,
(As then we passed our faiths), till death us sever. . . .
O woman, thou hast need to weep thyself

Into a fountain, such a penitent spring
As may have power to quench invisible flames,
In which my eyes shall aid : too little, all.*

Frank Hospitality.

Gentlemen, welcome ; 'tis a word I use ;
From me expect no further compliment ;
Nor do I name it often at one meeting ;
Once spoke, (to those that understand me best,) 10
And know I always purpose as I speak,)
Hath ever yet sufficed : so let it you.
Nor do I love that common phrase of guests,
As, we make bold, or, we are troublesome,
We take you unprovided, and the like ;
I know you understanding gentlemen,
And knowing me, cannot persuade yourselves
With me you shall be troublesome or bold.——
Nor shall you find
Being set to meat, that I 'll excuse your fare,
Or say, I am sorry it falls out so poor,
And, had I known your coming, we'd have had
Such thing and such ; nor blame my cook, to say 20
This dish or that hath not been sauced with care :
Words fitting best a common hostess' mouth,
When there's perhaps some just cause of dislike,
But not the table of a gentleman.

LXXXVIII. (G.)

FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM THE SAME.

BY THE SAME.

A Household bewitched.

My Uncle 's of late become the sole discourse
Of all the country ; for of a man respected
For his discretion and known gravity,
As master of a govern'd family,
The House (as if the ridge were fix'd below,
And groundsills lifted up to make the roof,) 30

* Compare this with a story in the Arabian Nights, where a man discovers his wife to be a *genie*.

All now's turn'd topsy-turvy,
 In such a retrograde and preposterous way,
 As seldom hath been heard of, I think never.
 The Good Man
 In all obedience kneels unto his Son ;
 He with an austere brow commands his Father.
 The Wife presumes not in the Daughter's sight
 Without a prepared curtsey ; the Girl she
 Expects it as a duty ; chides her Mother 9
 Who quakes and trembles at each word she speaks.
 And what's as strange, the Maid—she domineers
 O'er her young Mistress, who is awed by her.
 The Son, to whom the Father creeps and bends,
 Stands in as much fear of the groom his Man !
 All in such rare disorder, that in some
 As it breeds pity, and in others wonder,
 So in the most part laughter. It is thought,
 This comes by WITCHCRAFT.

LXXIX. (G.)

BLURT, MASTER CONSTABLE : A COMEDY.

BY T. MIDDLETON.

Lover kept awake by Love.

Alas ! how can I sleep ? who truly loves,
 Burns out the day in idle fantasies ; 20
 And when the lamb bleating doth bid good-night
 Unto the closing day, then tears begin
 To keep quick time unto the owl, whose voice
 Shrieks like the bellman in the lover's ears :
 Love's eye the jewel of sleep, oh ! seldom wears.
 The early lark is waken'd from her bed,
 Being only by Love's plaints disquieted ;
 And singing in the morning's ear she weeps,
 Being deep in love, at lovers' broken sleeps.
 But say a golden slumber chance to tie 30
 With silken strings the cover of Love's eye ;
 Then dreams, magician-like, mocking present
 Pleasures, whose fading leaves more discontent.

VIOLETTA comes to seek her Husband at the house of a
Curtizan.

VIOLETTA. IMPERIA, the Curtizan.

Vio. By your leave, sweet Beauty, pardon my excuse, which sought entrance into this house: good Sweetness, have you not a property here, improper to your house; my husband?

Imp. Hah! your husband here?

Vio. Nay, be as you seem to be, White Dove, without gall. Do not mock me, fairest Venetian. Come, I know he's here. I do not blame him, for your beauty gilds over his error. 'Troth, I am right glad that you, my countrywoman, have received the pawn of his affections. You cannot be hard-hearted, loving him; nor hate me, for I love him too. Since we both love him, let us not leave him, till we have called home the ill husbandry of a sweet straggler. Prithee, good wench, use him well.

15

Imp. So, so, so—

Vio. If he deserve not to be used well (as I'd be loth he should deserve it), I'll engage myself, dear Beauty, to thine honest heart: give me leave to love him, and I'll give him a kind of leave to love thee. I know he hears me. I prithee, try my eyes, if they know him; that have almost drowned themselves in their own salt-water, because they cannot see him. In truth, I'll not chide him. If I speak words rougher than soft kisses, my penance shall be to see him kiss thee, yet to hold my peace.

Good partner, lodge me in thy private bed;

Where, in supposed folly, he may end

Determin'd sin. Thou smilest. I know thou wilt. What looseness may term dotage,—truly read, 30
Is Love ripe-gather'd, not soon withered.

Imp. Good truth, pretty wedlock, thou makest my little eyes smart with washing themselves in brine. I mar such a sweet face!—and wipe off that dainty red! and make Cupid toll the bell for your love-sick heart!—no, no, no—if he were Jove's own ingle, Ganymede—fie, fie, fie—I'll none. Your Chamber-fellow is within. Thou shalt enjoy him.

Vio. Star of Venetian Beauty thanks

LXXX. (G.)

THE CHASTE MAID IN CHEAPSIDE :
A COMEDY.

BY THE SAME.

Citizen to a Knight complimenting his Daughter.

Pish, stop your words, good knight, 'twill make her
blush else,
Which are wound too high for the daughters of the
Freedom ;
Honour, and Faithful Servant ! they are compliments
For the worthy ladies of White Hall or Greenwich ;
Ev'n plain, sufficient, subsidy-words serve us, Sir.

MASTER ALLWIT (a Wittol) describes his contentment.

I 'm like a man
Finding a table furnish'd to his hand,
(As mine is still for me), prays for the Founder,—
Bless the Right Worshipful, the good Founder's life !
I thank him, he* has maintain'd my house ten
years ; 10
Not only keeps my wife, but 'a keeps me.
He gets me all my children, and pays the nurse,
Weekly or monthly ; puts me to nothing, rent,
Nor Church dues, not so much as the scavenger ;
The happiest state that ever man was born to.
I walk out in a morning, come to breakfast,
Find excellent cheer, a good fire in winter ;
Look in my coal-house, about Midsummer eve,
That's full, five or six chaldron new laid up ;
Look in my back yard, I shall find a steeple 20
Made up with Kentish faggots, which o'erlooks
The water-house and the windmills. I say nothing,
But smile, and pin the door. When she lies in,
(As now she's even upon the point of grunting),
A lady lies not in like her ; there's her embossings,
Embroiderings, spanglings, and I know not what,
As if she lay with all the gaudy-shops
In Gresham's Burse about her ; then her restoratives,

* A rich old Knight, who keeps Allwit's Wife.

Able to set up a young 'pothecary,
 And richly store the foreman of a drug-shop ;
 Her sugars by whole loaves, her wines by rundlets.
 I see these things, but, like a happy man
 I pay for none at all, yet fools think 's mine ;
 I have the name, and in his gold I shine :
 And where some merchants would in soul kiss hell
 To buy a paradise for their wives, and dye
 Their conscience in the blood of prodigal heirs,
 To deck their night-piece; yet, all this being done, 10
 Eaten with jealousy to the inmost bone ;
 These torments stand I freed of. I 'm as clear
 From jealousy of a wife, as from the charge.
 O two miraculous blessings ! 'tis the Knight
 Hath ta'en that labour all out of my hands.
 I may sit still, and play ; he 's jealous for me,
 Watches her steps, sets spies. I live at ease.
 He has both the cost and torment ; when the strings
 Of his heart fret, I feed fat, laugh, or sing.

* * * * *

I 'll go bid gossips * presently myself, 20
 That's all the work I 'll do ; nor need I stir,
 But that it is my pleasure to walk forth
 And air myself a little ; I am tied
 To nothing in this business ; what I do
 Is merely recreation, not constraint.

Rescue from Bailiffs by the Watermen.

— I had been taken by eight sergeants,
 But for the honest watermen ; I am bound to 'em.
 They are the most requisitef'st people living ;
 For, as they get their means by gentlemen,
 They 're still the forward'st to help gentlemen. 30
 You heard how one 'scaped out of the Blackfriars †
 But a while since from two or three varlets,
 Came into the house with all their rapiers drawn,
 As if they'd dance the sword-dance on the stage,
 With candles in their hands, like chandlers' ghosts!
 Whilst the poor gentleman, so pursued and banded
 Was by an honest pair of oars safe landed.

* To his Wife's Lying-in.

† Alassta, I presume.

LXXXI.

MORE DISSEMBLERS BESIDES WOMEN :
A COMEDY.

BY THE SAME.

Death.

—when the heart's above, the body walks here
 But like an idle servingman below,
 Gaping and waiting for his master's coming.
 He that lives fourscore years, is but like one
 That stays here for a friend : when death comes, then
 Away he goes, and is ne'er seen again.

Loving a Woman.

—of all the frenzies
 That follow flesh and blood,
 The most ridiculous is to fawn on women ;
 There's no excuse for that : 'tis such a madness, 10
 There is no cure set down for 't ; no physician
 Ever spent hour about it, for they guess'd
 'Twas all in vain, when they first lov'd, themselves,
 And never since durst practise : cry *heu mihi* ;
 That's all the help they have for 't. I'd rather meet
 A witch far north than a fine fool in love ;
 The sight would less afflict me. But for modesty,
 I should fall foul in words upon fond man,
 That can forget his excellence and honour,
 His serious meditations, being the end
 Of his creation, to learn well to die ; 20
 And live a prisoner to a woman's eye.

Widow's Vow.

Lord Cardinal. Increase of health and a redoubled
 courage
 To chastity's great soldier : what, so sad, Madam ?
 The memory of her seven-years-deceas'd Lord
 Springs yet into her eyes, as fresh and full
 As at the seventh hour after his departure.
 What a perpetual fountain is her virtue !
 Too much to afflict yourself with ancient sorrow

Is not so strictly for your strength required :
 Your vow is charge enough, believe me 'tis, madam,
 You need no weightier task.

Duch. Religious sir,
 You heard the last words of my dying Lord.

Lord Card. Which I shall ne'er forget.

Duch. May I entreat
 Your goodness but to speak 'em over to me,
 As near as memory can befriend your utterance :
 That I may think awhile I stand in presence 10
 Of my departing husband.

Lord Card. What's your meaning
 In this, most virtuous madam ?

Duch. 'Tis a courtesy
 I stand in need of, sir, at this time specially ;
 Urge it no farther yet : as it proves to me,
 You shall hear from me ; only I desire it
 Effectually from you, sir, that's my request.

Lord Card. I wonder ; yet I'll spare to question
 farther ;
 You shall have your desire. 20

Duch. I thank you, sir :
 A blessing come along with it.

Lord Card. [repeats] "You see, my Lords, what
 all earth's glory is,
 " Rightly defined in me, uncertain breath :
 " A dream of threescore years to the long sleeper,
 " To most not half the time. Beware ambition ;
 " Heaven is not reach'd with pride, but with submis-
 sion.

" And you, Lord Cardinal, labour to perfect
 " Good purposes begun ; be what you seem,
 " Steadfast and uncorrupt ; your actions noble, 30
 " Your goodness simple, without gain or art ;
 " And not in vesture holier than in heart.
 " But 'tis a pain, more than the pangs of death,
 " To think that we must part, fellows of life.—
 " Thou richness of my joys, kind and dear Princess,
 " Death had no sting, but for our separation ;
 " Twould come more calm than an evening's peace,
 " That brings on rest to labours : Thou art so
 precious,
 " I should depart in everlasting envy

" Unto the man, that ever should enjoy thee.
 " Oh, a new torment strikes his force into me,
 " When I but think on't, I am rack'd and torn
 " (Pity me) in thy virtues."

Duch. " My lov'd Lord,
 " Let your oonfirm'd opinion of my life,
 " My love, my faithful love, seal an assurance
 " Of quiet to your spirit, that no forgetfulness
 " Can cast a sleep so deadly on my senses,
 " To draw my affections to a second liking." 10

Lord Card. " T has ever been thy promise, and
 the spring

" Of my great love to thee. For, once to marry
 " Is honourable in woman, and her ignorance
 " Stands for a virtue, coming new and fresh ;
 " But second marriage shews desires in flesh ;
 " Thence lust, and heat, and common custom grows :
 " But she's part virgin, who but one man knows.
 " I here expect a work of thy great faith
 " At my last parting ; I can crave no more ;
 " And with thy vow I rest myself for ever ; 20
 " My soul and it shall fly to heaven together :
 " Seal to my spirit that quiet satisfaction,
 " And I go hence in peace."

Duch. " Then here I vow, never——"

Lord Card. Why, Madam——

Duch. I can go no further.

Lord Card. What, have you forgot your vow?

Duch. I have, too certainly.

Lord Card. Your vow ? that cannot be ; it follows
 now,
 Just where I left. 30

Duch. My frailty gets before it ;
 Nothing prevails but ill.

Lord Card. What ails you, Madam ?

Duch. Sir, I'm in love.



LXXXIL

NO WIT }
 HELP } LIKE A WOMAN'S:
 A COMEDY.

BY THE SAME.

Virtuous Poverty.

'Life, had he not his answer? what strange impudence
 Governs in man, when lust is lord of him!
 Thinks he me mad? 'cause I have no monies on earth,
 That I 'll go forfeit my estate in heaven,
 And live eternal beggar? he shall pardon me:
 That's my soul's jointure; I 'll starve ere I sell that.

Comfort.

—husband,
 Wake, wake, and let not patience keep thee poor,
 Rouse up thy spirit from this falling slumber:
 Make thy distress seem but a weeping dream, 10
 And this the opening morning of thy comforts
 Wipe the salt dew from off thy careful eyes,
 And drink a draught of gladness next thy heart
 To expel the infection of all poisonous sorrows.

*Good and Ill Fortune.**O my blessing!*

I feel a hand of mercy lift me up
 Out of a world of waters, and now sets me
 Upon a mountain, where the sun plays most,
 To cheer my heart even as it dries my limbs.
 What deeps I see beneath me, in whose falls 20
 Many a nimble mortal toils,
 And scarce can feed himself: the streams of fortune,
 'Gainst which he tugs in vain, still beat him down,
 And will not suffer him (past hand to mouth)
 To lift his arm to his posterity's blessing.
 I see a careful sweat run in a ring
 About his temples, but all will not do:
 For till some happy means relieve his state,
 There he must stick and bide the wrath of fate.

Parting in Amity.

Let our parting
Be full as charitable as our meeting was ;
That the pale envious world, glad of the food
Of others' miseries, civil dissensions,
And nuptial strifes, may not feed fat with ours.

Meeting with a Wife supposed Dead.

O my reviving joy ! thy quickening presence
Makes the sad night of threescore and ten years
Sit like a youthful spring upon my blood.
I cannot make thy welcome rich enough
With all the wealth of words.

10

MOTHER'S Forgiveness.

Moth. Why do your words start back ? are they
afraid
Of her that ever lov'd them ?

Philip. I have a suit to you, Madam.

Moth. You have told me that already ; pray, what
is 't ?

If 't be so great, my present state refuse it,
I shall be abler, then command and use it.
Whate'er 't be, let me have warning to provide for 't.

Philip. Provide forgiveness then, for that's the
want

My conscience feels. O, my wild youth has led me
Into unnatural wrongs against your freedom once. 20
I spent the ransom which my father sent,
To set my pleasures free, while you lay captive.

Moth. And is this all now ?
You use me like a stranger : pray, stand up.

Philip. Rather fall flat : I shall deserve yet worse.

Moth. Whate'er your faults are, esteem me still a
friend ;
Or else you wrong me more in asking pardon
Than when you did the wrong you ask'd it for :

And since you have prepar'd me to forgive you. 29
Pray let me know for what ; the first fault 's nothing.

Philip. Here comes the wrong then that drives
home the rest.

I saw a face at Antwerp, that quite drew me
 From conscience and obedience : in that fray
 I lost my heart, I must needs lose my way.
 There went the ransom, to redeem my mind ;
 Stead of the money, I brought over her ;
 And to cast mists before my father's eyes,
 Told him it was my sister, lost so long,
 And that yourself was dead.—You see the wrong.

Moth. This is but youthful still -- 10
 I forgive thee
 As freely as thou didst it. For alas,
 This may be call'd good dealing, to some parts
 That love and youth plays daily among sons.

LXXXIII.

WOMEN BEWARE WOMEN : A TRAGEDY.

BY THE SAME.

LIVIA, the Duke's creature, cajoles a poor widow with the appearance of Hospitality and neighbourly Attentions, that she may get her Daughter-in-Law (who is left in the Mother's care in the Son's absence) into her trains, to serve the Duke's pleasure.

LIVIA. WIDOW. A Gentleman, LIVIA's Guest.

Liv. Widow, come, come, I've a great quarrel to you ;
 Faith, I must chide you, that you must be sent for ;
 You make yourself so strange, never come at us,
 And yet so near a neighbour, and so unkind ;
 Troth, you're to blame ; you cannot be more welcome
 To any house in Florence, that I'll tell you.

Wid. My thanks must needs acknowledge so much, madam. 20

Liv. How can you be so strange then ? I sit here
 Sometimes whole days together without company,
 When business draws this gentleman from home,
 And should be happy in society
 Which I so well affect as that of yours.
 I know you're alone too ; why should not we

Like two kind neighbours, then supply the wants
Of one another, having tongue-discourse,
Experience in the world, and such kind helps,
To laugh down time and meet age merrily !

Wid. Age, madam ! you speak mirth : 'tis at my
door,
But a long journey from your ladyship yet.

Liv. My faith, I'm nine and thirty, every stroke,
wench :

And 'tis a general observation
'Mongst knights ; wives, or widows, we account
ourselves

Then old, when young men's eyes leave looking at us.
Come, now I have thy company, I'll not part with it
Till after supper.

Wid. Yes, I must crave pardon, madam.
Liv. I swear you shall stay supper ; we've no
strangers, woman,

None but my sojourners and I, this gentleman
And the young heir hisward ; you know your company.

Wid. Some other time I'll make bold with you,
madam.

Liv. Faith, she shall not go.
Do you think I'll be forsworn ?

Wid. 'Tis a great while
Till supper time ; I'll take my leave then now,
madam,

And come again in the evening, since your ladyship
Will have it so.

Liv. In the evening ! by my troth, wench,
I'll keep you while I have you ; you've great busi-
ness, sure,

To sit alone at home : I wonder strangely
What pleasure you take in 't. Were't to me now,
I should be ever at one neighbour's house
Or other all day long ; having no charge,
Or none to chide you, if you go, or stay,

Who may live merrier, aye, or more at heart's ease ?
Come, we'll to chess or draughts, there are an hundred
tricks

To drive out time till supper, never fear 't, wench.

[*A Chess-board is set.*
Wid. I'll but make one step home, and return
straight, madam.

Liv. Come, I'll not trust you, you make more excuses

To your kind friends than ever I knew any.
What business can you have, if you be sure
You've lock'd the doors ? and, that being all you have,
I know you're careful on 't. One afternoon
So much to spend here ! say I should entreat you now
To lie a night or two, or a week, with me,
Or leave your own house for a month together ;
It were a kindness that long neighbourhood
And friendship might well hope to prevail in : 10
Would you deny such a request ? i' faith
Speak truly and freely.

Wid. I were then uncivil, madam.

Liv. Go to then, set your men ; we'll have whole nights

Of mirth together, ere we're much older, wench.

Wid. As good now tell her then, for she will know it ;

I've always found her a most friendly lady. [Aside.

Liv. Why, widow, where's your mind ?

Wid. Troth, even at home, madam.

To tell you truth, I left a gentlewoman 20
Even sitting all alone, which is uncomfortable,
Especially to young bloods.

Liv. Another excuse !

Wid. No, as I hope for health, madam, that's a truth ;
Please you to send and see.

Liv. What gentlewoman ? pish.

Wid. Wife to my son, indeed.

Liv. Now I beshrew you.

Could you be so unkind to her and me,
To come and not bring her ? faith, 'tis not friendly. 30

Wid. I fear'd to be too bold.

Liv. Too bold ! Oh what's become
Of the true hearty love was wont to be
'Monget neighbours in old time ?

Wid. And she's a stranger, madam.

Liv. The more should be her welcome ! when is courtesy
In better practice, than when 'tis employ'd
In entertaining strangers ? I could chide ye in faith.

*Leave her behind, poor gentlewoman, alone too !
Make some amends, and send for her betimes, go.*

Wid. Please you, command one of your servants,
madam,

Liv. Within there.—
Attend the gentlewoman. ——*

BRANCHA resists the DUKE's attempt.

Bran. O treachery to honour !

Duke. Prithee, tremble not.

I feel thy breast shake like a turtle panting
Under a loving hand that makes much on 't.
Why art so fearful ? . . .

10

Bran. Oh my extremity !

My Lord, what seek you ?

Duke. Love.

Bran. Tis gone already :
I have a husband.

Duke. That's a single comfort ;
Take a friend to him.

Bran. That's a double mischief ;
Or else there's no religion,

Duke. Do not tremble
At fears of thine own making.

20

Bran. Nor, great Lord,
Make me not bold with death and deeds of ruin,
Because they fear not you ; me they must fright ;
Then am I best in health : should thunder speak
And none regard it, it had lost the name,
And were as good be still. I'm not like those
That take their soundest sleeps in greatest tempests ;
Then wake I most, the weather fearfullest,
And call for strength to virtue. ——

30

Winding Sheet.

— to have a being, and to live 'mongst men,
Is a fearful living and a poor one ; let a man truly
think on 't.

* This is one of those scenes which has the air of being an immediate transcript from life. Livia the "good neighbour", is as real a creature as one of Chancer's characters. She is such another jolly Housewife as the Wife of Bath.

To have the toil and griefs of fourscore years
 Put up in a white sheet, tied with two knots :
 Methinks it should strike earthquakes in adulterers,
 When even the very sheets they commit sin in
 May prove, for aught they know, all their last
 garments.

Great Men's looks.

Did not the duke look up ? methought he saw us. —
 — That's every one's conceit that sees a duke,
 If he look steadfastly, he looks straight at them :
 When he, perhaps, good careful gentleman,
 Never minds any, but the look he casts 10
 Is at his own intentions, and his object
 Only the public good. ———

Weeping in love.

Why should those tears be fetch'd forth ? cannot
 love
 Be even as well express'd in a good look,
 But it must see her face still in a fountain ?
 It shews like a country maid dressing her head
 By a dish of water : come, 'tis an old custom
 To weep for love.

Lover's Chidings.

— prithee, forgive me, 20
 I did but chide in jest : the best loves use it
 Sometimes ; it sets an edge upon affection.
 When we invite our best friends to a feast,
 'Tis not all sweetmeats that we set before 'em ;
 There's something sharp and salt, both to whet
 appetite,
 And make 'em taste their wine well : so, methinks,
 After a friendly, sharp, and savoury chiding,
 A kiss tastes wondrous well, and full o' the grape.

Wedlock.

O thou, the ripe time of man's misery, wedlock ;
 When all his thoughts like over-laden trees
 Crack with the fruits they bear, in cares, in 80
 jealousies !
 O that's a fruit that ripens hastily,
 After 'tis knit to marriage ; it begins,
 As soon as the sun shines upon the bride,
 A little to shew colour. ———

Marrying the Adulteress, the Husband dead.

Is not sin sure enough to wretched man,
 But he must bind himself in chains to 't ! worse !
 Must marriage, that immaculate robe of honour,
 That renders Virtue glorious, fair, and fruitful
 To her great master, be now made the garment
 Of leprosy and foulness ? Is this penitence,
 To sanctify hot lust ? what is it otherways
 Than worship done to devils ? is this the best
 Amends that sin can make after her riots ?
 As if a drunkard, to appease heaven's wrath,
 Should offer up his surfeit for a sacrifice :
 If that be comely, then lust's offerings are
 On wedlock's sacred altar.

10

LXXXIV.

THE WITCH : A TRAGI-COMEDY.

BY THE SAME.

Hecate, and the other Witches, at their Charms.

Hec. Titty and Tiffin, Suckin,
 And Pidgen, Liard and Robin !
 White spirits, black spirits, grey spirits, red spirits !
 Devil-toad, devil-ram, devil-cat, and devil-dam !
 Why, Hoppo and Stadlin, Hellwain and Puckle !

Stad. Here, sweating at the vessel.*Hec.* Boil it well.

20

Hop. It gallops now.

Hec. Are the flames blue enough,
 Or shall I use a little seeten* more ?

Stad. The nips of Fairies upon maids' white hips
 Are not more perfect azure.

Hec. Tend it carefully.

Send Stadlin to me with a brazen dish,
 That I may fall to work upon these serpents,
 And squeeze 'em ready for the second hour.

Why, when ?

30

Stad. Here's Stadlin and the dish.

* Seething.

Hec. Here, take this unbaptised brat :
 Boil it well—preserve the fat :
 You know 'tis precious to transfer
 Our 'ointed flesh into the air,
 In moonlight nights, o'er steeple-tops,
 Mountains, and pine trees, that like pricks, or stope,
 Seem to our height ; high towers and roofs of
 princes,
 Like wrinkles in the earth : whole provinces
 Appear to our sight then even leek
 A russet-mole upon some lady's cheek. 10
 When hundred leagues in air, we feast and sing,
 Dance, kiss, and coll, use every thing :
 What young man can we wish to pleasure us,
 But we enjoy him in an incubus ?
 Thou know'st it, Stadlin ?

Stad. Usually that's done. . . .

Hec. Away, in.
 Go feed the vessel for the second hour.

Stad. Where be the magical herbs ?

Hec. They're down his throat,* 20
 His mouth cramm'd full ; his ears and nostrils stuff.
 I thrust in Eleoselinum, lately,
 Aconitum, frondes populeas, and soot.
 You may see that, he looks so black i' th' mouth.
 Then Sium, Acorum Vulgare too,
 Pentaphillon, the blood of a flitter-mouse,
 Solanum somnificum et oleum.

Stad. Then there's all, Hecate.

Hec. Is the heart of wax
 Stuck full of magic needles ? 30

Stad. 'Tis done, Hecate.

Hec. And is the farmer's picture, and his wife's,
 Laid down to the fire yet ?

Stad. They're roasting both too.

Hec. Good ;
 Then their marrows are a-melting subtly,
 And three months' sickness sucks up life in them.
 They denied me often flour, barm, and milk,
 Goose greese and tar, when I ne'er hurt their
 churnings,
 Their brew-locks, nor their batches, nor forespoke 40

* The dead child's.

Any of their breedings. Now I'll be meet with 'em.
 Seven of their young pigs I've bewitch'd already,
 Of the last litter; nine ducklings, thirtēn goalings,
 and a hog,
 Fell lame last Sunday, after even-song too.
 And mark how their sheep prosper; or what sup
 Each milch-kine gives to th' pail: I'll send these
 snakes
 Shall milk 'em all
 Beforehand: the dew-skirted dairy-wenches
 Shall stroke dry dugs for this, and go home curasing:
 I'll mar their sillabubs, and swathy feastings 10
 Under cows' bellies, with the parish-youths.

*SEBASTIAN consults the Witch for a charm to be revenged
 on his successful Rival.*

Hec. Urchins, elves, hags, satires, pans, fawns,
 sylvans.
 Kit-with-the-candlestick, tritons, centaurs, dwarfs,
 imps,
 The spoorn, the mare, the man i' th' oak, the hellwain,
 the fire-drake, the puckle! A ab hur hus!
 Seb. Heaven knows with what unwillingness and
 hate
 I enter this damn'd place: but such extremes
 Of wrongs in love fight 'gainst religion's knowledge,
 That were I led by this disease to deaths
 As numberless as creatures that must die, 20
 I could not shun the way.—I know what 'tis
 To pity mad-men now: they're wretched things
 That ever were created, if they be
 Of woman's making and her faithless vows.
 I fear they're now a-kissing: what's a clock?
 'Tis now but supper-time: but night will come,
 And all new-married couples make short suppers.
 Whate'er thou art, I've no spare time to fear thee;
 My horrors are so strong and great already,
 That thou seem'st nothing: Up and laze not: 30
 Hadst thou my business, thou couldst ne'er sit so;
 'Twould firk thee into air a thousand mile,
 Beyond thy ointments: I would I were read
 So much in thy black power, as mine own griefs.
 I'm in great need of help: wilt give me any?

Hec. Thy boldness takes me bravely ; we're all
sworn

To sweat for such a spirit : see, I regard thee ;
I rise, and bid thee welcome. What's thy wish now ?

Seb. Oh my heart swells with 't. I must take
breath first.

Hec. Is 't to confound some enemy on the seas ?
It may be done to-night : Stadlin's within ;
She raises all your sudden ruinous storms
That shipwreck barks, and tears up growing oaks,
Flies over houses, and takes Anno Domini
Out of a rich man's chimney, a sweet place for 't ! 10
He'd be hang'd ere he would set his own years
there ;

They must be chamber'd in a five-pound picture,
A green silk curtain drawn before the eyes on 't ;
His rotten diseas'd years ! Or dost thou envy
The fat prosperity of any neighbour ?
I'll call forth Hoppo, and her incantation
Can straight destroy the young of all his cattle :
Blast vine-yards, orchards, meadows ; or in one night
Transport his dung, hay, corn, by reeks, whole stacks,
Into thine own ground. 20

Seb. This would come most richly now
To many a country grazier : but my envy
Lies not so low as cattle, corn, or wines :
'Twill trouble your best pow'r's to give me ease.

Hec. Is it to starve up generation ?
To strike a barrenness in man or woman ?

Sec. Hah !

Hec. Hah ! Did you feel me there ? I knew your
grief.

Seb. Can there be such things done ?

Hec. Are these the skins 30
Of serpents ? these of snakes ?

Seb. I see they are.

Hec. So sure into what house these are convey'd
Knit with these charms and retentive knots,
Neither the man begets, nor woman breeds,
No, nor performs the least desire of wedlock,
Being then a mutual duty ; I could give thee
Chirocineta, Adincantida,
Archimedon, Marmoritin, Calicia,

Which I could sort to villainous barren ends ;
 But this leads the same way. More I could instance:
 As the same needles thrust into their pillows
 That sew and sock up dead men in their sheets :
 A privy gristle of a man that hangs

After sun-set : Good, excellent : yet all's there, Sir.

Seb. You could not do a man that special kindness
 To part 'em utterly, now ? Could you do that ?

Hec. No : time must do't : we cannot disjoin
 wedlock ;

'Tis of heaven's fastening : well may we raise jars, 10
 Jealousies, strifes, and heart-burning disagreements,
 Like a thick scurf o'er life, as did our master
 Upon that patient miracle ; * but the work itself
 Our power cannot disjoin.

Seb. I depart happy
 In what I have then, being constrain'd to this :
 And grant, you greater powers that dispose men,
 That I may never need this hag again. [Exit.

Hec. I know he loves me not, nor there's no hope
 on 't ;
 'Tis for the love of mischief I do this : 20
 And that we're sworn to the first oath we take.

HECATE, STADLIN, HOPPO, with the other Witches, preparing for their midnight journey through the Air.
 FIRESTONE, HECATE'S Son.

Hec. The moon's a gallant : see how brisk she
 rides.

Stad. Here's a rich evening, Hecate.

Hec. Ay, is't not, wenches,
 To take a journey of five thousand mile ?

Hop. Ours will be more to-night.

Hec. Oh 'twill be precious.
 Heard you the owl yet ?

Stad. Briefly in the copse,
 As we came through now. 30

Hec. 'Tis high time for us then.

Stad. There was a bat hung at my lips three times
 As we came through the woods, and drank her fill.
 Old Puckle saw her.

Hec. You are fortunate still :

The very screech-owl lights upon your shoulder,
And woos you, like a pigeon. Are you furnish'd?
Have you your ointments?

Stad. All,

Hec. Prepare to flight then :
I'll overtake you swiftly.

Stad. Hie thee, Hecate :
We shall be up betimes.

Hec. I'll reach you quickly. [The other Witches

Fire. They are all going a-birding to-night. They
talk of fowls in the air, that fly by day : I am
sure, they'll be a company of foul sluts there
to-night. If we have not mortality offered,*
I'll be hanged, for they are able to putrefy
it, to infect a whole region. She spies me now.

Hec. What, Firestone, our sweet son ? 16

Fire. A little sweeter than some of you, or a
dunghill were too good for me.

Hec. How much hast here ?

Fire. Nineteen, and all brave plump ones ; besides
six lizards, and three serpentine eggs.

Hec. Dear and sweet boy : what herbs hast thou ?

Fire. I have some marmartin and mandragon.

Hec. Marmarin and mandragora, thou wouldest
say.

Fire. Here's panax too—I thank thee—my pan
aches, I am sure,
With kneeling down to cut 'em.

Hec. And selago,

Hedge-hyssop too ; how near he goes my cuttings !
Were they all cropped by moonlight ? 30

Fire. Every blade of 'em, or I am a moon-calf,
mother.

Hec. Hie thee home with 'em.
Look well to the house to-night : I'm for aloft.

Fire. Aloft, quothe you ? I would you would break
your neck once, that I might have all quickly.

Hark, hark, mother ! they are above the
steeple already, flying over your head with a
noise of musicians.

Hec. They're there indeed. Help, help me ; I'm
too late else.

* Probably the true reading is after 't.

Song in the Air.

Come away, come away ;
Hecate, Hecate, come away !

Hec. I come, I come, I come, I come,
With all the speed I may,
With all the speed I may.
Where's Stadlin ?

[*Above.*] Here.

Hec. Where's Puckle ?

[*Above.*]—Here :
And Hoppo too, and Hellwain too : 10
We lack but you ; we lack but you :
Come away, make up the count.

Hec. I will but 'noint, and then I mount.

[*A Spirit like a Cat descend.*]
[*Above.*]—There's one comes down to fetch his
dues ;

A kiss, a coll, a sip of blood :
And why thou stay'st so long, I muse, I muse,
Since the air's so sweet and good.

Hec. O, art thou come ?
What news, what news ?
Spirit. All goes still to our delight : 20
Either come, or else
Refuse, refuse.

Hec. Now I'm furnished for the flight.

Fire. Hark, hark, the cat sings a brave treble in
her own language.

Hec. [*Going up.*] Now I go, now I fly,
Malkin my sweet spirit and I.
Oh what a dainty pleasure 'tis
To ride in the air
When the moon shines fair,
And sing, and dance, and toy, and kiss, 30
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
Over seas, (our mistress' fountains),
Over steep towers and turrets,
We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.
No ring of bells to our ears sounds,
No howls of wolves, no yelps of hounds ;
No, not the noise of water's breach,
Or cannon's throat, our height can reach.

[*Above.*]—No ring of bells, &c.

Fire. Well, mother, I thank your kindness ; you
must be
Gambolling in the air, and leave me to walk here like
a fool and a mortal.

* * * * *

A DUCHESS consults the WITCH about inflicting a sudden Death.

DUCHESS. HECATE. FIRESTONE.

Hec. What death is 't you desire for Almachildes ?

Duch. A sudden and a subtle.

Hec. Then I 've fitted you.

Here lie the gifts of both ; sudden and subtle :
His picture made in wax, and gently molten
By a blue fire, kindled with dead men's eyes,
Will waste him by degrees.

Duch. In what time, prithee ?

10

Hec. Perhaps in a moon's progress.

Duch. What, a month ?

Out upon pictures, if they be so tedious :
Give me things with some life.

Hec. Then seek no farther.

Duch. This must be done with speed, despatch'd
this night,

If it be possible.

Hec. I have it for you :

Here's that will do 't : stay but perfection's time,
And that's not five hours hence. 20

Duch. Canst thou do this ?

Hec. Can I ?

Duch. I mean, so closely ?

Hec. So closely do you mean too ?

Duch. So artfully, so cunningly ?

Hec. Worse and worse. Doubts and incredulities,
They make me mad. Let scrupulous creatures know :—

Cum volui, ripis ipsis mirantibus, amnes
In fontes rediere suos ; concussaque sisto,
Stantia concutio cantu freta ; nubila pello, 30
Nubilaque induco : ventos abigoque, vocoque.
Vipereas rumpo verbis et carmine fauces ;
Et sylvas moveo, jubeoque tremiscere montes,
Et mugire solum, manesque exire sepulchris.
Te quoque, Luna, traho.

Can you doubt me then, daughter ;
 That can make mountains tremble, miles of woods walk,
 Whole earth's foundation bellow, and the spirits
 Of the entomb'd to burst out from their marbles,
 Nay, draw you Moon to my involv'd designs ?

Fire. I know as well as can be when my mother's mad,
 And our great cat angry ; for one spits French then,
 and the other spits Latin.

Duch. I did not doubt you, mother.

Hec. No ! what did you ?
 My power's so firm, it is not to be question'd. 10

Duch. Forgive what's past ; and now I know th' offensiveness

That vexes art, I'll shun the occasion ever.

Hec. Leave all to me and my five sisters, daughter.
 It shall be convey'd in at howlet-time ;
 Take you no care. My spirits know their moments :
 Raven or screech-owl never fly by the door
 But they call in (I thank 'em) and they lose not by 't.
 I give 'em barley soak'd in infant's blood :
 They shall have *semina cum sanguine*,
 Their gorge cramm'd full, if they come once to our house : 20

We are no niggard.—

Fire. They fare but too well when they come hither :
 they ate up as much th' other night as would have made me a good conscionable pudding.

Hec. Give me some lizard's brain, quickly, Firestone.
 Where's grannam Stadlin, and all the rest of the sisters ?

Fire. All at hand, forsooth.

The other WITCHES appear.

Hec. Give me marmaritin, some bear-breech : when ?

Fire. Here's bear-breech and lizard's-brain, forsooth. 30

Hec. Into the vessel ;
 And fetch three ounces of the red-hair'd girl
 I kill'd last midnight.

Fire. Whereabout, sweet mother ?

Hec. Hip ; hip or flank. Where's the acopus ?

Fire. You shall have acopus, forsooth.

Hec. Stir, stir about ; whilst I begin the charm.

A Charm Song about a Vessel.

Hec. Black spirits and white, red spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.
Titty, Tifin, keep it stiff in ;
Fire-drake, Puckey, make it lucky ;
Liard, Robin, you must bob in.
Round, around, around, about, about
All ill come running in, all Good keep out.

First Witch. Here's the blood of a bat.

Hec. Put in that, oh, put in that.

Sec. Witch. Here's libbard's-bane.

10

Hec. Put in again.

First Witch. The juice of toad ; the oil of adder.

Sec. Witch. Those will make the younker madder.

Hec. Put in, there's all, and rid the stench.

Fire. Nay, here's three ounces of the red-hair'd
wench.

All. Round, around, around, &c.

Hec. So, so, enough : into the vessel with it.

There ; 't hath the true perfection : I am so light*

At any mischief, there's no villainy

But is a tune, methinks.

20

Fire. A tune ! 'tis to the tune of damnation then,

I warrant you,

And that song hath a villainous-burthen.

Hec. Come, my sweet sisters, let the air strike our
tune ;

Whilst we show reverence to yon peeping moon.

[*The Witches dance, et Exeunt.*

[Though some resemblance may be traced between the Charms in Macbeth, and the Incantations in this Play, which is supposed to have preceded it, this coincidence will not detract much from the originality of Shakspeare. His Witches are distinguished from the Witches of Middleton by essential differences. These are creatures to whom man or woman plotting some dire mischief might resort for occasional consultation. Those originate deeds of blood, and begin bad impulses to men. From the moment that their eyes first met with Macbeth's, he is spell-bound. That meeting sways his

* Light-hearted.

destiny. He can never break the fascination. These Witches can hurt the body : those have power over the soul.—Hecate in Middleton has a Son, a low buffoon : the hags of Shakspere have neither child of their own, nor seem to be descended from any parent. They are foul Anomalies, of whom we know not whence they are sprung, nor whether they have beginning or ending. As they are without human passions, so they seem to be without human relations. They come with thunder and lightning, and vanish to airy music. This is all we know of them.—Except Hecate, they have no names; which heightens their mysteriousness. Their names, and some of the properties, which Middleton has given to his hags, excite smiles. The Weird Sisters are serious things. Their presence cannot co-exist with mirth. But, in a lesser degree, the Witchess of Middleton are fine creations. Their power too is, in some measure, over the mind. They raise jars, jealousies, strifes, *like a thick scurf o'er life.*]

LXXXV.

THE GAME AT CHESS : A COMEDY.

BY THE SAME.

Popish Priest to a great Court Lady, whom he hopes to make
a Convert of.

Let me contemplate ;
With holy wonder season my access,
And, by degrees, approach the sanctuary
Of unmatch'd beauty, set in grace and goodness.
Amongst the daughters of men I have not found
A more catholical aspect. That eye
Doth promise single life and meek obedience.
Upon those lips (the sweet fresh buds of youth)
The holy dew of prayer lies, like pearl
Dropped from the opening eyelids of the morn 10
Upon the bashful rose. How beauteously
A gentle fast (not rigorously imposed)
Would look upon that cheek ! and how delightfully
The courteous physic of a tender penance,
(Whose utmost cruelty should not exceed
The first fear of a bride), to beat down frailty !

LXXXVI.

A FAIR QUARREL: A COMEDY.

BY THOMAS MIDDLETON AND WILLIAM ROWLEY.

CAPTAIN AGER in a dispute with a **COLONEL**, his friend, receives from the **COLONEL** the appellation of *Son of a Whore*. A challenge is given and accepted: but the **CAPTAIN**, before he goes to the field, is willing to be confirmed of his mother's honour from her own lips. **LADY AGER**, being questioned by her Son, to prevent a duel, falsely slanders herself of unchastity. The **CAPTAIN**, thinking that he has a bad cause, refuses to fight. But being reproached by the **COLONEL** with cowardice, he esteems that he has now sufficient cause for a quarrel, in the vindicating of his honour from that aspersion; and draws, and disarms his opponent.

LADY. CAPTAIN, her Son.

La. Where left you your dear friend the Colonel?
Cap. Oh, the dear Colonel, I should meet him soon.

La. O fail him not then! he 's a gentleman
 The fame and reputation of your time
 Is much engag'd to.

Cap. Yes, and you knew all, mother.

La. I thought I 'd known so much of his fair
 goodness,
 More could not have been look'd for.

Cap. O yes, yes, Madam:
 And this his last exceeded all the rest. 10

La. For gratitude's sake, let me know this, I
 prithee.

Cap. Then thus; and I desire your censure freely
 Whether it appear'd not a strange noble kindness in
 him.

La. Trust me, I long to hear 't.

Cap. You know he 's hasty;
 That by the way.

La. So are the best conditions;
 Your father was the like.

Cap. I begin now
 To doubt me more: why am not I so too then? 20

Blood follows blood through forty generations ;
And I've a slow-pac'd wrath : a shrewd dilemma.—

[Aside.]

La. Well, as you were saying, Sir.

Cap. Marry, thus, good Madam.

There was in company a foul-mouth'd villain—

Stay, stay,—

Who should I liken him to that you have seen ?
He comes so near one that I would not match him
with,

Faith, just o' the Colonel's pitch : he's ne'er the
worse man ;

Usurers have been compared to magistrates, 10
Extortioners to lawyers, and the like,

But they all prove ne'er the worse men for that.

La. That's bad enough, they need not.

Cap. This rude fellow,

A shame to all humanity and manners,
Breathes from the rottenness of his gall and malice,

The foulest stain that ever man's fame blemish'd,
Part of which fell upon your honour, madam,

Which heighten'd my affliction.

La. Mine ! my honour, Sir !

20

Cap. The Colonel, soon enrag'd, (as he's all touch-
wood),

Takes fire before me, makes the quarrel his,
Appoints the field ; my wrath could not be heard,

His was so high-pitched, so gloriously mounted.

Now, what's the friendly fear that fights within me,
Should his brave noble fury undertake

A cause that were unjust in our defence,

And so to lose him everlastingl

In that dark depth where all bad quarrels sink

Never to rise again, what pity 'twere, 30

First to die here, and never to die there !

La. Why, what's the quarrel, speak, Sir, that
should raise

Such fearful doubt, my honour bearing part on 't ?

The words, whate'er they were—

Cap. Son of a whore.

La. Thou liest :

And were my love ten thousand times more to thee,
Which is as much now as e'er mother's was,

So thou should'st feel my anger. Dost thou call
That quarrel doubtful ? where are all my merits ?
[Strikes him.

Not one stand up to tell this man his error ?
Thou might'st as well call the Sun's truth in question,
As thy birth or my honour.

Cap. Now blessings crown you for 't ;
It is the joyfull'st blow that e'er flesh felt.

La. Nay, stay, stay, Sir; thou art not left so soon:
This is no question to be slighted off,
And at your pleasure closed up fair again, 10
As though you'd never touch'd it; no; honour doubted
Is honour deeply wounded ; and it rages
More than a common smart, being of thy making.
For thee to fear my truth, it kills my comfort.
Where should fame seek for her reward, when he
That is her own by the great tie of blood
Is farthest off in bounty ? O poor goodness,
That only pay'st thyself with thy own works ;
For nothing else looks towards thee. Tell me, pray,
Which of my loving cares dost thou requite 20
With this vile thought ? which of my prayers or
wishes ?

Many thou ow'st me for. This seven year hast thou
known me

A widow, only married to my vow ;
That's no small witness of my faith and love
To him that in life was thy honour'd father :
And live I now to know that good mistrusted !

Cap. No, it shall appear that my belief is cheerful,
For never was a mother's reputation
Noblier defended ; 'tis my joy and pride
I have a firm faith to bestow upon it. 30

La. What's that you said, Sir ?

Cap. 'Twere too bold and soon yet
To crave forgiveness of you ; I'll earn it first.
Dead or alive I know I shall enjoy it.

La. What's all this, Sir ?

Cap. My joy's beyond expression :
I do but think how wretched I had been,
Were this another's quarrel and not mine.

La. Why, is it yours ?

Cap. Mine ! think me not so miserable, 40

Not to be mine : then were I worse than abject,
 More to be loath'd than vileness or sin's dunghill :
 Nor did I fear your goodness, faithful Madam,
 But came with greedy joy to be confirm'd in 't,
 To give the nobler onset : then shines valour,
 And admiration from her fix'd sphere draws,
 When it comes burnish'd with a righteous cause ;
 Without which I'm ten fathoms under coward,
 That now am ten degrees above a man,
 Which is but one of virtue's easiest wonders. 10

La. But, pray, stay; all this while I understand you
 The Colonel was the man.

Cap. Yes, he's the man,
 The man of injury, reproach, and slander,
 Which I must turn into his soul again.

La. The Colonel do 't ! that's strange !
Cap. The villain did it :

That's not so strange. Your blessing, and your
 leave——

La. Come, come, you shall not go.
Cap. Not go ! were death 20

Sent now to summon me to my eternity,
 I'd put him off an hour : why, the whole world
 Has not chains strong enough to bind me from it :
 The strongest is my reverence for you,
 Which if you force upon me in this case,
 I must be forced to break it.

La. Stay, I say.
Cap. In anything command me but in this,
 Madam.

La. 'Las, I shall lose him. You will hear me
 first ?

Cap. At my return I will. 30
La. You'll never hear me more then.

Cap. How ?
La. Come back, I say !

You may well think there's cause, I call so often.

Cap. Ha ! cause ? what cause ?
La. So much, you must not go.

Cap. Must not ? why ?
La. I know a reason for 't ;
 Which I could wish you'd yield to, and not know :
 If not, it must come forth. *Faith,* do not know ;

And yet obey my will.

Cap. Why, I desire
To know no other than the cause I have,
Nor should you wish it, if you take your injury,
For one more great I know the world includes not.

La. Yes ; one that makes this nothing : yet be
ruled,
And if you understand not, seek no further.

Cap. I must ; for this is nothing.
La. Then take all ;
And if amongst it you receive that secret 10
That will offend you, though you condemn me,
Yet blame yourself a little ; for, perhaps,
I would have made my reputation sound
Upon another's hazard with less pity ;
But upon yours I dare not.

Cap. How ?
La. I dare not :
'Twas your own seeking, this.
Cap. If you mean evilly,
I cannot understand you, nor for all the riches 20
This life has, would I.

La. Would you never might !
Cap. Why, your goodness, that I joy to fight for.
La. In that you neither right your joy nor me.
Cap. What an ill orator has virtue got here !
Why, shall I dare to think it a thing possible,
That you were ever false ?

La. Oh, fearfully ;
As much as *you* come to.
Cap. Oh silence, cover me ! 30
I've felt a deadlier wound than man can give me.
False ?

La. I was betrayed to a most sinful hour
By a corrupted soul I put in trust once,
A kinswoman.

Cap. Where is she ? let me pay her.
La. Oh, dead long since.
Cap. Say then, she has all her wages.
False ! do not say 't ; for honour's goodness, do not ;
You never could be so : he I call'd father 40
Deserv'd you at your best ; when youth and merit
Could boast at highest in you, you'd no grace.

Or virtue that he match'd not ; no delight
That you invented, but he sent it crown'd
To your full-wishing soul.

La. That heaps my guiltiness.

Cap. O, were you so unhappy to be false
Both to yourself and me, but to me chiefly ?
What a day's hope is here lost, and with it
The joys of a just cause ! Had you but thought
On such a noble quarrel, you 'd ha' died
Ere you 'd ha' yielded ; for the sin's hate first, 10
Next for the hate of this hour's cowardice.
Curst be the heat that lost me such a cause,
A work that I was made for. Quench, my spirit,
And out with honour's flaming lights within thee !
Be dark and dead to all respects of manhood !
I never shall have use of valour more.
Put off your vow for shame : why should you hoard up
Such justice for a barren widowhood ;
That was so injurious to the faith of wedlock ?
I should be dead : for all my life's work 's ended. 20
I dare not fight a stroke now, nor engage
The noble resolution of my friends : [Exit Lady.]

Enter two Friends of CAPTAIN AGER'S.

That were more vile.—They're here. Kill me, my
shame.

I am not for the fellowship of honour.

First Friend. Captain ! fie, come, Sir ! we 've been
seeking for you
Very late to-day ; this was not wont to be.
Your enemy 's in the field.

Cap. Truth enters cheerfully.

Sec. Friend. Good faith, Sir, you've a royal quarrel
on 't.

Cap. Yes, in some other country, Spain or Italy,
It would be held so. 30

First Friend. How ! and is 't not here so ?

Cap. 'Tis not so contumeliously receiv'd
In these parts, and you mark it.

First Friend. Not in these ?

Why, prithee, what is more, or can be ?

Cap. Yes :

That ordinary Commotioner, *the lie*,

Is father of most quarrels in this climate,
And held here capital, and you go to that.

Sec. Friend. But, Sir, I hope you will not go to
that,

Or change your own for it ; *son of a whore !*

Why, there's the lie down to posterity ;
The lie to birth, the lie to honesty.

Why would you cozen yourself so, and beguile
So brave a cause, manhood's best masterpiece ?

Do you ever hope for one so brave again ?

Cap. Consider then the man, the Colonel, 10

Exactly worthy, absolutely noble,
However spleen and rage abuses him :
And 'tis not well nor manly to pursue
A man's infirmity.

First Friend. O miracle !
So hopeful, valiant, and complete a captain
Possest with a tame devil ! Come out, thou spoilest
The most improv'd young soldier of seven kingdoms :
Made Captain at nineteen ; which was deserv'd
The year before, but honour comes behind still : 20
Come out, I say : this was not wont to be ;
That spirit ne'er stood in need of provocation,
Nor shall it now. Away, Sir.

Cap. Urge me not.

First Friend. By manhood's reverend honour but
we must.

Cap. I will not fight a stroke.

First Friend. O blasphemy
To sacred valour.
Cap. Lead me where you list.
First Friend. Pardon this traitorous slumber,
clogg'd with evils : 80
Give captains rather wives than such tame devils.

The Field.

Enter CAPTAIN AGER, with his two Friends.

Cap. Well, your wills now !

First Friend. Our wills ! our loves, our duties
To honour'd fortitude : what wills have we
But our desires to nobleness and merit,
Valour's advancement, and the sacred rectitude
Due to a valorous cause ?

Cap. Oh, that's not mine.

Sec. Friend. War has his Court of Justice, that's
the field,

Where all cases of manhood are determined,
And your case is no mean one.

Cap. True ; then 't were virtuous :
But mine is in extremes, foul and unjust.
Well, now ye've got me hither, ye're as far
To seek in your desire as at first minute :
For by the strength and honour of a vow
I will not lift a finger in this quarrel.

First Friend. How ! not in this ? be not so rash a
sinner.

Why, Sir, do you ever hope to fight again then ?
Take heed on 't, you must never look for that.

Why, the universal stock of the world's injury
Will be too poor to find a quarrel for you.
Give up your right and title to desert, Sir ;
If you fail virtue here, she needs you not
All your time after ; let her take this wrong,
And never presume then to serve her more :

Bid farewell to the integrity of arms,
And let that honourable name of soldier
Fall from you like a shiver'd wreath of laurel,
By thunder struck from a desertless forehead,
That wears another's right by usurpation.

Good Captain, do not wilfully cast away
At one hour all the fame your life has won.
This is your native seat. Here you should seek
Most to preserve it ; or if you will dote
So much on life, poor life, which in respect
Of life in honour is but death and darkness, 30
That you will prove neglectful of yourself,
Which is to me too fearful to imagine,
Yet for that virtuous lady's cause, your mother,
Her reputation, dear to nobleness,
As grace to penitence ; whose fair memory
E'en crowns fame in your issue : for that blessedness,
Give not this ill place, but in spite of hell,
And all her base fears, be exactly valiant.

Cap. Oh ! oh ! — [that.

Sec. Friend. Why, well said ; there's fair hope in
Another such a one. 40

Cap. Came they in thousands,
'Tis all against you.

First Friend. Then poor friendless merit,
Heav'n be good to thee, thy Professor leaves thee.

Enter COLONEL and his two Friends.

He's come ; do you but draw ; we'll fight it for you.

Cap. I know too much to grant that.

First Friend. O dead manhood !
Had ever such a cause so faint a servant ?
Shame brand me if I do not suffer for him. 9

Col. I've heard, Sir, you've been guilty of much
For your brave earliness at such a meeting. [boasting
You've lost the glory of that way this morning :
I was the first to-day.

Cap. So were you ever
In my respect, Sir.

First Friend. O most base presludium !

Cap. I never thought on victory our mistress
With greater reverence than I have your worth,
Nor ever lov'd her better.

Success in you has been my absolute joy, 20
And when I've wish'd content I've wish'd your friend-

Col. I came not hither, Sir, for an encomium. [ship.
I came provided
For storms and tempests, and the foulest season
That ever rage let forth, or blew in wildness
From the incensed prison of man's blood.

Cap. 'Tis otherwise with me : I come with mildness,
Peace, constant amity, and calm forgiveness,
The weather of a Christian and a friend.

First Friend. Give me a valiant Turk, though not
Worth tenpence, rather. 80

Cap. Yet, Sir, the world will judge the injury mine,
Insufferably mine, mine beyond injury,
Thousands have made a less wrong reach to hell,
Aye, and rejoic'd in his most endless vengeance,
A miserable triumph though a just one !
But when I call to memory our long friendship,
Methinks it cannot be too great a wrong
That then I should not pardon. Why should Man,
For a poor hasty syllable or two,
And vented only in forgetful fury,

Chain all the hopes and riches of his soul
 To the revenge of that, die lost for ever !
 For he that makes his last peace with his Maker
 In anger, anger is his peace eternally :
 He must expect the same return again,
 Whose venture is deceitful. Must he not, Sir ?

Col. I see what I must do, fairly put up again ;
 For here 'll be nothing done, I perceive that.

Cap. What shall be done in such a worthless business
 But to be sorry and to be forgiven ; 10
 You, Sir, to bring repentance, and I pardon ?

Col. I bring repentance, Sir ?

Cap. If 't be too much
 To say repentance, call it what you please, Sir ;
 Choose your own word ; I know you're sorry for it,
 And that's as good.

Col. I sorry ! by fame's honour, I am wrong'd !
 Do you seek for peace and draw the quarrel larger ?

Cap. Then 'tis I'm sorry that I thought you so.

First Friend. A Captain ! I could gnaw his title off.
Cap. Nor is it any misbecoming virtue, Sir, 21
 In the best manliness to repent a wrong,

Which made me bold with you.

First Friend. I could cuff his head off.

Sec. Friend. Nay, pish.

Col. So once again take thou thy peaceful rest, then ;
 [To his Sword.]

But as I put thee up, I must proclaim
 This captain here, both to his friends and mine,
 That only came to see fair valour righted,
 A base submissive coward : so I leave him. 30

Cap. Oh, heaven has pitied my excessive patience,
 And sent me a cause ! now I have a cause :
 A coward I was never.—Come you back, Sir.

Col. How !

Cap. You left a coward here.

Col. Yes, Sir, with you.

Cap. 'Tis such base metal, Sir, 't will not be taken,
 It must home again with you.

Sec. Friend. Should this be true now— [Bastard !

First Friend. Impossible ! Coward do more than

Col. I prithee, mock me not, take heed you do not,
 For if I draw once more, I shall grow terrible, 42

And rage will force me do what will grieve honour.

Cap. Ha, ha, ha.

Col. He smiles ; dare it be he ? what think ye,
Gentlemen ?

Your judgments, shall I not be cozen'd in him ?
This cannot be the man ; why he was bookish,
Made an invective lately against fighting,
A thing, in truth, that mov'd a little with me ;
Put up a fouler contumely far
Than thousand cowards came to, and grew thankful.

Cap. Blessed remembrance in time of need : 11
I'd lost my honour else.

Sec. Friend. Do you note his joy ?

Cap. I never felt a more severe necessity :
Then came thy excellent pity. Not yet ready ?
Have you such confidence in my just manhood,
That you dare so long trust me, and yet tempt me
Beyond the toleration of man's virtue ?
Why, would you be more cruel than your injury ?
Do you first take pride to wrong me, and then think
me

20

Not worth your fury ? do not use me so :
I shall deceive you then. Sir, either draw,
And that not slightlying, but with the care
Of your best preservation, with that watchfulness
As you'd defend yourself from circular fire,
Your sin's rage, or her lord, (this will require it),
Or you'll be too soon lost, for I've an anger
Has gather'd mighty strength against you ; mighty,
Yet you shall find it honest to the last,
Noble and fair.

80

Col. I'll venture it once again ;
And if't be but as true as it is wondrous,
I shall have that I come for : your leave, Gentlemen.

[They fight.]

First Friend. If he should do't indeed, and
deceive us all now——

Stay, by this hand he offers ; fights i' faith !
Fights : by this light, he fights, Sir.

Sec. Friend. So methinks, Sir.

First Friend. An absolute Punto, ha ?

Sec. Friend. 'Twas a Passado, Sir.

First Friend. Why, let it pass, and 'twas ; I'm
sure 'twas somewhat

40

What's that now?

Sec. Friend. That's a Punto.

First Friend. O, go to, then,

I knew 'twas not far off: What a world's this!

Is Coward a more stirring meat than Bastard?

—ho! I honour thee:

"Tis right and fair, and he that breathes against it,

He breathes against the justice of a man;

And man to cut him off, 'tis no injustice. 9

Thanks, thanks, for this most unexpected nobleness.

[*The Colonel is disarmed.*

Cap. Truth never fails her servant, Sir, nor leaves
him

With the day's shame upon him.

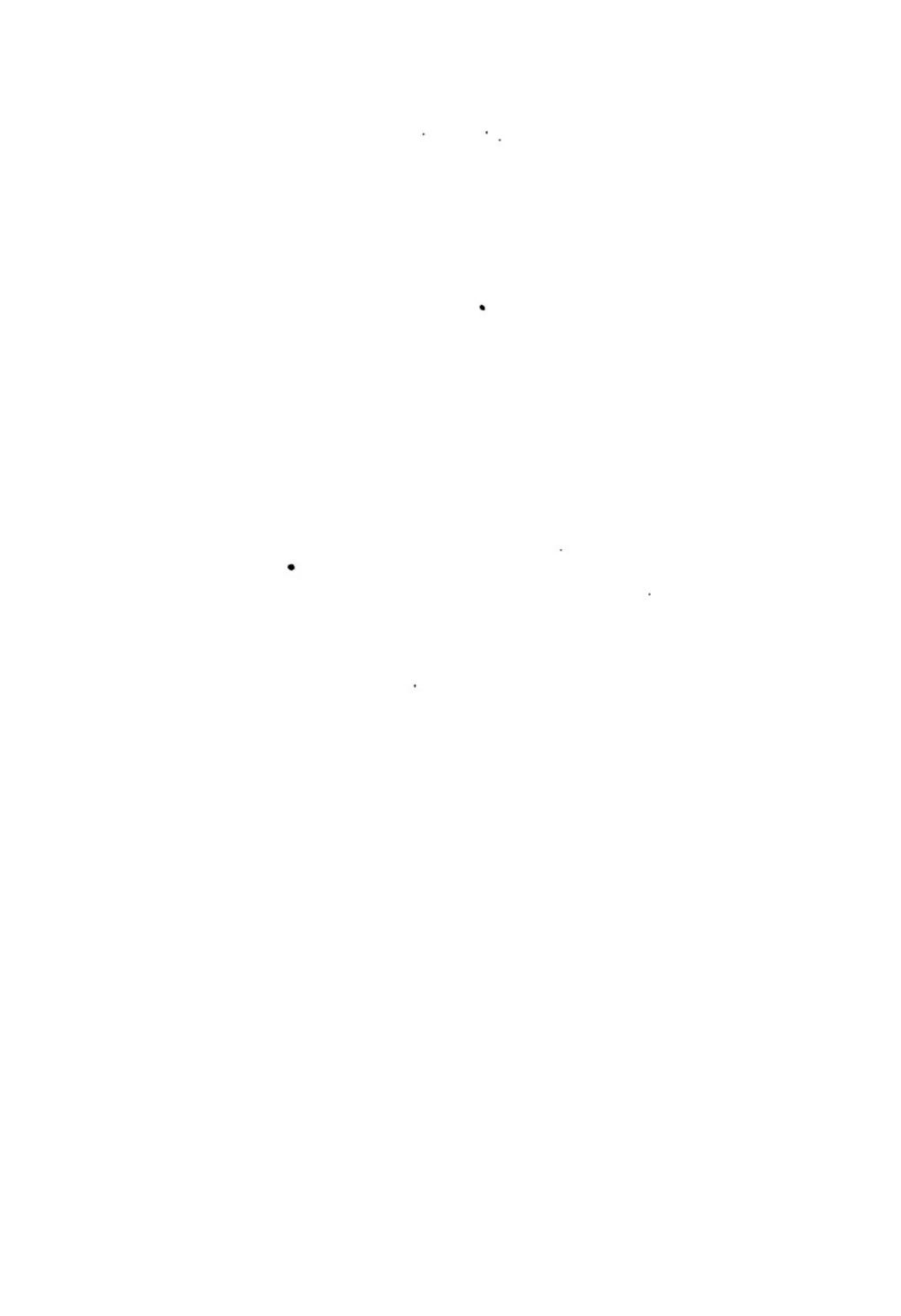
First Friend. Thou'st redeemed

Thy worth to the same height 'twas first esteem'd.

[The insipid levelling morality to which the modern stage is tied down would not admit of such admirable passions as these scenes are filled with. A puritanical obtuseness of sentiment, a stupid infantile goodness, is creeping among us, instead of the vigorous passions, and virtues clad in flesh and blood, with which the old dramatists present us. Those noble and liberal casuists could discern in the differences, the quarrels, the animosities of man, a beauty and truth of moral feeling, no less than in the iterately inculcated duties of forgiveness and atonement. With us all is hypocritical meekness. A reconciliation scene (let the occasion be never so absurd or unnatural) is always sure of applause. Our audiences come to the theatre to be complimented on their goodness. They compare notes with the amiable characters in the play, and find a wonderful similarity of disposition between them. We have a common stock of dramatic morality out of which a writer may be supplied, without the trouble of copying it from originals within his own breast. To know the boundaries of honour, to be judiciously valiant, to have a temperance which shall beget a smoothness in the angry swellings of youth, to esteem life as nothing when the sacred reputation of a parent is to be defended, yet to shake and tremble under a pious cowardice when that ark of an honest confidence is found to be frail and tottering, to feel the true blows of a real disgrace blunting that sword which the imaginary strokes of a supposed false imputation had

put so keen an edge upon but lately : to do, or to imagine this done in a feigned story, asks something more of a moral sense, somewhat a greater delicacy of perception in questions of right and wrong, than goes to the writing of two or three hackneyed sentences about the laws of honour as opposed to the laws of the land, or a commonplace against duelling. Yet such things would stand a writer nowadays in far better stead than Captain Ager and his conscientious honour; and he would be considered as a far better teacher of morality than old Rowley or Middleton if they were living.]







NOTES.







NOTE S.

THOMAS NORTON (1532-1584).

THOMAS SACKVILLE, LORD BUCKHURST (1536-1608).

FERREX AND PORREX: *a tragedy set forth without I. addition or alteration, but altogether as the same was showed on the stage before the Queen's Majesty about nine years past, viz., the 18th day of January 1561-2, by the Gentlemen of the Inner Temple; 8vo, about 1570.* This is the only genuine text of what may be styled the first regular English tragedy: the play had been printed in 1565, without authority, under the title of the *Tragedy of Gorboduc*, and this edition was republished in 1590.

Lamb's Extract was unfortunately derived from the 1590 text; hence such errors as the following:—page 1, line 7: 'grave' for 'grow'; 3, 10: 'wounds' for 'wound'; 4, 4: 'the' for 'thy'; 4, 16: 'there charge' for 'and charge'; 4, 37: 'this heav'ns' for 'the heaven's'; &c. Further, 1, 10-11: wrongly transposed in old eds; 3, 28: 'when with a braid'; Lamb, 'wherewith abraids,' glossing 'abraids' by 'awakened, raised up'; there is, however, no authority for the reading; 'braid' = 'a sudden movement, a start.'

Gorboduc's 'stiff and cumbersome style' proceeds, in great part, from its Senecan form; the same applies to its sententious 'morality.' It has the defects of its qualities. Translations of Seneca's tragedies preceded this first academic experiment at original drama. The best examples in English of this form of drama, viz., Daniel's *Philotas* and *Cleopatra*, and Kyd's translation of Garnier's *Cornelia*, are not represented in the 'Specimens'; the three succeeding extracts are from plays on the same ancient model.

'TANCRED AND GISMUND,' probably the first II. English tragedy on an Italian plot, was acted before the Court by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple in

the year 1568 ; the play was the work of no less than five members of the Inn. It was published in 1591, 'newly revised and polished according to the decorum of these daies,' by Robert Wilmot, one of the original authors. The version of 1568 is still extant in MS.* Lamb's Extract from the fifth act represents Wilmot's best effort ; the fifth act had been his originally ; he has practically rewritten it, and, departing from the Horatian precept, has added the death-scene of Gismund and her father. The unrhyming of the old version in the more rhetorical scenes is noteworthy : cp. e.g. page 6, ll. 4-19, with the following in the 1568 version :—

'Now, now, alas, come is that hour accurst
 That I poor wight so long have looked for.
 Now hath my father filled his eager thirst
 With guiltless blood which he desired so sore.
 This pierced heart it is mine earl's, I know.
 My father's words do prove the same too well.
 This bloody cup his doleful death doth show,
 This message doth the same too plainly tell.
 Certes unto so noble a heart could not
 A fitter hearse be 'lotted than of gold.
 Discreetly therefore hath my father wrought
 That thus hath sent it me for to behold.'

P. 6, 30 : 'ah pleasant harbourough'; i.e. 'harbour, shelter, refuge'; merely the old spelling of 'harbour.' Lamb's 'harbourer' is misleading. 6, 40 : 'lusteth,' old eds. 'hasteth.'

In Lamb's MS. the following passage is quoted from Wilmot's dedicatory letter to the 'Right Worshipful and Virtuous Ladies, the Lady Mary Peter and the Lady Anne Gray' :—

'And now for that weary winter is come upon us, which bringeth with him drooping days and tedious nights, if it be true, that the motions of our minds follow the temperature of the air wherein we live, then I think the perusing of some mournful matter, tending to the view of a notable example, will refresh your wits in a gloomy day, and ease your weariness of the louring night, which, if it please you, may serve ye also for a solemn revel against this festival time, for *Gismund's* bloody shadow, with a little cost, may be entreated in her self-life person to speak to ye.'

* An edition, by the editor of these volumes, is in preparation for the 'Tudor Library' (Nutt).

FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE (1554-1628).

Neither ALAHAM nor MUSTAPHA was ever acted; III.-IV. they were published in the folio edition of Brooke's Poems, 1633. A fragmentary 4to of 'Mustapha' appeared as early as 1609, probably unauthorized. In his 'Life of Sidney,' Brooke states his reasons for writing these tragedies.

P. 11, 8 : 'clouds,' old eds. 'cloud'; 15, 32 : old eds. 'to my heart didst give'; 19, 28 : 'sereness'; read 'serenes'; 'serene' = 'a blight, or unwholesome air,' cp. 'Some serene blast me, or dire lightning strike'

'This my offending face.'—B. JONS. Fox. ii. 6.

Cotgrave explains, Fr. *serain*, from which it is derived, as 'the mildew or harmefull dew of some summer evenings.'

P. 26, 12, inserted in this edition; 27, 4, inserted.

P. 28, 34 : 'to me,' old eds. 'unto me.'

P. 29, 5 : 'In this writer's estimate of his own mind,' &c.; in the 'Life of Sidney,' alluded to above, Brooke writes:—'For my own part, I found my creeping genius more fixed upon the images of life than the images of wit.'

JOHN LILY (c. 1553-1606).

SAPHO AND PHAO, acted 1582, by the Chapel chil- V.-VI. dren, and publicly by the Paul's boys at Blackfriars; printed, 1584.

LOVE'S METAMORPHOSIS, probably acted at Court by the children of Paul's in 1588-9; printed in 1601.

The Courly Drama of Euphuism was wholly unrepresented in the 'Specimens' of 1808; the Garrick Extracts, though fairly typical, do Lily scant justice. Lamb does not seem to have lighted on Blount's famous edition (1632) of Lily's Six Court Comedies, or assuredly the play of 'Endimion' would have afforded him at least one scene. To Edward Blount we owe the Songs omitted in the earlier 4tos, so that Lamb had no idea of Lily's tuneful lyre:—

'Lily, a goldfinch in a twisted cage,
Fed by some gay great lady's pettish page,
Till short sweet songs gush like short spring showers.'

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564-1593).

TAMBURLAINE (I. and II.), acted probably in VII.-X. 1587; printed 1590, 1592, 1605-6. Lamb's comments

on 'Tamburlaine' disappoint modern readers; Mine Ancient's burlesque seems to have blinded him to the now familiar beauties of the plays. One looks in vain even for the famous passage on Beauty, ('If all the pens that ever poets held,' &c., I. Act v., Sc. 1), for the Zenocrate rhapsody (II., ii. 4), and the like. Lamb found it as difficult (or rather much more) to cull a few sane lines from this as 'from the preceding play,' i.e., from 'Lust's Dominion!' (see note on Extract XXIV.).

P. 34, 28: 'And blow the morning from their nosterils,' old eds. 'nostrils'; cp. 'As monstrous as Gorgon Prince of Hell,' (Tamb. I., Act iv., Sc. 1, 8). The trisyllabic form, necessary for the scansion, occurs in the 1605-6 edition.

P. 34, 24: 'clouds,' old eds. 'glades,' for which there is no authority.

VIII.

FAUSTUS, acted probably in 1588; printed 1604, 1609, 1616, &c. The third 4to. contains scenes wholly re-written or added for the first time. The first and second 4tos represent the truer version of the play. Lamb's Extract was derived from the 1624 ed., i.e., an edition based on the 1616 text; this has been now corrected for the most part by the earlier editions. The present text differs from Lamb's in a large number of points.

The following are noteworthy:—p. 35, 16, &c.: 'Wittenberg' for 'Wirtenberg,' though the latter is the reading of the earlier 4tos; p. 36, 11: 'On cai me on'; Mr Bullen's brilliant emendation for 'oeconomy,' of the later. The 1604 ed. reads: 'Oncaymson,' an obvious corruption, now that the true reading has been fixed, of the Aristotelian *ōv kai μή ὄv* ('being and not being'). 37, 28: 'silk'; Dyce's suggestion for the old reading 'skill.'

P. 42, ll. 15-39. This passage does not occur in the early 4tos, but it is probably genuine.

There is a curiously interesting passage on 'Faust' in one of Lamb's Letters to Ainsworth (dated Dec. 9th, 1823):—"I thoroughly agree with you as to 'The German Faust,' as far as I can do justice to it from an English translation. 'Tis a disagreeable canting tale of seduction, which has nothing to do with the spirit of Faustus — curiosity. Was the dark secret to be explored to end in the seducing of a weak girl, which might have been accomplished by earthly agency? When Marlowe gives his Faustus a mistress, he flies him

at Helen, flower of Greece, to be sure, and not at Miss Betsy, or Miss Sally Thoughtless.

'Cut is the branch that bore the goodly fruit,
And withered is Apollo's laurel tree : (*sic.*)
Faustus is dead.' (*sic.*)

What a noble natural transition from metaphor to plain speaking ! As if the figurative had flagged in description of such a loss, and was reduced to tell the fact simply."

THE JEW OF MALTA, first performed after 'the IX. death of the Guise,' 23rd December, 1588 ; first published in 1638, edited by T. Heywood ; from the Introductory Epistle we learn that Alleyn played the part of Barabas. Marlowe cannot be held guilty of all the grotesque buffoonery which disfigures the latter half of the play, more especially the scenes with Bellamira and Pilia Borsa. A feeble travesty of Marlowe's famous ditty 'Come live with me and be my love,' occurs in Act iv. scene 4. :-

'The meads, the orchards, and the primrose lanes,
Instead of sedge and reed, bear sugar-canies ;
Thou in these groves, by Dis above,
Shalt live with me, and be my love.'

The Extracts are both from the First Scene of the First Act, and are 'the very salt' of the play. In a letter to Southey in 1798, Lamb had already called attention to certain striking passages. The reference in the note ('we write plays to flatter it') was probably to Cumberland's play of The Jew, 1794.

P. 44, l. 4: 'As to those Sabans'; Mr Bullen's emendation for 'Samnites,' the reading of modern editors for 'Samintes' of the old eds. Leigh Hunt ('Imagination and Fancy') has an ingenious comment on 'Samnites' and 'Men of Uz,' and 'Spanish oils':—'That is to say, countrymen and contemporaries of old Rome, of Arabian Job, and the modern Spanish merchants ! Marlowe, though he was a scholar, cared no more for geography and consistent history than Shakespeare, &c.'

P. 44, 6: 'silverlings'; Dyce's suggestion for old eds., 'silverbings.'

EDWARD II, probably acted 1590; printed 1594 (8vo. X. and 4to. eds.), 1598, 1612, &c. ; the editions differ but slightly. Lamb's remark 'on the reluctant pangs of abdicating Royalty' has been often enough discussed by subsequent critics. It is now generally accepted that Shakespeare's *Richard* owes much to Marlowe's

Edward, the first English historical drama, as opposed to the earlier crude chronicle plays.

P. 49, 15 : 'borderers,' old eds. 'brothers' (without authority).

P. 50, 19 : 'cloy,' old eds. 'claw'; 50, 21 : old eds. 'Full oft am I soaring up to high heaven.'

P. 53, 15 : 'dropped,' old eds. 'drop.'

P. 54, 3 : 'Gone, gone, and do I remain?' old eds. 'and do I still remain alive'; there is no authority for the insertion of 'still'; ed. 1598 : 'do I remain alive'; the reading of the later 4toe is, I think, to be preferred; the omission of 'alive' adds much to the strength of the line, and presents no particular difficulty as far as the scansion of the line is concerned—two monosyllabic feet followed by a syllabic pause:—

Góne ! | góne ! | ~ ánd | do I' | remáin ? |

It is almost unnecessary to remind Lamb's readers that the name of the villain in the 'miniature romance' of Rosamond Gray, Matravis, is derived from this play of Marlowe's.

GEORGE PEELE (c. 1558-a.1597).

XI.-XIV. THE ARRAIGNMENT OF PARIS, published anonymously in 1584; the authorship is known from Nash's preface to Greene's *Menaphon* (1589), wherein Peele is styled 'the Atlas of Poetrie and *primus verborum artifex*'; as regards the *Arraignment*, Nash considers 'he goeth a step beyond all that write.'

P. 55, 7 : 'water-flowers,' old eds. 'watery flowers'; 55, 35 : 'take in worth,' i.e., 'take in good part.'

P. 56, 2 : the capitals are Lamb's.

P. 57, 4 : 'Phorcys,' old eds. 'Phorcias'; 'trick' = 'trim'; 57, 8 : 'nones,' old eds. 'nonce'; 57, 12 : Queen Ceres,' old eds. 'Queen Pluto.'

P. 58, 19 : 'to my esteemed friend, &c., V.N.' i.e., Vincent Novello, Lamb's 'dear Fugueist,' Cowden Clarke's father-in-law.

THE BATTLE OF ALCAZAR, published anonymously in 1594; described by Lamb as savouring strongly of Marlowe, but by an unknown author. Peele's authorship is now known; quotations occur in *England's Parnassus* (1600) and are there assigned to 'G. Peele'; the play was obviously written to satisfy the demand for plays of the Tamburlaine type.

P. 59, 3 : 'for a princess meet,' old eds. 'a princess' meat.'

DAVID AND BETHSABE, first printed in 1599. The play has been praised extravagantly by some critics for its rich sweetness ; it has been condemned by others as 'a mess of cloying sugar-plums.' Lamb, notwithstanding his curt dismissal of the play in the 'Specimens,' could not resist a second surfeit, and Extract XIV. (from the 'Garrick Plays') is perhaps the most dignified passage in the whole play. Peele's *Old Wives' Tales* (1595) is unfortunately unrepresented. There was no copy of the extremely scarce 4to in the Garrick collection.

P. 60, 6 : 'cause of my mourning,' old eds. 'cause of mourning'; 60, 13 : 'thy,' old eds. 'the' (Dyce's correction).

P. 62, 1 : 'carry,' old eds. 'carries'; 62, 26 : 'the poor man's store'; old eds. 'partly, poor man's store,' the reading of the 4to; the line is corrupt; the present emendation possibly restores the true reading.

P. 64, 5 : 'flowering,' old eds. 'flowing'; 64, 19 : 'sovereign's face,' old eds. 'Sovereign.'

P. 65, 13 : 'pure,' old eds. 'sure.'

THOMAS LODGE (c. 1558-1625).

ROBERT GREENE (c. 1560-1592.)

The Extract from *The Looking-glass for England and London* (printed 1594, 1598, 1602) does not adequately represent Greene's powers as a dramatist. It is a pity that Lamb had not read his *Friar Bacon*: the charming love-scenes would have afforded him some delightful extracts; a passage or two from *Alphonsus* and *Orlando* would have been at least as welcome as the Extract from Peele's *Alcazar*.

P. 66, 15 : 'rest,' old eds. 'jest'; 66, 39 : 'Cynthia's fere,' i.e., 'mate, companion': old eds. 'Cynthia's sphere'; an ingenious reading, for which, however, there does not seem any authority.

THOMAS KYD (c. 1557-c.1595).

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY, composed probably 1588, first printed in 1592; of this earliest edition no copy is extant; it was published again in 1594, 'newly corrected and amended of such grosse faults as passed in the first impression'; several other editions were issued, the 'additions' to the drama, quoted by Lamb, first appearing in the 4to of 1602. The evidence of the entry in Henslowe's diary, referring the

'additions' to Jonson, cannot be gainsaid, though Lamb's scepticism as to his authorship of the scenes is well founded, from the point of view of style. It must be remembered that Jonson's earliest tragic compositions (e.g., *Richard Crookback*) have not come down to us. The play was the object of ridicule to all the writers of the time, and it is noteworthy that Jonson himself scoffs at 'the old *Hieronimo*, as it was first acted,' in the *Induction* to his *Cynthia's Revels*.

P. 68, 14 :

'And his great mind, too full of honour,
Took him us to mercy, that valiant but ignoble Portin-
gale.'

So the better texts; old eds. :—

'And his great mind, too full of honour, took
To mercy that valiant but ignoble Portuguese.'

XVII.

The first 4to of this noble tragedy was printed in 1592, with the following title :—*The Lamentable and True Tragedie of M. Arden of Faversham in Kent, who was most wickedlye murdered, by means of his disloyall and wanton wyfe, who for the loue she bare to one Mosie, hyred two desperat ruffins Blackwile and Shabbag to kill him. Wherein is shewed the great malice and dissimulation of a wicked woman, the unsatiable desire of filthie lust, and the shamefull end of all murderers.* Subsequent editions appeared in 1599, 1633. In 1770 a fourth edition was published by Edward Jacob, a Faversham Antiquary, with a preface imputing the play to Shakespeare. Among modern critics Mr Swinburne inclines to the same view, while Mr Bullen (in his reprint of the 1592 4to) admits the probability of Shakespeare's revision and correction of an older version. The play, based on the records of English crime, is undoubtedly the finest example of Elizabethan Domestic Tragedy. Another example is Yarrington's *Two Tragedies in One* (see Extract XXI.), clearly modelled on *Arden*. It is impossible to write of the play without recalling Mr Swinburne's glorious sonnet :—

'Mother whose womb brought forth our man of
men,
Was it thy son's young passion-guided pen . . . ?'

P. 74, 3: 'Such deep *pathaires*'; this word has hitherto proved the crux of the play. 'Deep-fet airs,' 'deep-fet sighs,' &c., have been suggested. I am inclined to think that no emendation is necessary.

'Pathaire' I take to be some special form of 'petarde,' i.e., 'petard,' probably used in the metaphorical sense of 'passionate outburst.'

P. 75, 12 : 'But maddens me,' old eds. 'but mads me that ever,' &c.

P. 76, 8 : 'Flowers do sometimes'; old eds. 'flowers sometimes.'

P. 76, 17 : 'I assure,' old eds. 'I'll assure.'

HENRY PORTER (fl. 1598).

THE PLEASANT HISTORY OF THE TWO XVIII.
ANGRY WOMEN OF ABINGTON 'with the humorous mirth of Dick Coombes and Nicholas Proverbs, two serving-men,' was published twice in 1599. Nothing is known of the author; he is possibly identical with a bachelor of music, of Christ Church, Oxford. In the Prologue to the play, Porter alludes to his poverty. Lamb is perhaps extravagant in his praise of this 'pleasant Comedy, but the 'Two Angry Women' must have been a great discovery.

P. 78, 16 : 'flat, flat, God knows,' old eds. 'flat, flat, and ne'er a word to say.'

P. 79, 3 : 'oft,' old eds. 'often.' 79, 82 : 'Blushing.' Lamb's characteristic letter to Hone in connection with this Extract is extant and cannot be withheld :—

"Damnable *erratum* (can't you notice it?) in the last line but two of the last Extract in No. 9, *Garrick Plays*—

'Blushing forth golden hair and glorious red.'

A sun-bright line spoil'd.

Blush for Blushing.

N.B.—The general number was excellent. Also a few lines higher :—

'Restrainèd Liberty attain'd is sweet'
should have a full stop. 'Tis the end of the old man's speech. These little blemishes kill such delicate things : prose feeds on grosser punctualities."

EDWARD III., first edition, anonymous, 1596 ; again XIX. in 1599. Attributed to Shakespeare, without authority, as early as 1656. The Countless Episodes, quoted in the Extracts, contain many Shakespearian echoes, and there is strong reason for the assignment to Shakespeare of this portion of the play. The striking line

(p. 84, 18) ‘Lilies that fester, smell far worse than weeds,’ occurs again in Shakespeare’s Sonnet, xciv. 10; there is seemingly a direct allusion in the play to Shakespeare’s *Lucrece*, and many parallels occur to passages in Shakespeare’s undoubted plays, e.g., p. 83, 8; cp.

“ It were as good
To pardon him that hath from nature stol’n
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heav’n’s image
In stamps that are forbid.”—(*Measure for Measure*,
ii. 4, 42-46).

P. 83, 7: ‘you,’ misprint for ‘your’; 83, 20: omitted in old eds.; 83, 28: ‘therin guilty,’ old eds. ‘guilty therin’; 83, 29: ‘beauties words,’ old eds. ‘beauty word’; 83, 31: ‘made by,’ old eds. ‘made in.’

P. 84, 16: ‘sheweth,’ old eds. ‘shows.’

THE WARS OF CYRUS, *King of Persia, against Antiochus, King of Assyria, with the Tragical end of Psammon: played by the Children of Her Majesty's Chapel.* 4to, 1594.

P. 84, 4: The unique copy in the Garrick collection reads:—

“ then you content, our Muse
That seems to trouble you again, &c.”
Lamb ‘scorns.’

P. 84, 30: Lamb’s ingenious punctuation and interpretation of the line seems unnecessary; the reading of the 4to is quite clear, (with a full stop at *do*, which is omitted):—

“ As trash of their tradition, that can bring
Nor instance nor excuse for what they do.”

ROBERT YARRINGTON (fl. 1600).

I.

TWO LAMENTABLE TRAGEDIES; *the one, of the Murther of Master Beech, a Chandler, in Thames Street, and his Boy, done by Thomas Merry: the other of a young Child, murthered in a Wood by two Ruffins, with the consent of their Uncle.* 4to, 1601.

The murder of Beech was a fertile subject for ballads and plays of the period; John Day and William Haughton appear to have written a drama for Henslowe on the subject, in 1599. Chettle began a play called *The Tragedy of the Orphans* about the same date.

Mr Fleay has suggested that 'Yarrington,' of whom nothing is known, is a fictitious name, and that the present play was made out of the two plays by Chettle, Day, and Haughton.

P. 85, 9 : 'ure'; so the 4to; Lamb, 'act'; 85, 13, refers to the music between the acts.

HENRY CHETTLE (1562-c.1607).

ANTHONY MUNDAY (1553-1633).

THE DOWNTWALL OF ROBERT, *Earl of Huntingdon*, XXII.

afterwards called Robin Hood of Merry Sherwood; with his love to chaste Matilda, the Lord Fitzwater's Daughter, afterwards his fair Maid Marian. 4to, 1601. Anonymous. This play and its continuation, 'The Death of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon,' were formerly, without authority, assigned to T. Heywood. They are now known, from Henslowe's diary, to be by Munday and Chettle, 'The Downfall,' being mainly by the former, 'The Death' by the two dramatists working together. The part played by Skelton in 'The Downfall' is noteworthy; it has been suggested by Mr H. L. D. Ward, in his most valuable discussion of the French Romance of Fulk Fitz-Warin (Catalogue of Romances in the British Museum, vol. i), that possibly the play was really founded on a May-day pageant by Skelton; the value of the suggestion lies herein, that the patron of Skelton's living at Diss, in Norfolk, was none other than Robert, Lord Fitzwater, who had inherited the lordship of Diss through his grandmother, the last of the old Fitz-Waters. No one was more likely than Skelton to devise a new Robin Hood pageant for his old pupil, Henry VIII. In the play, the piece is rehearsed with a view to performing it before the monarch. (Cp. Extract CXLI, and note thereon.)

P. 88, 19: This line has been interpolated; omitted in old eds. 88, 22: 'lightning's fire,' old eds. 'light fire.'

THE TRAGEDY OF HOFFMANN: *Or, A Revenge* XXIII.
for a Father. 4to, 1631. Anonymous. Now known, from Henslowe's Diary, to be the work of Chettle; acted in 1602.

P. 89, 5: 'Sax'ny's tongue,' old eds. 'Saxon's tongue'; 89, 25: 'foot of war,' old eds. 'foot of man';

P. 90, 15: 'this same Hermit,' old eds. 'this Hermit'; 90, 22: 'your,' old eds. 'they.'

P. 91, 2: 'either,' old eds. 'any.'

XIV.

LUST'S DOMINION : or, *The Lascivious Queen*, published in 1657, as a tragedy by Marlowe. In the old eds. of the 'Specimens' it precedes *Tamburlaine* (op. note to Extract VII.); the play in its present form contains references to historical events that happened after Marlowe's death. It is possibly, though doubtfully, identical with *The Spanish Moor's Tragedy* (1600) by Haughton, Day, and Dekker. The best scenes remind one of Dekker. It is possible that *Lust's Dominion* is a revision of an older [play], written soon after Marlowe's *Edward II.* The passage quoted on page 92, ll. 24-30 is clearly a Marlowan reminiscence (cp. p. 47. ll. 7-14).

XV.

THE WISDOM OF DR DODIPOLL: as it hath been sundry times acted by the Children of St Paul's. 4to, 1600. Anonymous. The first six lines of Peele's song, "What is Love," from the lost pastoral, *The Hunting of Cupid*, occurs in the play, immediately before the passage on page 95, describing a Cameo.

Nothing is known of the authorship of the play; reminiscences of Shakespeare's earlier plays, Romeo and Juliet and Midsummer Night's Dream in particular, are readily detected: e.g., p. 93, 5, cp. Romeo and Juliet iii. 2, 23:—

"Take him and cut him out in little stars," &c.

P. 96, 27, cp. Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1, 15:—

"And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear."

Mr Bullen has gratified the readers of Lamb's Extracts by printing the entire play, but, as he justly remarks in his Preface, 'Dr Dodypol affords a curious illustration of the astounding inequality in the work of old dramatists.' The panegyric on Painting has called forth the unstinted admiration of many readers; while Mr Swinburne has described it as 'the most lovely and fervid of all imaginative panegyrics,' and has celebrated its nameless poet, 'that sweet-tongued shadow,' in one of his matchless sonnets.*

In the old 4to the directions at the opening of the play are as follows:—'A curtain drawn, Earl Lassenbergh is discovered (like a painter), painting Lucilia, who sits working on a piece of cushion work.'

P. 94. 7: 'ground,' old eds. 'part'; 94, 27: 'With so sweet,' old eds. 'with thy so sweet'; 94, 35: Mr Bullen reads 'adoring'; but 'adorn' for 'adore' is

* Sonnets of the Dramatists, XVII.

not uncommon in Old English; 94, 41: 'ruby, old eds. 'rosy.'

P. 95, ll. 4-14: In the original these lines form a dialogue between Flores (the Jeweller) and Lord Alberdure; l. 11: old eds. omit 'my lord,' 4to 'my lords'; 95, 20: 'No.' 4to. 'Ne'; 95, 21: 'close,' so 4to; Bullen '? cliff'; but 'close' = 'mountain-pass'; 95, 30; 'my sorrow'd, tired limbs,' 4to, 'sorrowed tired'; Bullen 'sorrow-tired'; but *cp.* 'their sorrowed render', Timon, v. 2; 95, 32: 4to, 'no way'; 95, 33: 'unpleased'; Bullen 'displeased'; but 'unfit . . . displeased' is obviously preferable.

96, 36: 'you'; so 4to; old eds. 'thee'; 96, 37: 'thy,' old eds. 'this.'

JACK DRUM'S ENTERTAINMENT, or, the Comedy XXVI.
of Pasquil and Katharine. As it hath been sundry times
played by the Children of St Paul's. 4to, 1601. Anonymous.

According to E. Pudseye's Note-book, written in the early part of the seventeenth century, this drama was by John Marston (see Halliwell-Phillipps's sale catalogue, July 1889, No. 1257), whose hand is clearly discernible throughout the play. Certain passages therein are ridiculed in the *Poetaster*, and it seems probable that the *dramatis persona* represent, under a thin disguise, Jonson, and other writers of the day. Mr Fleay identifies Sir Edward Fortune, knight, with Edward Alleyn, who was then building the Fortune Theatre; the agreement was made 8th January 1600.

SIR GILES GOOSE-CAP, KNIGHT: A Comedy pre- XXVII.
sented by the Children of the Chapel; published anonymously in 1606, 1638; in the second edition the author is said to be then dead. From the point of view of style, there is good reason for assigning the play to Chapman, who was early connected with the 'Children of the Chapel.'

JOHN TOMKINS (fl. 1598-1614).

LINGUA, or the Combat of the Tongue and the five Senses XXVIII.
for Superiority: A pleasant Comedy. 4to, 1607. Anonymous. Formerly attributed to Antony Brewer, but now definitely known to be by John Tomkins, the author of *Albemazar*, who was Scholar of Trinity, Cambridge, 1594-98. The play was probably written

early in 1608, after James' accession. There is a doubtful tradition that, on its being performed at Trinity, Oliver Cromwell acted the part of Tactus in it, 'from which he first imbibed his sentiments of ambition.' This cannot of course refer to the original performance, when Cromwell was about three years old. Mr Fleay has an ingenious theory that the play was first performed at 'the matchless entertainment' given at Hinchinbrook before James I., by Cromwell's uncle, when the heads of the University came to meet the king on his entrance-journey to London ; if so, it is not unlikely that on this occasion the part of Small Beer, consisting of two words only, 'Beer forsooth ! Beer forsooth !' was taken by the three-year-old youngster.

IX.

THE MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON : as it hath been sundry times acted by his Majesty's servants, at the Globe on the Bankside. 4to, 1608, 1612, &c. Anonymous. No evidence has as yet been discovered as to its authorship ; the play has been variously assigned to Shakespeare, Drayton, and Heywood. As far as Drayton's claims are concerned, Mr Fleay ingeniously maintains his authorship of the piece, but the problem cannot be considered finally solved. Drayton was certainly writing for the stage between 1597 and 1602, though he never allowed his name to appear in print as an author for the stage (cp. *Chronicle History*, vol. i., p. 152). Written probably about 1597, the comedy soon became one of the most popular productions of the time. Jonson, in his Prologue to *The Devil is an Ass*, refers to it enthusiastically :—

‘And show this but the same face you have done
Your dear delight, *the Devil of Edmonton !*’

The charm of the play has certainly never been more delightfully expressed than by Mr Swinburne in his eighteenth Sonnet :—

‘And that sweet pageant of the kindly fiend,
Who, seeing three friends in spirit and heart
made one,
Crowned with good hap the true-love wiles he
screened
In the pleached lanes of pleasant Edmonton.’

Lamb evidently used Dodsley's edition (1744) of the text, which was in its turn based on an edition

published in 1655. The following are among the more important emendations :—

P. 101, 1 : 'my Clare' (Hazlitt's suggestion) for 'by Clare,' the old reading; 101, 20: 'brined,' old eds. brinish; 104, 10: 'your happy soul,' old eds. 'your soul'; 104, 25: 'toll,' old eds. 'tell'; 105, 9: 'bid your beads;' old eds. 'bind.'

LODOWICK BARRY (*temp. James I.*).

RAM ALLEY; or *Merry Tricks; a Comedy divers times XXX.*
heretofore acted by the Children of the King's Revels. 4to,
1611. Probably first performed Christmas 1609-10. The
'home-bred mirth,' for which apology is made in the
Prologue, is the Author's euphemism for the extreme
coarseness of his production.

SAMUEL DANIEL (1562-1619).

TETHYS FESTIVAL: or the Queen's Wake; celebrated XXXI.
at Whitehall the 5th day of June 1610. Devised by S.D.
one of the grooms of her Majesty's most Honourable Privy
Chamber. 4to, 1610. Written and performed to cele-
brate the Creation of King James's eldest son Henry as
Prince of Wales.

HYMEN'S TRIUMPH; A Pastoral Tragi-Comedy. XXXII.
Presented at the Queen's Court in the Strand at her
Majesty's magnificent entertainment of the King's most ex-
cellent Majesty, being at the nuptials of the Lord Roxbrough.
By Samuel Daniel. 8vo, 1615.

In Chapter XVIII. of Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*
there is the famous criticism on Daniel and special refer-
ence to this 'fine and almost faultless Extract, eminent
as for other beauties so for its perfection in this species
of diction,' (i.e., that style, which, as neutral ground
of prose and verse, is common to both). Daniel must
have been among Lamb's earliest Elizabethan friends.
Already in 'Rosamond Gray' he quotes the lines at the
beginning of the Extract entitled '*Love in Infancy.*'

P. 106, 31: 'length,' old eds. 'lengthen'; 108, 37:
'sudden,' old eds. 'suddenly'; 108, 41: 'name of
woman,' old eds. 'name of a woman'; 109, 3: 'these,'
old eds. 'those'; 109, 36: 'dear mother, hear, it is for
me,' old eds. 'dear mother, it's for me'; 109, 39: 'thy,'
old eds. 'the'; 110, 35: 'rapt'; old eds. 'wrapt.'

BEN JONSON (1573-1635).

- XXXIII.- THE CASE IS ALTERED (1598-9). 4to, 1609. *Poetaster, or His Arraignment, A Comical Satire* (1601). 4to, 1602. *Sejanus, His Fall; A Tragedy* (1603). 4to, 1605. *Volpone, or the Fox: A Comedy* (1605). 4to, 1607. *Catiline, His Conspiracy, A Tragedy* (1611). 4to, 1611. *The Alchemist, A Comedy* (1610). 4to, 1612. *The New Inn, or The Light Heart* (1629). 8vo, 1631. *The Sad Shepherd, or A Tale of Robin Hood* (fragment), fol. 1641.

Lamb's Extracts from the old editions of the plays have been corrected throughout; the minute corrections, for the most part unimportant, need not be specified. [Nota bene.—(p. 148), Extract XXXIX. should precede Extract XXXVIII.; the final sentence in the Note at the end of *The New Inn* refers to the passages quoted from *The Alchemist*. In this particular case the chronological arrangement of the plays should have been sacrificed.]

Lamb's criticism on Jonson's genius is intentionally meagre; his business was rather with the less known of Shakespeare's contemporaries. He wisely eschewed to bring the drama of Jonson into comparisons of rivalry with the Shakespearian. As Coleridge finely puts it—‘This should not be. Let its inferiority to the Shakespearian be at once fairly owned, but, at the same time, as the inferiority of an altogether different *genius* of the drama. On this ground old Ben still maintains his proud height. He, no less than Shakespeare, stands on the summit of his hill, and looks round him like a master,—though his be Latrig and Shakespeare's Skiddaw.’

GEORGE CHAPMAN (1557 or 9-1634).

- XLI.- BUSSY D'AMBOIS, A TRAGEDY. 4to, 1607 ('revised by the Author,' 1641). *All Fools*. 4to, 1605. *The Gentleman Usher*. 4to, 1606. *Cæsar and Pompey, A Roman Tragedy, declaring their wars out of whose events is evicted this proposition—Only a just man is a free man*, 4to. 1631. *The Conspiracy, and Tragedy of Charles, Duke of Byron, Marshall of France*; ‘Acted lately in two Plays,’ 4to, 1608. *The Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois*. 4to, 1613.

GEORGE CHAPMAN AND JAMES SHIRLEY.

- L.-LI. THE TRAGEDY OF CHABOT *Admiral of France*; 4to, 1639.

Lamb's selections from Chapman, all from

the 4to editions in the 'Garrick Collection' were fairly correct. The following corrections in the present edition may be noted:—p. 151, 23: old eds. 'other's spirit'; 155, 4: old eds. 'tries clink'; 156, 1: old eds. 'the' (for 'ye'); 157, 27: old eds. 'man'; 158, 23: old eds. 'I step me'; 161, 22: old eds. 'in air'; 161, 27: old eds. 'when our,' for 'therefore when our'; 162, 20: old eds. 'Faint'; 162, 27: old eds. 'those invocations'; 167, 23: old eds. 'both possess'; 172, 2: old eds. 'swearer'; 178, 23: old eds. 'in vapour,' &c.

Lamb's *Adventures of Ulysses* appeared in the same year as the famous panegyric on Chapman (p. 170), at the end of Extract XLVIII. In the preface to *The Adventures* he wrote:—

"If I were to state the obligations which I have had to one obsolete version, I should have run the hazard of depriving myself of the very slender degree of reputation which I would hope to acquire from a trifling like the present undertaking." Years after, in a letter to Bernard Barton, he again gave vent to his admiration for the great translator:—"You like the *Odyssey*. Did you ever read my 'Adventures of Ulysses,' founded on Chapman's old translation for children or men? Chapman is divine; and my abridgment has not quite emptied him of his divinity."

JOHN MARSTON (c. 1575-1634).

THE HISTORY OF ANTONIO AND MELLIDA ; *The First Part*, 1602. *Antonio's Revenge*; *The Second Part of A. and M.*, 1602. *The Malcontent*, 1604 (three eds.; the third, 'Augmented by M. with the additions . . . by John Webster'). *Parasitaster, or, The Fawn*, 1606 (two eds.). *The Wonder of Women, or, The Tragedy of Sophonisba*, 1606. *What you Will*, 1607. *The Insatiate Countess*, 1613.*

In these selections, Lamb has done Marston more than justice. Mr Bullen, in his excellent edition of Marston's Works, referring to Extract LIL, rightly

* This play was not included in the 1638 edition of Marston's plays. It is the opinion of Marston's latest editor that the tragedy was left in a fragmentary state, and was completed by the actor Barkstead, in whose poem *Myrrha* are found the two picturesque lines that occur at the close of the last scene of the play:—

Night, like a masque, is enter'd heav'n's great hall,
With thousand torches ushering the way.
(BULLEN, MARSTON, p. xl ix.)

observes :—“That scene deserves the eloquent praise that it received at the hands of Lamb; and if Marston had been able to keep the rest of the play at that level, the *First Part of Antonio and Mellida* would rank with the masterpieces of Webster. But what is to be said of a writer, who, in describing a shipwreck, gives us such lines as the following :—

‘Lo ! the sea grew mad,
His bowels rumbling with wind-passion ;
Straight swarthy darkness popp’d out Phœbus’ eye,
And blurred the jocund face of bright-cheek’d day,’ &c.

This is hardly a fair specimen of Marston’s powers, but it exhibits to perfection his besetting fault of straining his style a peg too high; of seeking to be impressive by the use of exaggerated and unnatural imagery. When he disengages himself of this fatal habit his verse is clear and massive,” &c.

P. 180, 7: ‘open’; so old eds.; properly ‘chaune,’ the reading of the 4tos; the word was evidently too archaic for Lamb; 180, 28: ‘spoke,’ old eds. ‘speak’; 183, 32: ‘cleaves,’ old eds. ‘clears’; 186, 23: ‘pain,’ old eds. ‘pierce’; 188, 5: old eds. ‘From half-rot sear-cloths; and she,’ &c.; 190, 19: ‘hot philosophers’; so old eds.; the 4tos read ‘ho philosophers’ (cp. Bullen).

THOMAS DEKKER (1570-1646).

IX.-
KIII.

OLD FORTUNATUS, 1600; *Satiro-mastix, or, The Untrussing of the Humorous Poet*, 1602. *The Honest Whore, with the humours of the Patient Man and the Longing Wife* (Part I.), ‘by Thomas Dekker, assisted by Thomas Middleton,’ 1604; Part II., 1630.

THOMAS DEKKER AND JOHN WEBSTER.

XIV.

WESTWARD HOE, as it hath been divers times acted by the Children of Paul’s, 1607.

Lamb’s final verdict on Dekker finds expression in a note to a later Extract, from *The Virgin Martyr* (vol. ii. p. 167) :—“Dekker, who wrote Fortunatus, had poetry enough for anything.” It might well be added that when the Muses dowered him so richly, wayward Fortune denied him power to exercise his gifts save at rare intervals. Much of Dekker’s work contains mere dross; the residuum of gold is precious indeed. Lamb’s enthusiasm for the character of Orleans (p. 199) is by some critics considered excessive; on the other hand, Mr Swinburne, in his eloquent study of Dekker, (*Nine-*

teenth Century, 1887), holds that "even Lamb was for once less than just when he said of the 'frantic love' in *Old Fortunatus* that 'he talks pure Biron and Romeo, he is almost as poetical as they.' The word 'almost' should be supplanted by the word 'fully'; and the criticism would then be no less adequate than apt. Sidney himself might have applauded the verses which clothe with living music a passion as fervent and as fiery a fancy as his own."

P. 195, 39 : 'mine ears,' old eds. 'mine years.'

P. 198, 35 : 'destiny'; Mr Swinburne's brilliant emendation 'disdain' restores the line to its original beauty :—'melting against the sun of thy disdain.'

P. 202, 28 : 'poisoned,' old eds. 'poison.'

THOMAS HEYWOOD (c. 1573-c.1641).

A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS (acted 1603), LXXV.-printed 1607. *The Fair Maid at the Exchange*, with the pleasant Humours of the *Cripple of Fenchurch*, 1607. *The Golden Age, or, The Lives of Jupiter and Saturn, with the defining of the Heathen Gods*, 1611. *The Silver Age, including the love of Jupiter to Alcmena: the birth of Hercules, and the Rape of Proserpine*, concluding with the *Arraignment of the Moon*, 1613. *The Brazen Age, The First Act, containing the Death of the Centaur Nessus; The Second, The Tragedy of Meleager; The Third, The Tragedy of Jason and Medea; The Fourth, Vulcan's Net; The Fifth, The Labours and Death of Hercules*, 1618. *The Royal King and The Loyal Subject*: 'a tragico-comedy by Thomas Heywood, assisted by Wentworth Smith,' 1637. *The English Traveller*, 1638. *A Challenge for Beauty*, 1636.

THOMAS HEYWOOD AND WILLIAM ROWLEY (c. 1585-c.1631).

FORTUNE BY LAND AND SEA: 'a tragico-comedy. LXXVI. As it was acted with great applause by the Queen's servants,' 1655.

THOMAS HEYWOOD AND RICHARD BROOME.

THE LATE LANCASHIRE WITCHES: A Comedy. LXXVII.-by T. H. and R. B., 1634. LXXVIII.

Other plays erroneously attributed to Heywood in the old editions are *The Duchess of Suffolk* (see CXLIII.), and *The Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon* (see CXII.); there is very good reason to doubt Heywood's

authorship of *The Faire Maid of the Exchange*; the play was published anonymously, and on very slender ground has been attributed to Heywood (see FLEAY, 'English Drama,' p. 230).

Lamb's description of Heywood as 'a prose Shakespeare' is probably as brilliant a paradox as could be found in his criticisms; and if the task were imposed on one to characterise *in a word* this most prolific of Elizabethan playwrights, Lamb's epigram would, I think, admirably hit off the total impression his best work leaves on the reader's mind. 'But,' as Dr Ward observes with reference to this particular phrase, 'to be even a prose Shakespeare, Thomas Heywood lacked that power of characterisation without which all resemblances to Shakespeare are merely superficial. . . . Even in his two best serious dramas, it is the situations rather than the characters as developed out of them which engage our attention. A prose Shakespeare would have made the erring wife and the imperturbably loyal vassal figures which we could remember by themselves, living beings of whom we could say, thus, and not otherwise, they must have acted' (vol. ii. p. 130).

In one passage Lamb has, I think, shown overmuch zeal for our poet, to wit, in his rapturous praise of the 'touch of truest pathos, which the writer has put into the mouth of Meleager,'—

And yet farewell!—(p. 225, l. 22).

The passage runs as follows:—

'Happy Anceus and Adonis blest,
You died with fame, and honour crowns your rest
My flame increaseth still ; Oh father Æneus,
And you Althea, whom I would call mother
But that my genius prompts me th'art unkind,
And yet farewell, Atlanta, beauteous maid,
I cannot speak my thoughts for torture, death,
Anguish and pains, &c.'

Surely the 'yet' marks the climax of enumeration, and implies 'furthermore, lastly,' and not 'nevertheless,' as Lamb would have it. It seems to me to have little more than the force of the Latin 'etiam.' 'Farewell' belongs by sense to the previous clauses ('Æneus' . . . 'and you Althea'), by position to the third only.

P. 207, 19 : 'under your feet,' old eds. 'under feet'; 210, 4: 'a rebate wire,' i.e., 'a wire to stiffen or set

a rebato, which was the name for a species of ruff worn round the neck'; 212, 7: 'arrival, read 'arrive,' as 1st 4to; 213, 5: 'hath forgivon His death,' old eds. 'hath for us given His death'; 214, 22: 'wrote,' perhaps better 'wrought,' so 1st 4to; 218, 25: 'sucklings' (so 4tos), old eds. 'stripplings'; 219, 10: interpolated in this edition; 219, 16: 'the fields,' old eds. 'the trees'; 219, 24: the 1618 4to reads 'water-nymphs and sea-gods'; 221, 30: 'a modest blush' (so 4to), old eds. 'fear'; 228, 2: 'in this age,' old eds. 'in his age'; 237, 38: 'she was,' old eds. 'that she was'; 241, 14: 'I was not born to brook this,' interpolated in this ed.; 242, 22: 'colour fail,' old eds. 'colour pale'; 247, 25-28: old eds. :—

‘ My uncle has of late become the sole
Discourse of all the country ; for of a man respected
As master of a govern’d family,’ &c.

THOMAS MIDDLETON (c. 1570-1627).

BLURT, MASTER-CONSTABLE or, *The Spaniard's LXXXIX-Night-walk*, 1602. *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, 1630. LXXXV. *More Dissemblers besides Women*, 1657.

No { Wit } Like
Help }

A Woman's. A Comedy, by Thos. Middleton, Gent. London, 1657. *Women beware Women*, 1657. *A Tragi-Comedy, called the Witch*, long since acted by His Majesty's servants at the Blackfriars, first printed from a MS. by Isaac Reed in 1778. *A Game at Chess* (acted in June 1624 ; early editions undated).

THOMAS MIDDLETON AND WILLIAM ROWLEY.

A FAIR QUARREL; as it was acted before the King LXXXVI and divers times publicly by the Prince his Highness servants, 1617. (Another edition with 'additions' in the same year).

In his Essay on 'the Sanity of true Genius,' Lamb again touches on the character of supernatural in Shakespeare, expanding his criticism 'on the weird sisters' at the end of Middleton's Witch (p. 272) :— 'Caliban, the witches are as true to the laws of their own nature (our, with a difference) as Othello, Hamlet, and Macbeth. Herein the great and the little wits

are differenced; that if the latter wander ever so little from nature or actual existence, they lose themselves and their readers. Their phantoms are lawless; their visions nightmares. They do not create, which implies shaping and consistency,' &c. (Cf. Lamb's remarks on Rowley's *Witch of Edmonton*, vol. ii. p. 17.)

As regards the priority of Middleton's Witch and Shakespeare's Macbeth, the evidence seems strongly in favour of the latter play (op. BULLEN, MIDDLETON, I., p. liv.).

The more important differences between this and the earlier editions occur in the extracts from *The Witch*, e. g.:—p. 263, 9: 'leek,' old eds. 'like'; 263, 22: 'Eleoselinum,' old eds. 'Eleaselinum'; 263, 25: 'Acorum Vulgare too,' old eds. 'Acharum, Vulgaro, too'; 263, 26: 'Pentaphillon,' old eds. 'Dentaphillon'; 264, 5: 'sup,' old eds. 'soup'; 264, 8: 'dew-skirted,' old eds. 'dew'd skirted'; 264, 10: 'swathy,' old eds. 'swarthy'; 264, 11: 'sylvans,' old eds. 'silence'; 264, 13: 'spoor,' old eds. 'spoon'; &c. Further, 274, 32: 'raise,' old eds. 'rise'; 275, 27: 'my belief,' old eds. 'my grief'; 275, 30: 'a firm faith,' old eds. 'a firmness.'











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